

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

May

15c



Spotlight Cover
of Norma Shearer

Beginning Vicki Baum's Best Love Story

New Slants on Great Screen Lovers—
Leslie Howard, Fredric March, John Barrymore

PN 1993
535

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You,

yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



This smart Moire
Cosmetic Bag **FREE** ➔
WITH PURCHASE OF LARGE SIZE LISTERINE



THE HIT OF PALM BEACH

Fits into purse, keeps powder, lipstick and other cosmetics in one place.

At your druggist's while they last
This offer good in U. S. A. only

Siren in Silver

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm**

YOU naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile.

(A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.)

You don't expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.

(An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods . . . not enough hard, fibrous foods . . . and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

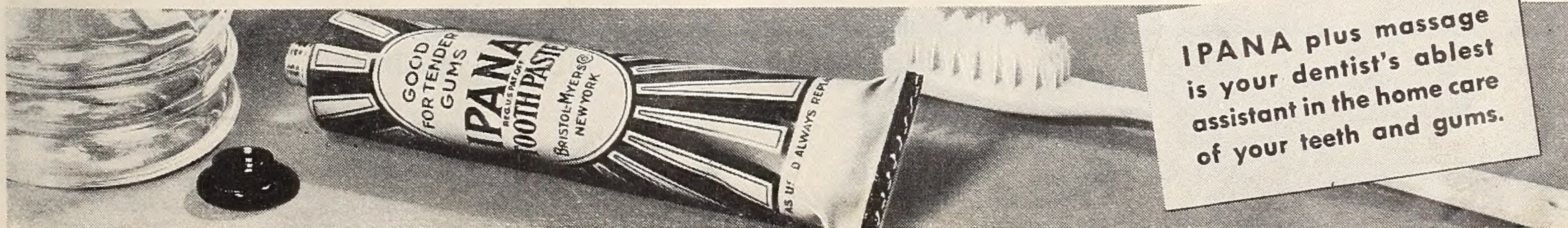
EXERCISE KEEPS GUMS HEALTHY

So modern dental practice encourages an oral health measure that's not only effective but very easy and simple—Ipana plus massage. All you do is to put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip, and rub it into your gums. Massage them thoroughly. Do it regularly, every time

you brush your teeth.

You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive . . . Less sensitive.

Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you . . . gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.



THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS
EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER



*Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard*
in



Romeo and Juliet
with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE • CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY • RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH • HENRY KOLKER • ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director



Cheers for the Quints!

The Dionne Quintuplets are screen stars now—and Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and Freddie Bartholomew had better watch out. Because these five babies have screen appeal—plenty! They have literally grown up before a motion picture camera, so that camera-fright holds no terrors for them. They are no more self-conscious than kittens or puppies, and twice as playful. Watch for those scenes showing them knocking over chairs, one after the other—it's natural comedy. Perhaps never before in theatrical history has there been such "natural" entertainment; everyone will go to see "The Country Doctor," and the miracle is that no one will be in the least disappointed. The Quints have been starred in a fine picture which would be excellent entertainment even without them. The scenes of the birth of the five babies have never been equalled for human interest. A warmly human drama has been written of the self-sacrificing life of a country doctor, magnificently realized by Jean Hersholt; his nurse, Dorothy Peterson, and their efforts to build a hospital in their little far-northern village. The arrival of the Dionne darlings solves their problems for them—but not before your sympathies have been keenly aroused in the doctor's difficulties and the romance of two nice young people, Michael Whalen and June Lang. Once the babies appear on the screen, of course, they hold all your interest; and we hope the astute Mr. Zanuck will plan a whole series of Quintuplet films: "The Quints in Kindergarten," "The Quints Step Out," and "The Quints in College"—if the girls stay as sweet as they are. So, again: Cheers for the Quints!

May, 1936

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SPECIAL ART SECTION:

What? Only 4 Stars in "Under Two Flags" Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen, Rosalind Russell. The "Permanent" Joan. Joan Crawford. Reunion. Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda. Scene Stealers. Pat and Jo—by Request. Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson. Teamed for the First Time. Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur. All Outdoors is their Playground. Men Wanted. Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor. Let's Dress Up! Irene Dunne, Allan Jones. The Costume Cycle is Still On. Binnie Barnes, Edward Arnold. Fair—and Colder! Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Rochelle Hudson, Robert Kent. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Norma Shearer by Marland Stone.



Captain
January
20th Cen-
tury-Fox

Shirley Temple's best picture! Warm and human, with plenty of rich hokum and humor, the popular story about the old lighthouse keeper on the New England Coast who adopts a baby, is charmingly told. Shirley teams perfectly with Guy Kibbee, dances wonderfully with Buddy Ebsen. June Lang, Slim Summerville, Nella Walker and June Darwell give fine characterizations, but this is Shirley's picture.



Rhodes
Gaumont-
British

Walter Huston, in his most ambitious film undertaking, gives the finest performance of his screen career in this sweeping historical romance of Cecil Rhodes' adventures in cornering the diamond mines of South Africa and setting up the British Empire there. No love romance, so don't go expecting that. But here is a film done in the epic scale, with bigness of theme and excellent acting and photography.



Preview
Murder
Mystery
Paramount

They've had every other kind, so now comes a murder of a film leading man who gets a threat note on the set saying he'll not live to see his picture previewed. And, by gum, he doesn't! Two other killings occur, and the *whodunit* jitters gain momentum. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Ian Keith, and a flock of old-timers add to the proceedings. The inside-studio stuff is the best yet. It's exciting.



Woman
Trap
Paramount

Excitement in Mexico with the Senator's exploring daughter, Gertrude Michael, kidnapped by a hiding-out band of jewel thieves. George Murphy is a newspaper reporter who does his best. But the gem performance that stands out in cameo-cut brilliance is that of Akim Tamiroff, a Russian, who does a Mexican desperado you'll never forget. The tempo is finely sustained; situations build. Don't miss this picture!

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

It Had to
Happen
20th Cen-
tury-Fox



George Raft in a made-to-measure part of a real he-guy, and you will like him all over again. Here he and Leo Carrillo are immigrants from Italy, expecting to find gold in the streets—but they have to dig ditches to eat. From that start, George works up to affluence and influence. Rosalind Russell is the love interest, and Alan Dinehart underplays excellently the part of the scheming banker. Good entertainment.

The Voice
of
Bugle Ann
M-G-M



Very touching, particularly to the dog lovers of the land. It's folksy melodrama laid in the Ozark mountains, where they raise fox hounds and bestow upon them an affection to match that of the dog for its master. Lionel Barrymore draws a heart-warming portrait of the man who kills a neighbor because he thought this man killed his dog. Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden supply the romance. Appealing.

Don't Get
Personal
Universal



Sally Eilers and James Dunn together again, fighting until they fall in love in a nonsensical bit of affable amusement. Pinky Tomlin goes along for the cross-country ride in a broken-down flivver, which Sally hires, plus services of the two out-of-funds pals. Sure enough, Sally turns out to be the daughter of a rich London, Ohio, business man. It's a perky little comedy, unpretentious but thoroughly entertaining.

Prisoner
of Shark
Island
20th Cen-
tury-Fox



The tragedy of Dr. Samuel Mudd, "the American *Monte Cristo*," told in terms of stirring and distinguished screen drama, with Warner Baxter giving a notably fine performance of the Southern doctor falsely accused of complicity in the assassination of Lincoln and committed to Shark Island. Gloria Stuart is sympathetic as the wife, and John Carradine scores in a heavy rôle. Stark drama, but a really grand film.

Love
Before
Breakfast
Universal



A rollicking film that rolls along to the tune of your chuckles, giggles, and some big laughs. Carole Lombard gives it lots of bubble and sparkle as the girl who gets chased by a wealthy suitor, then turns about and chases him when he feigns indifference. Preston Foster teams along in great style with the lively Lombard. Cesar Romero has a negative part. For a gay and frivolous evening, be sure to see this one!

Klondike
Annie
Paramount



Skating on very thin ice back to the Nineties goes Mae West, the gal of insinuations and innuendoes. Far less of a "family picture" even than her previous films, so make sure you send the children to see "Captain January" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy" before joining Miss West in her latest series of questionable screen adventures. Victor McLaglen, that fine actor, is wasted in this exhibition of bad taste.

Love
On A Bet
RKO-
Radio

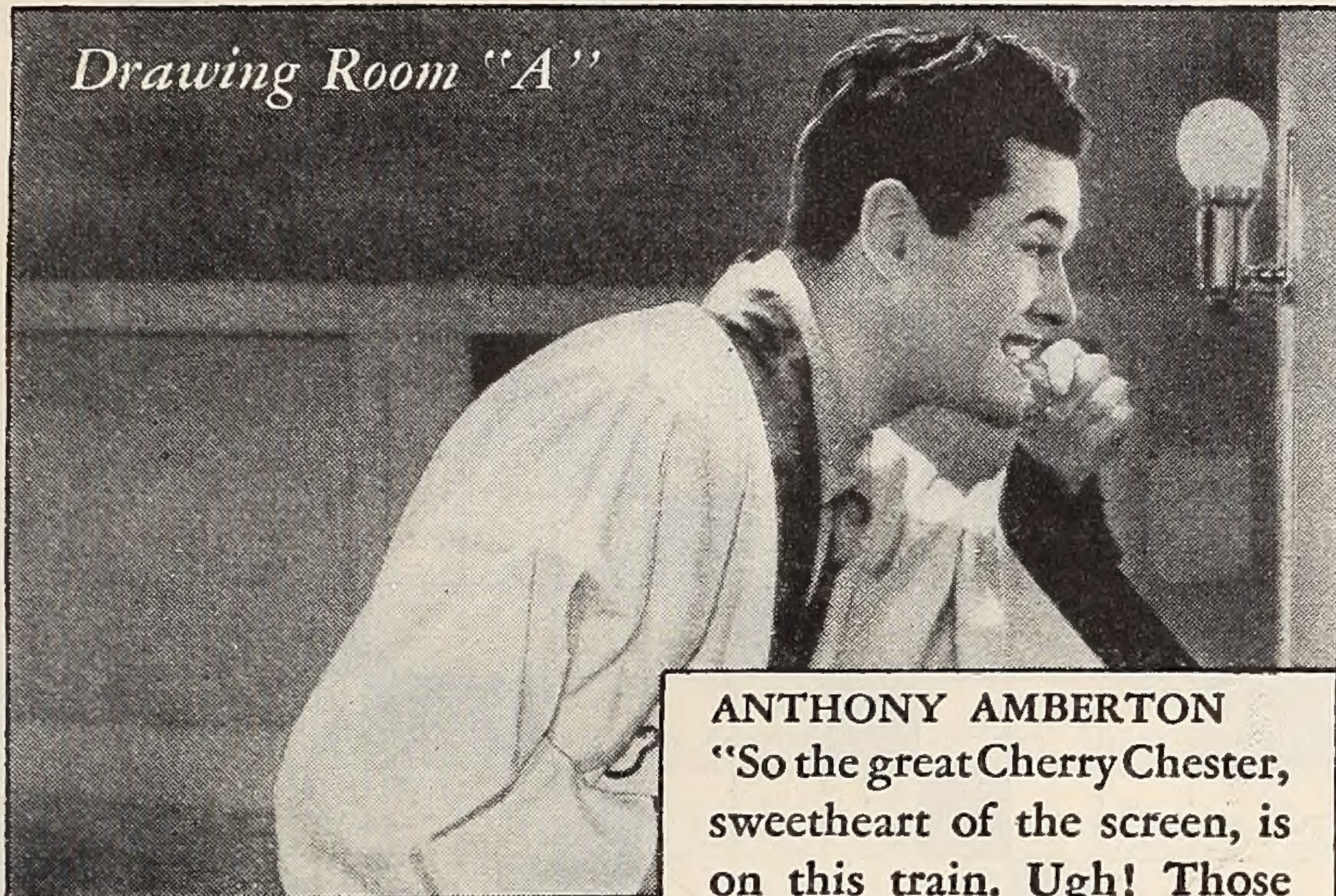


Hilarious account of a young man named Gene Raymond who starts from New York, on a bet, in his BVD's and no money. He has to arrive in Los Angeles in two days, wearing a new suit, have at least \$100 in his pocket, and a beautiful girl in love with him. Gene wins. The girl is Wendy Barrie. How Gene wins will have you in stitches. Helen Broderick adds materially to the nonsense. Perfectly goofy, but amusing.

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"

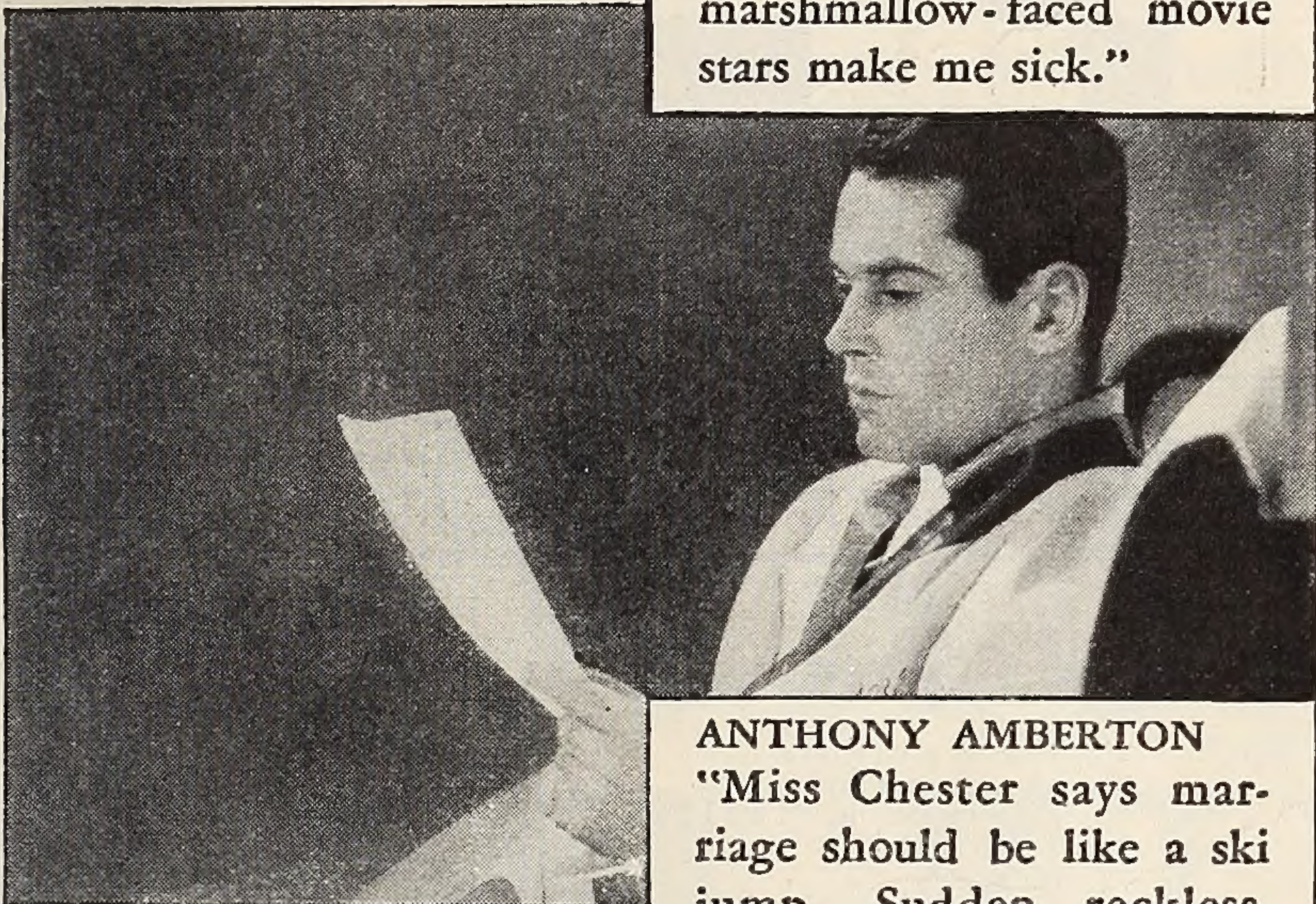


ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

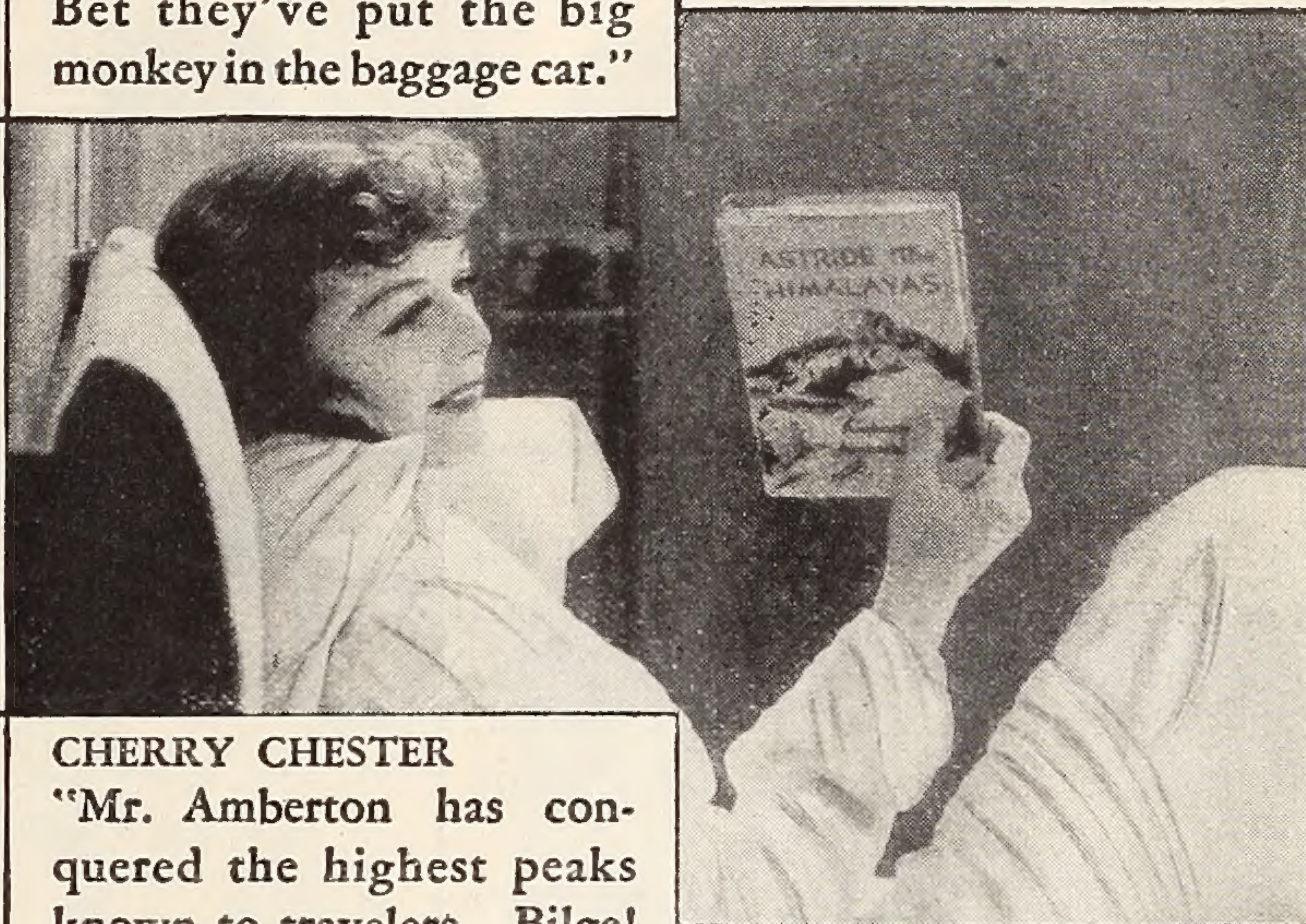
Drawing Room "B"



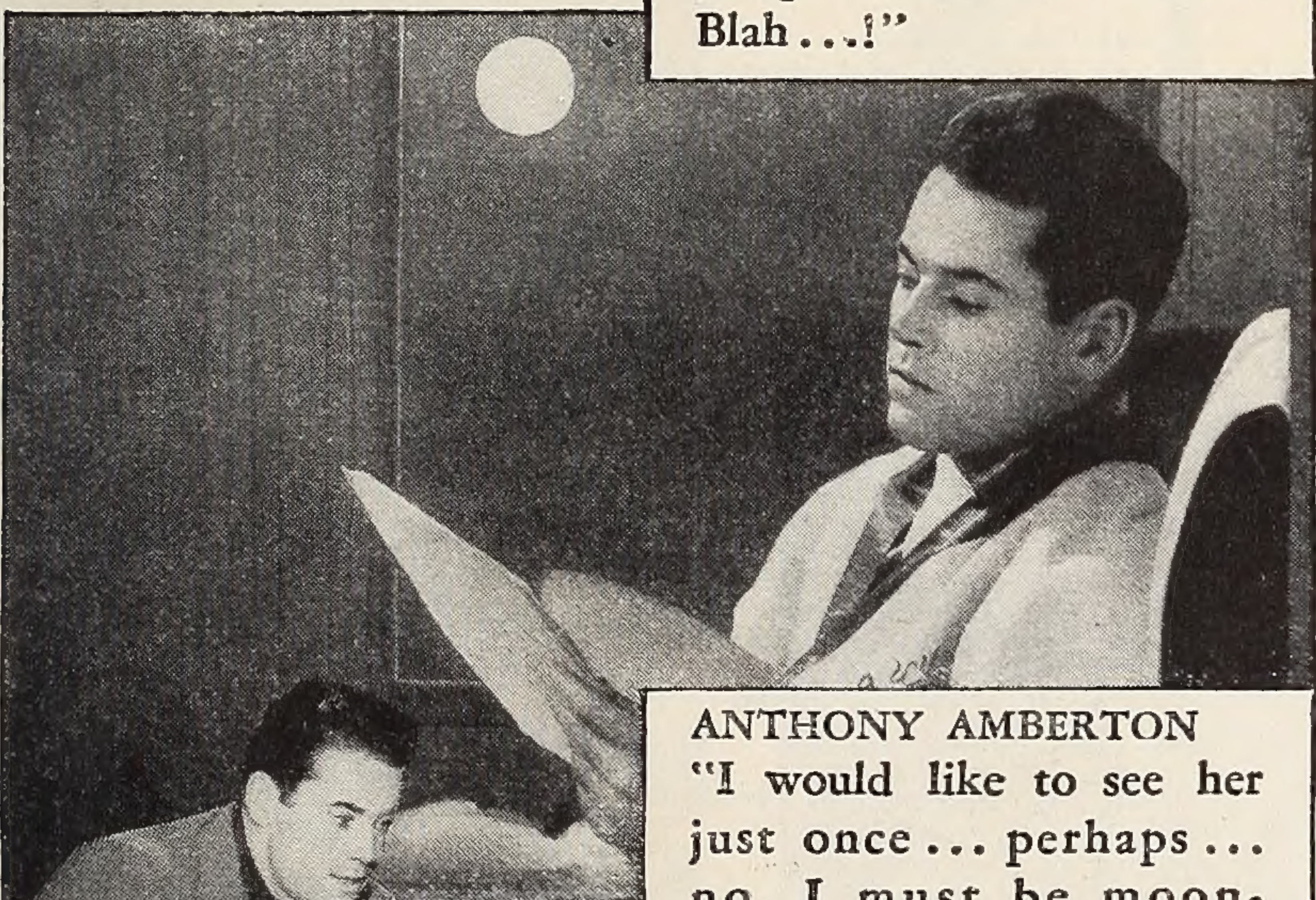
CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."



ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless, Blah...!"



CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"



ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moon-struck."



CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton... explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester... sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's **"THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring **MARGARET SULLAVAN**, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman... Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial... A Walter Wanger Production... Directed by William A. Seiter





"Yes"

THE TIME OF MONTH CAN'T
DICTATE TO MODERN GIRLS:



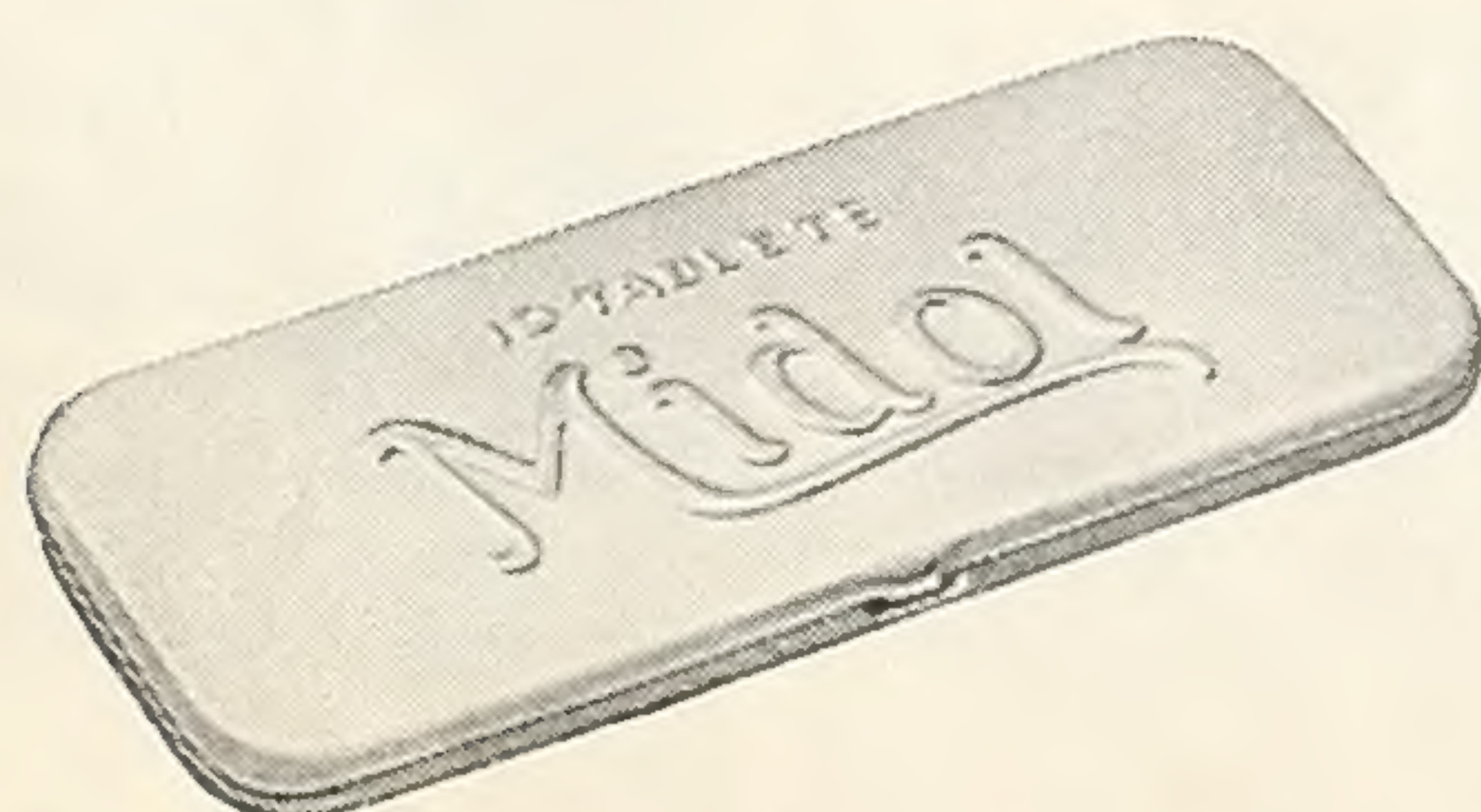
The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

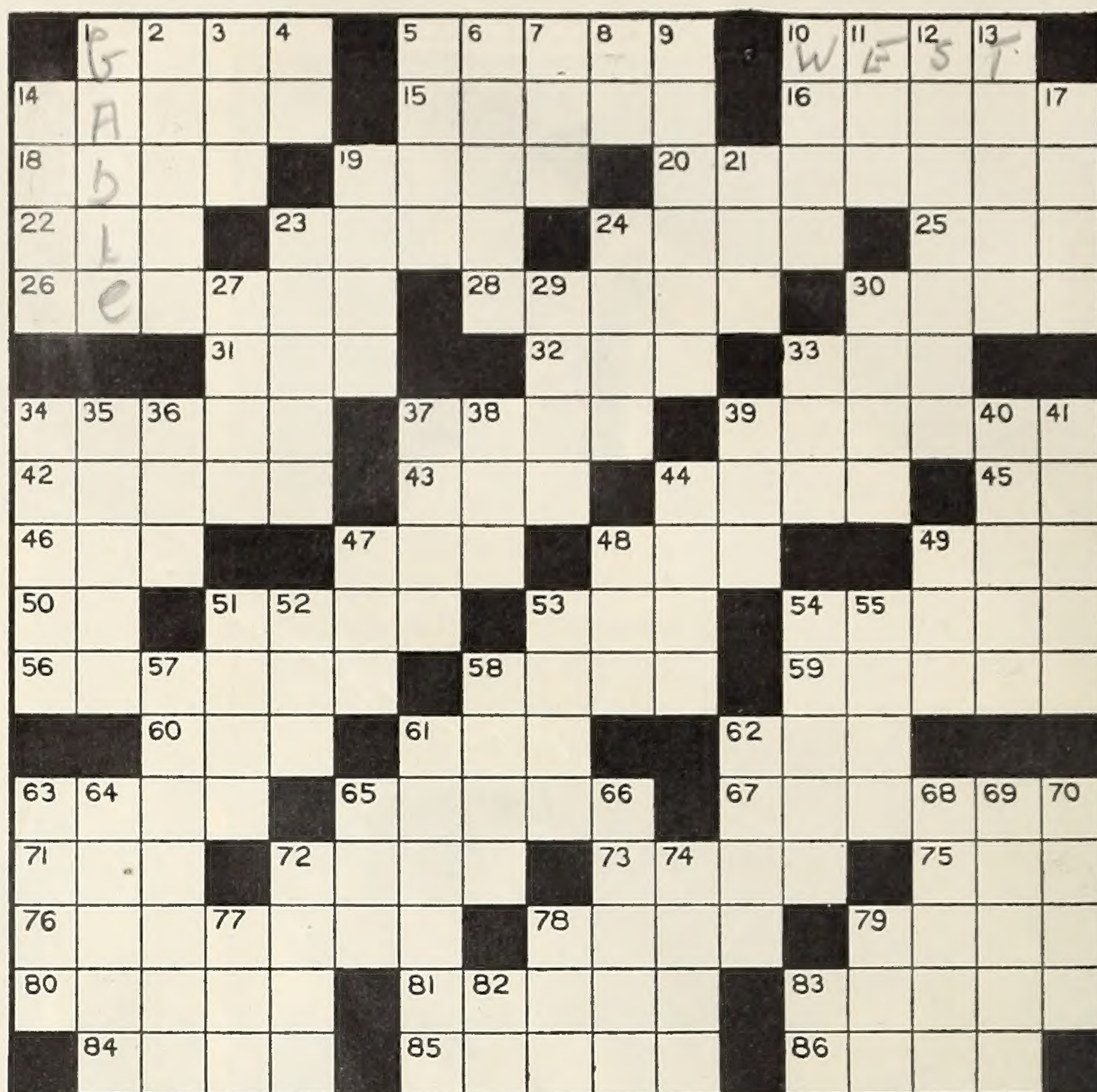
You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star of "Peter Ibbetson"
5. "The Farmer Takes a Wife" —and she's it
10. "Klondike Annie"
14. A light boat
15. Evade
16. To change
18. Irish Rose's boy friend
19. To await
20. Star of "The Devil Is a Woman"
22. Last month (abbrev. in business letters)
23. Crooner in "Anything Goes"
24. Agile
25. Very damp
26. Every orchestra needs him
28. What Carole Lombard polished in "Hands Across the Table"
30. Elevator man in "King of Burlesque"
31. Dined
32. Anger
33. Make a mistake
34. An actor's manager
37. Worry
39. Most actresses look this way
42. Featured actress in "Without Regret"
43. Possessive pronoun
44. Bound
45. That sun god again
46. Gents
47. Chum
48. Comic star of "Alibi Ike"
49. A seat in church
50. The word Clara Bow once made famous
51. Partly open, as a door
53. To be able to
54. "Goldie" in "Mary Burns, Fugitive"
56. "Broadway Hostess" 's manager
58. Johnny Weissmuller's little spiffire
59. Tears
60. Not in
61. Equality
62. To move fast
63. "Goldie" in "Mary Burns, Fugitive"
65. Comedienne in "Thanks a Million"
67. What this puzzle is chiefly about
71. Exist

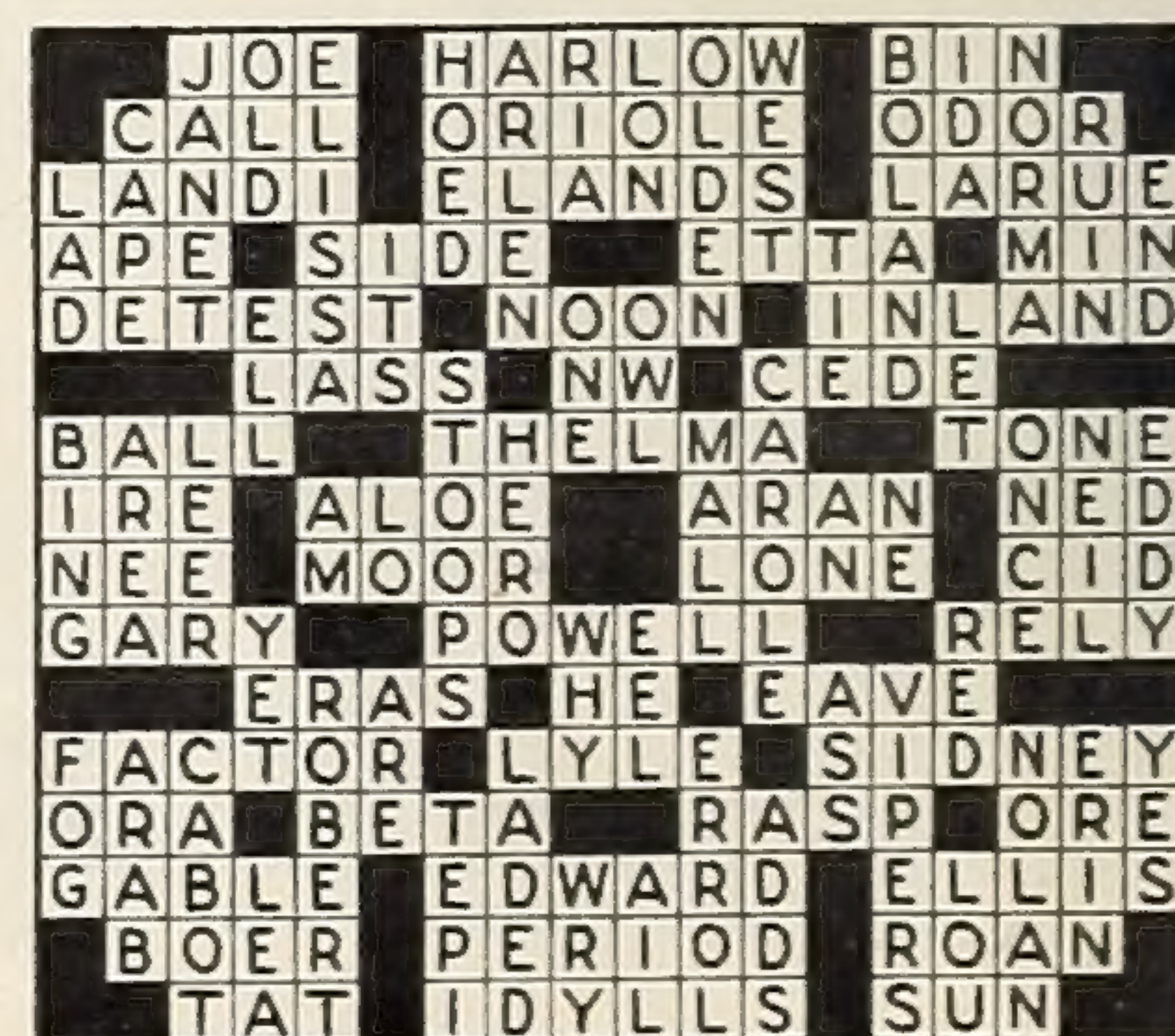
72. You pay this to ride on a train
73. Part of a church
75. Mrs. Bing Crosby
76. Leading lady in "Two Fisted"
78. To let fall
79. Blonde
80. Leading lady in "Man of Iron"
81. Musical study
83. Star of "Magnificent Obsession"
84. Dines
85. What a rooster does
86. The lights go up when the movie does this

DOWN

1. Mate in "Mutiny On the Bounty"
2. Pasteur's Daughter in "Story of Louis Pasteur"
3. Fish eggs
4. Biblical pronoun
5. Star of "Riffraff"
6. To form into line
7. Hard shelled fruit
8. Star of "Grand Exit" (nick-name)
9. Biggest box-office star of 1935
10. Cautious
11. Wing of a house
12. Leading man in "Next Time We Love"
13. Belief, creed
14. Membrane
17. Soaks, as flax
19. Telegram
21. European measures of land
23. Co-star of "Petrified Forest"
24. The way you address a king
27. Damp
29. Tunes
30. Co-star of "Follow the Fleet"
33. Before
34. Allow to come in
35. Star of "Anna Karenina"
36. To give birth to, said of sheep
37. To burn
38. To trouble
39. Pastry dessert
40. To walk

41. The audience does this at a dull picture
44. He starred in "Exclusive Story"
47. Co-star of "Ceiling Zero"
48. Japanese
49. A fastener
51. To border upon
52. Write down hastily
53. Mongrels
54. Jack Gilbert's last wife
55. To lease
57. Heroine in "Call of the Wild"
58. Tardy
61. Girl in "The Ghost Goes West"
62. To grate harshly
63. Father
64. To rub out
65. Indian moccasin
66. Measures of length
68. Charlie Chan
69. What you steer horses with
70. Withered
72. Evergreen trees
74. Maker of rhymes
77. To decay
78. Duet
79. We hope this puzzle has been this
82. Toward
83. Of, in a French version

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



They love to sing-a



So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."



"THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.



The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.



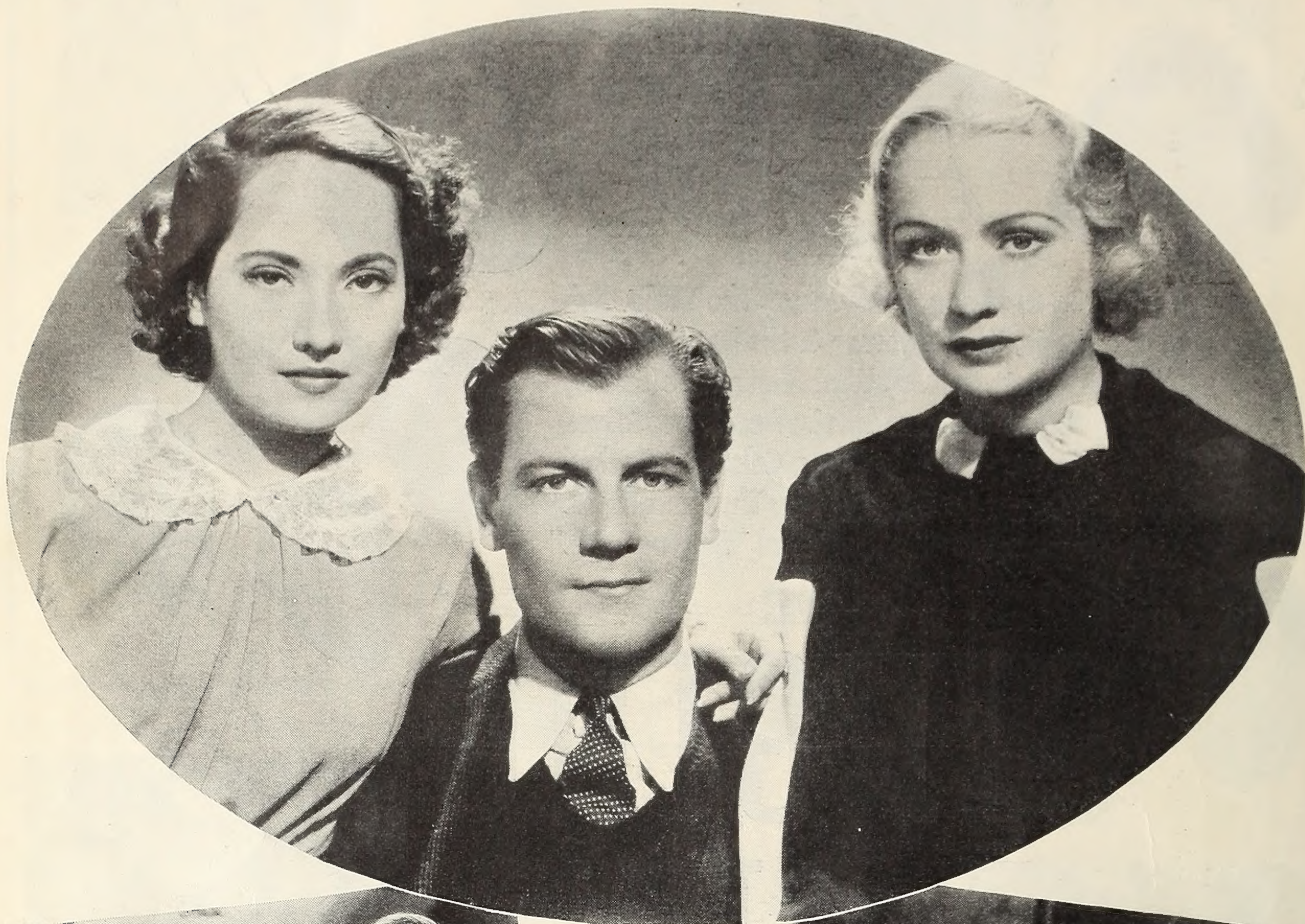
'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.



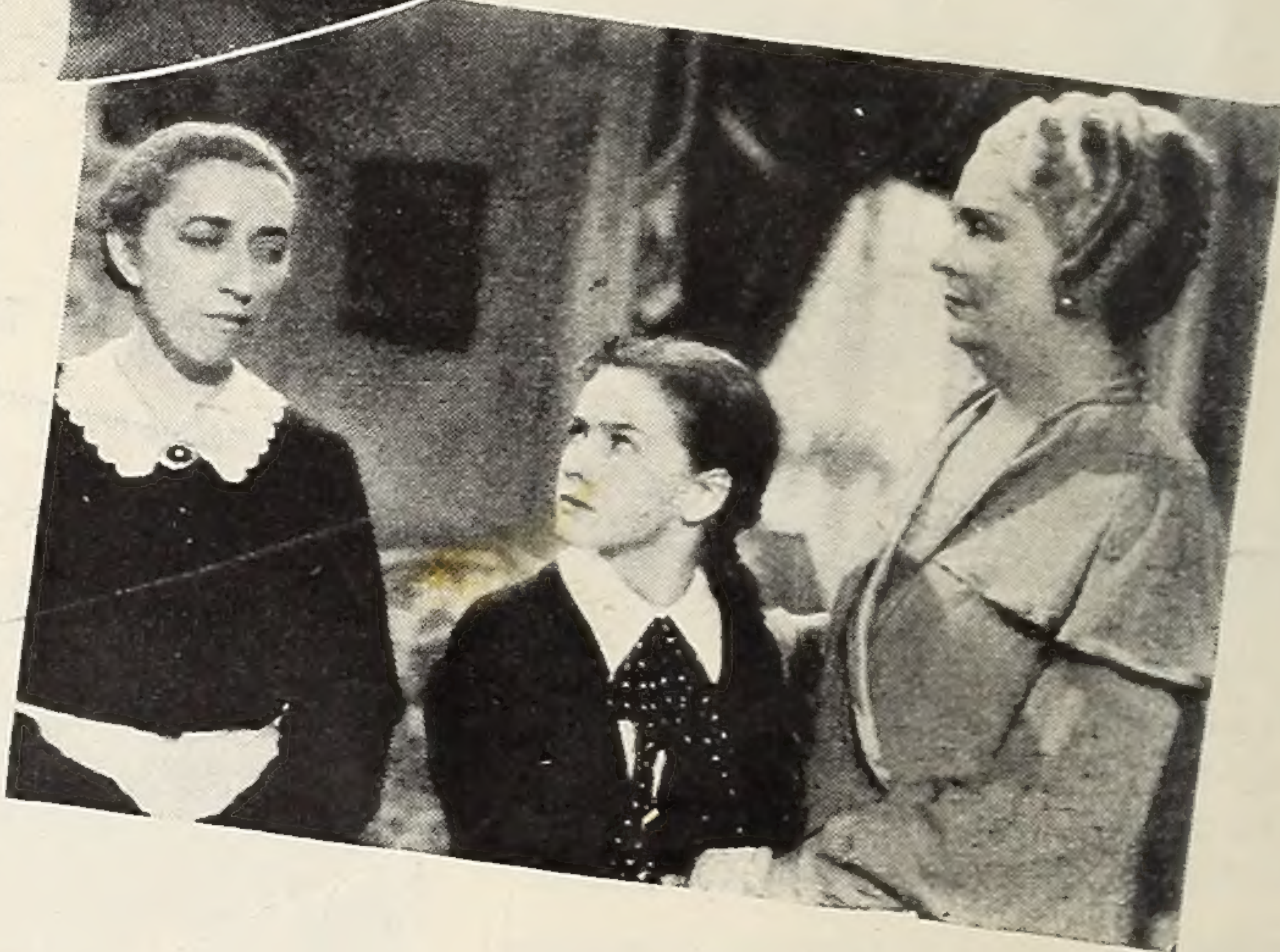
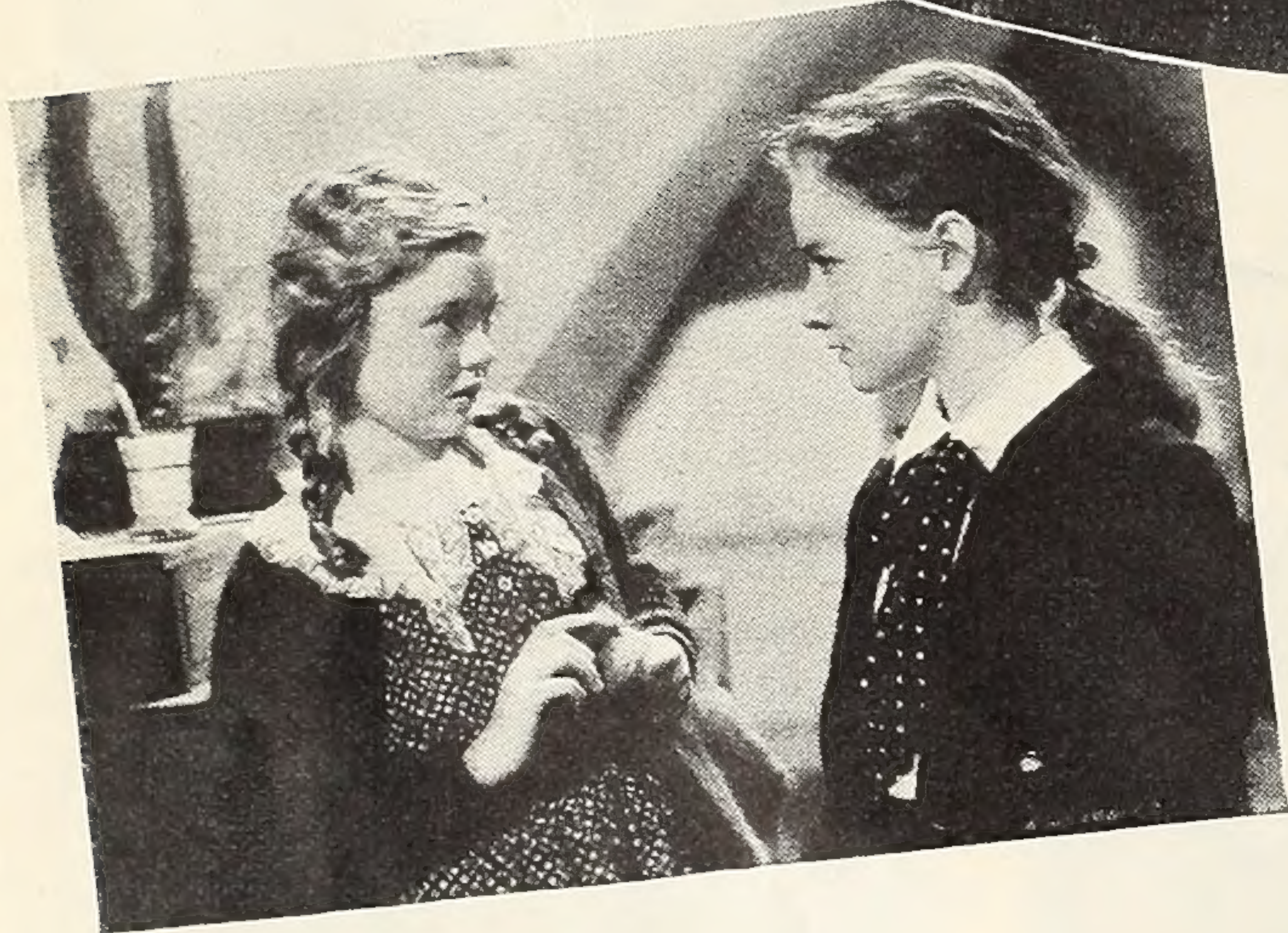
Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

SCREENLAND Honor Page



"These Three" is an all-star picture. Above, Oberon, McCrea, Hopkins, Left, Marcia Mae Jones and Bonita Granville in one of their highly dramatic scenes. Right, Bonita again dominates the scene, with Margaret Hamilton and Alma Kruger also scoring.



To "These Three," most powerful and important of modern screen dramas, which presents Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, and Joel McCrea in their finest rôles to date, and introduces two marvellous new child players, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones, who will amaze you

VERY rarely does a picture rather than a star win our Honor Page. "Little Women" and "David Copperfield" were among the few. Now comes "These Three," which is a triumph for all concerned, from the canny and courageous producer, Samuel Goldwyn, to the smallest "bit" player. Goldwyn recognized that the real theme of the sensational stage play, "The Children's Hour," was the destruction wrought by malicious gossip, and he planned his picture version accordingly. The result is this splendid, truly wholesome, and tremendously moving drama, superbly directed, beautifully acted.

HERE is acting to shout about! Merle Oberon gives an exquisite performance as the young school-mistress whose life is almost wrecked by gossip. Miriam Hopkins submerges her own personality completely in the rôle of the other teacher, and her portrayal achieves an austere authenticity. Mr. McCrea manages to be convincing in the difficult part of a young man loved by two women. The two new child actresses, however, will move you most: Bonita Granville as the cruel and crafty little liar, and Marcia Mae Jones as her pitiful victim. You'll be spell-bound at their intense scenes throughout.

CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW

BOAT"

(Version of 1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE
ALLAN JONES

with
Charles Winninger • Paul Robeson
Helen Morgan • Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT
OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate its multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!



ASK ME!

Answering your questions about the stars. For authentic information address your queries to this department, then watch for the reply here

By
Miss Vee Dee



A new romantic combination finds June Lang as leading lady for Warner Baxter in a drama with a war background.

H. A. W. The first all-talking feature picture, "Lights of New York" was produced by Warner Bros. in 1928, from the story and scenario by Hugh Herbert and Murray Roth, and directed by Bryan Foy. The cast included Helene Costello, Cullen Landis, the late Gladys Brockwell, Mary Carr, Wheeler Oakman, Eugene Pallette, Robert Ellis, Tom Dugan, Tom McGuire and Walter Percival.

Dorothy R. "Smilin' Through" was released in 1932 with Norma Shearer playing Kathleen; Fredric March as Kenneth Wayne; Leslie Howard as John Carteret and Ralph Forbes as Willie Ainley. The film was from the stage play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin and was directed by Sidney Franklin.

Irene Dunne Fan. Your favorite is one of the screen's outstanding personalities. She was born on July 14, 1904, in Louisville, Ky. She has brown hair, blue-grey eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was married on July 16, 1928, to Dr. F. D. Griffin, a New York City dentist. Her first picture was "Leathernecking," made in 1930. Since then she has appeared in "Bachelor Apartment," "Cimarron," "Great Lover," "Consolation Marriage," "Symphony of Six Millions," "Secret of Madame Blanche," "No Other Woman," "Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers," "If I Were Free," "This Man is Mine," "The Age of Innocence," "Sweet Adeline," "Roberta," and "The Magnificent Obsession;" with "Show Boat" her latest.

James L. R., England. I'm sorry I cannot help you in obtaining the name of the musical theme used in the Barbara Stanwyck's and Nils Asther's picture, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." I remember the haunting music but haven't been able to get any information on it. Your fellow country-woman, Cicely Courtneidge, made a good impression in her first American screen appearance with Frank Morgan in "The Perfect Gentleman."

Miss Nell L. These clever kiddies do something to our heart-strings, don't they? Little Shirley Temple and Jane Withers, our own American-born children, and Sybil Jason, the little English lassie who is slated for bigger things since her "Little Big Shot," a Warner Bros. release. Shirley Temple was born on April 24, 1929, in Santa Monica, Cal. She has golden hair and hazel eyes and is about 40 inches tall. Shirley has appeared in these feature pictures: "Baby Take a Bow" and "Bright Eyes," with James Dunn; "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou; "The Little Colonel" with Lionel Barrymore, Evelyn Venable, John Lodge and Bill Robinson; "Now and Forever," with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard; "Our Little Girl," with Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames; "Curly Top," with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson; "The Littlest Rebel," with John Boles, Jack Holt, Karen Morley, and Bill Robinson. Her latest one is "Captain January," with Guy Kibbee, June Lang, Buddy Ebsen.

Maynard L. Several of the actors you ask about have long since faded from the silver screen, some are engaged in other business activities, and one or two appear in a film occasionally. Clara Bow was in "The Plastic Age" in 1925 but I have forgotten the male members of the cast. Now here's your chance, all of you old-timers, to refresh your memories and Miss Vee Dee's! Raymond Keane was with Universal several years ago but I haven't any recent information about him.

Barbara D. When a star's fan mail goes over the top with thousands of letters every week it doesn't seem likely that he or she could answer all of it personally, so a secretary is employed. Since Nelson Eddy has become the popular man of your moment, he may have to do the same. He was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901, has blue eyes, very blond hair, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has been on the concert stage for the past three years and in 1933 he had his first screen test. His first appearance was in a small singing part in "Dancing Lady" and that led to his great success with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta." His newest picture is "Rose Marie."


JESSIE
MATTHEWS

in
"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

with
ROBERT YOUNG

... Romance,
Comedy, Adventure in
Rhumba Rhythm ...

COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  Production



Screenland Fan. In "West Point of the Air" Maureen O'Sullivan was *Skip*, Wallace Beery was *Big Mike*, Robert Young was *Little Mike* and Russell Hardie was *Phil*. "Love in Bloom" was a Paramount production with Dixie Lee, George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Joe Morrison. Joe appeared in "The Old-Fashioned Way" with W. C. Fields, and also played with Richard Barthelmess and Helen Mack in "Four Hours to Kill." Tim McCoy was born on April 10, 1891, in Saginaw, Michigan. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has blue eyes and light brown hair. His first pictures were "The Thundering Herd;" "The Covered Wagon" for which he was technical director—both films were produced by Paramount in 1923; played in "Wyoming" and "Spoilers of the West" for M-G-M in 1927; "The Bush Ranger" and "The Masked Stranger" in 1928 also for M-G-M.

George G. I'm glad you never miss an issue of SCREENLAND. Grace Moore was born on December 5, 1901, in Jellico, Tenn. Her pictures have been "A Lady's Morals," "Soul Kiss," "New Moon" with Lawrence Tibbett, "One Night of Love" with Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati, and "Love Me Forever" with Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett. She is to be seen next in "The King Steps Out."

Sally Mays IV. So you are one of the Westward Ho! girls and I don't blame you, for the fast ridin' breezy pictures of the west are very refreshing. John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, on May 26, 1907. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 200 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. In 1933 he was married to Josephine Saenz. Some of his latest pictures are "The Dawn Ride," "Paradise Canyon," and "Westward Ho."

Mrs. Ruth L. We don't see as much of Joseph Schildkraut on the screen as we'd like but he does appear once in a blue moon. He was *General Pasqual* in "Viva Villa." Fay Wray was *Teresa*; Katherine De Mille, *Rosita*; Donald Cook, *Don Filipe* and of course Wallace Beery was *Pancho Villa*, the good bad man.



Francis Lederer is about to get all wet—with prop raindrops. It's for a scene in his picture for the new Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky company.

Does Marriage end ROMANCE?



Before you dress!—use the secret of all-over fragrance — MAVIS!

Keep lovely with Mavis. At least twice a day . . . before you dress . . . after every bath . . . smooth your skin all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is so pure and soothing. It guards the youth of your skin . . . protects it from drying . . . keeps it velvety and soft. And the use of Mavis is so Parisian! Its subtle

fragrance clothes you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness . . . gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

MAVIS

Genuine
Mavis
Talcum

IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10¢. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

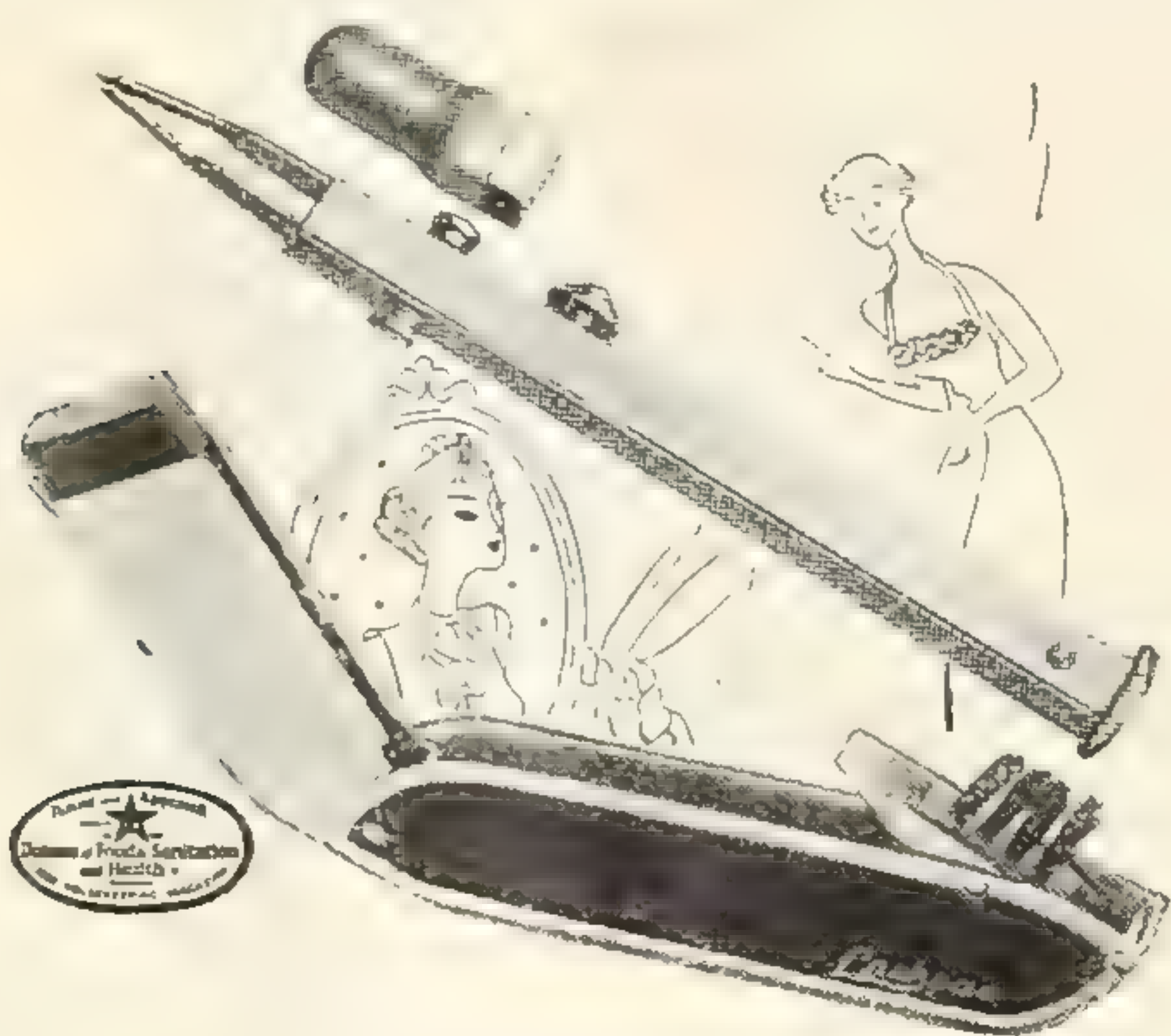
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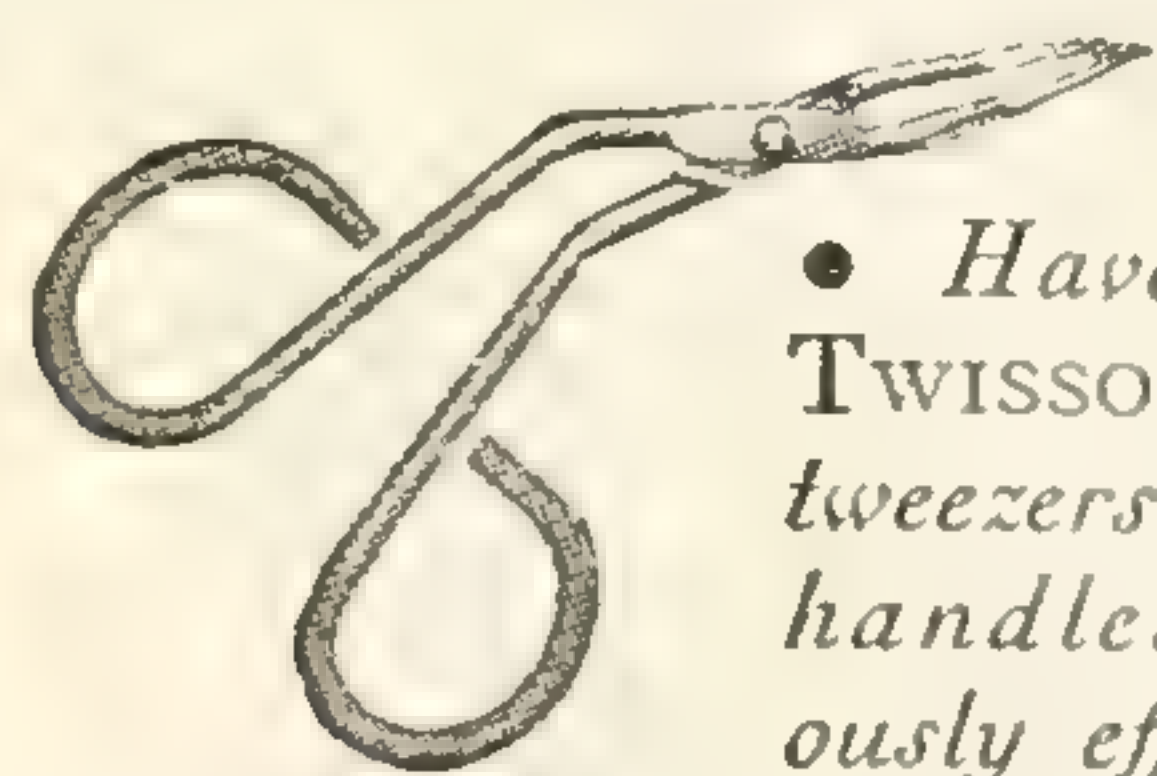
BRIGHT
EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath



Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. (\$1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASH-PAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, \$1—at good stores.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. S-5.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 5.

Madge smiles at you as she samples the deliciously different chicken patty which is her pet party dish. Below, your charming hostess lights the candles on her attractive luncheon table.



Inside the

By
Betty Boone

Stars

Homes

MADGE EVANS lives in a buff-colored stucco house in Beverly Hills, the sort of house that might be said to have felt the Spanish influence without going completely Latin. It has a tiled roof, a great carved front door, and a sun-filled patio.

"The patio was what really sold us on the house," confided Madge. "It's such a grand place for sun-baths, and the pool is there—and there's room for tables and hammocks. When we first came, we found that the previous tenants had left a very young alligator in the pool. It was so cute that we thought it an added attraction, but presently it began to grow and we had a terrible time getting it out of the pool. I lost my enthusiasm for it when it threatened to bite the dogs. We have four dogs, you know."

Madge looked taller than she is because she was wearing a long "hostess coat" of printed taffeta, sprawling yellow and green flowers on a taupe background, a combination of colors that set off the yellow of her hair.

"I designed the coat myself," she pointed out. "I like pajamas, but I think there are times when pajamas aren't sufficiently dignified. Then this seems to fill the void."

She led the way from the living-room, which looks out on the cherished patio, to the dining room where the "Spring Luncheon" was to be given. An excellent background for Spring, too, with its dark green carpet, its lighter green drapes, Venetian blinds with a green stripe through them. The table was Sheraton, though its beauty was hidden under the long lace tablecloth. The ladder-back chairs, the candelabra on the buffet, flanking a portrait of a woman

You're invited to Spring Luncheon with lovely Madge Evans



in a crimson robe, each contributed something to a gracious setting.

"Una Merkel, my best friend in pictures, is coming," observed Madge, twitching a spring flower into place, "so we're having chicken patties. Una must have chicken in some form, if it isn't possible to have breakfast things. Her favorite meal is breakfast, and you're sure to suit her if you let her have an egg dish, or little thin hot cakes, or sausage and buckwheat. I'm never hungry for breakfast, so those things don't intrigue me.

"The patties aren't ordinary chicken ones, though—Willa, our cook, will tell you how to fix them."

Willa did. This is how:

CHICKEN PATTIES

Instead of creamed chicken, you use shell macaroni and mushrooms combined with your diced cooked chicken. Make your cream sauce of chicken broth instead of milk, using carrots, onions, and celery to give the sauce a unique taste.

This is also a good casserole dish, sprinkled with bread crumbs and browned in oven. Serve with peas as a garnish.

"My favorite dish is a chicken one, too," went on Madge. "We usually serve it for dinner, but it could be used as a luncheon dish if you keep everything else very simple, especially if you are having men to lunch. This is another of Willa's specialties."



The buff-colored stucco house in Beverly Hills, where Madge Evans plays hostess to you this month.

SPANISH CHICKEN

- 6 lb. chicken
- 1 cup minced ripe olives
- 2 lb. ripe tomatoes diced.
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1 large green pepper diced

Wash and cut up the chicken, brown the pieces in olive oil. Make a mixture of the other ingredients and cook on top of the stove for ten minutes. Put the chicken in a casserole, cover with the mixture, and bake in oven until well done. Serve with wild rice.

"We're having jellied salad today, but I'll tell you about a marvelous green salad Willa makes that we favor in our house. She uses little green spring onions, tiny radishes, peppers, sweet pickles, ripe olives, celery and tomato, and chops them all up—shreds them, in fact. Then she puts them into a dressing made of red mayonnaise, quite thin. We love it.

"There's a prettier salad that we sometimes serve if the luncheon is to be given to girls on a diet who think salad and wafers is all that they should eat. It's called 'Rose Salad.' You put a hollowed-out ripe tomato on a bed of shredded lettuce and fill the tomato with new peas, rosettes of cauliflower, cubed string beans, and red beets. Then you mask it with red mayon-

(Continued on page 77)

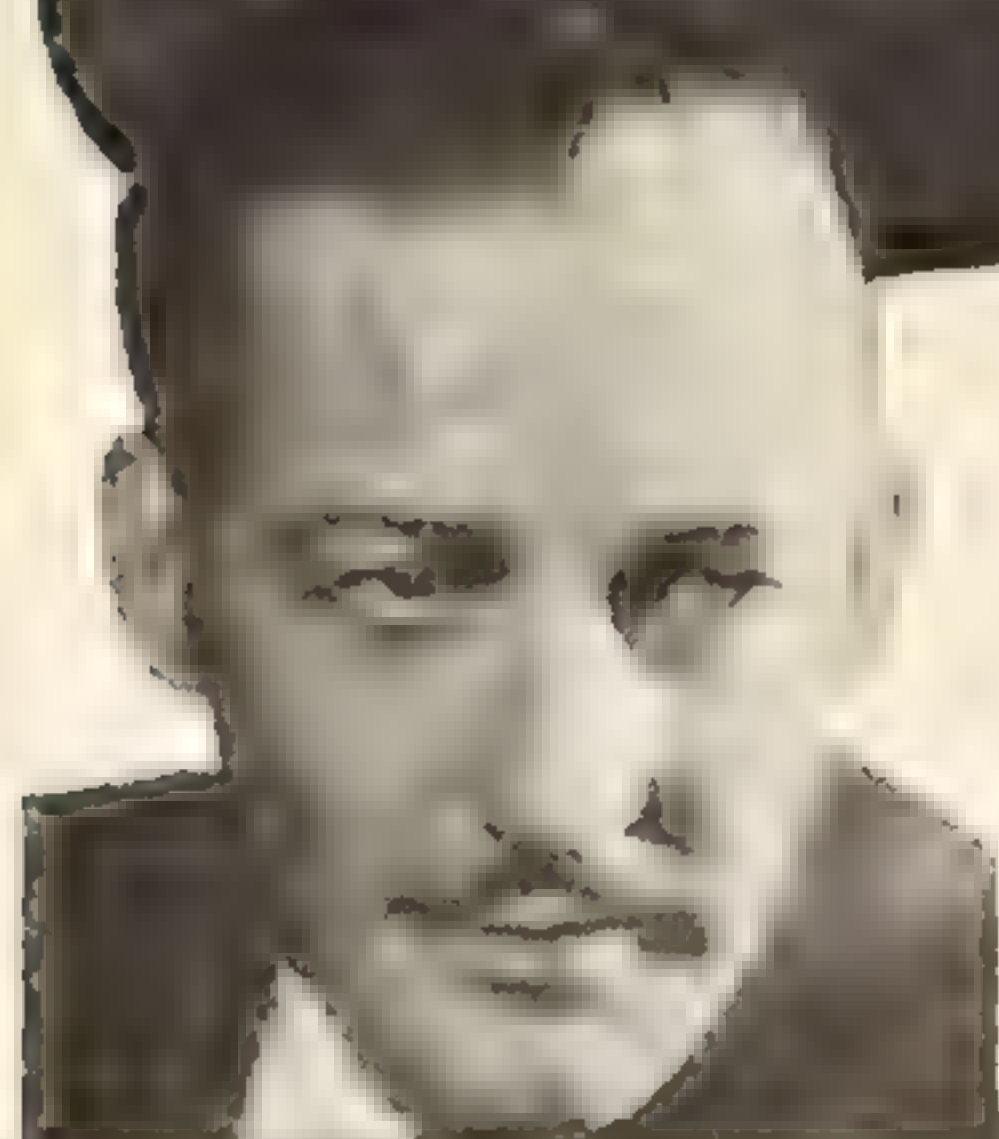


There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...
When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...
There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...
So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** gum



"HER LIPS WERE
REALLY ALLURING"



SAID

WARREN
WILLIAM



Read why this
well known
movie star
picked the
girl with the
Tangee Lips



● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls... One wore the ordinary lipstick... one, no lipstick... and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

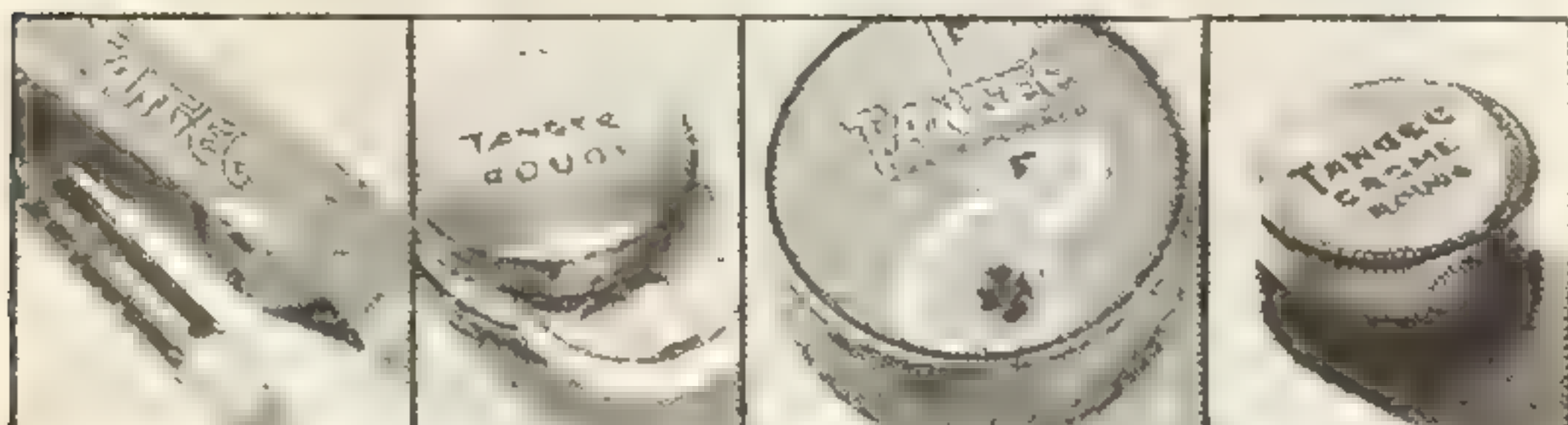
TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New

FACE POWDER

now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU56

417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Salutes and Snubs

Mirror of public
opinion on pic-
tures! Your letters
are welcome here

Letter writers wanted him to take a bow, so here's Robert Donat, handsome Englishman whose screen acting is applauded throughout this and his native land.



THE CHIPS STILL FLY!

I doubt if my humble opinion will make any difference in a great studio's casting of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." But what can M-G-M be thinking of to mis-cast Charles Laughton—a wonderful actor, I admit—as the beloved *Chips*?

H. N. La Fountain,
Cranberry Lake, N. Y.

THESE GRAMMARIANS!

Please, can't something be done about the bad grammar that too often spoils a scene in a picture? I am referring to Kitty Carlisle's "Don't feel so badly," in "A Night at the Opera." Badly means *unskillfully*, and Allen Jones couldn't be guilty of that!

Kay Robinson,
Chicago, Ill.

ARE THEY CRITICS' PETS?

It seems to me there are some stars who in the eyes of the critics can do no wrong, whose story, never themselves, is at fault when the film is just so-so. Among these are: Ralph Bellamy, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Fred Astaire, James Cagney, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Dolores Del Rio, Barbara Stanwyck.

I. C. Cruden,
93 Barons Court Terrace,
Edinburgh, Scotland

TEMPLE VS. WITHERS VS. WEIDLER

Shirley Temple is a born actress, sweet always. Jane Withers is another great little actress of the opposite type. But I think Virginia Weidler deserves more credit than she receives. When I see her on the screen, reserved, shy, and altogether lovable, I

sincerely hope my little girl will be like her.

Mrs. William Stiles,
Lisbon, N. H.

THAT WOW OF WESTERNS

Hats off to RKO for the best western since "The Covered Wagon." I mean "Powdersmoke Range." All the stars were fine, but especially Hoot Gibson. Come on, RKO, and give us some more all-star westerns.

John Ebert,
641 S. 12th St.,
Burlington, Ia.

POWELL NOMINATED

My nominee for Motion Picture Academy recognition is that suave sophisticate, William Powell, master of the subtle art of repartee. Given a fair story and clever dialogue, as in "The Thin Man," "Escapade," and "Rendezvous," you will find no more captivating entertainer than debonair William Powell.

Inez F. Mariner,
1224 Spruce St.,
Sturgis, S. D.

Let's Hear From You!

This is the department that affords every picture enthusiast opportunity to express individual opinion. If you have any ideas you want to pass along to Hollywood or its stars, here's the place to speak up with assurance that you will be heard by Hollywood as well as by your fellow picture-goers.

Please restrict letters to 50 words, and address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

FORGET? NOT YOU, FLORA!

My pet peeve is the low comedy—often double meaning—in so many films. Probably most of your readers have forgotten me, but years ago, when teamed with John Bunny, our comedies were clean and wholesome—yet folks seemed to like them. Good comedy never dies—other kinds kill themselves.

Flora Finch,
1835 N. Argyle St.,
Hollywood, Calif.

GARBO ESSENTIALLY MODERN

Why continue to miscast Garbo as notorious ladies of the past? Even voluminous period costumes insult her essentially modern personality! She needs desperately a modern "Joan of Arc" rôle, in a "Metropolis" story of the future; her face and figure beautiful and revolutionary against a background of skyscrapers and stars.

Mrs. D. H. Helms,
208 West Boulevard,
Charlotte, N. C.

WHEN STARS TAP, DANCE SCHOOLS HUM

When a big musical film comes to town, my dance studio business picks up. Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell's dancing all turned in pupils to me. There's no depression with the movies around the corner.

Kay Matthews,
4721 West Emerson,
Seattle, Wash.

MENACE MAN

Stop thief!

Stealing hearts as easily as he steals pictures, Brian Donlevy is, in more ways than one, the new screen menace. Crude villains we resist, but when the suavely handsome Brian levels us with that deadly look, it isn't a hold-up—it's a give-away!

Louise A. Baldwin,
118 West Ninth St.,
Mount Vernon, Ind.

TAYLOR PROVES HIS TALENT

Good for Robert Taylor! "Magnificent Obsession" definitely labels that gentleman more than merely handsome! It also reveals an intensity of which we hadn't dreamed, because this lad with the dreamy eyes, and the flashing, dental-ad teeth is an actor—and I don't mean a ham!

Mrs. Preston Chapman,
711 Piedmont Ave.,
Atlanta, Ga.

SALUTING DICK POWELL

Here's to Dick Powell, the fellow who brings so much of cheerfulness and friendliness to the screen! He is a decent sort of chap, and one deserving of admiration for the way he has, through his own efforts, pulled himself up into the top class of the ten leading stars.

H. F. Barkdull,
5247 Florence Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

MAYBE WE WILL, NOW

Why don't we have more scenes like the one in "Private Worlds," where Charles Boyer was praying with the Arab? Just slight touches of spirituality in pictures make them very effective.

I shall never forget the particular scene of which I speak. Neither shall I forget the superior acting throughout the entire picture.

Lois Eason,
Scranton, Ia.

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole



THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

WOMEN who want to be *sure* their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-S-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

Born under a Lucky Star

Yet **ROCHELLE HUDSON**

won't trust to luck
when it comes to
lovely washables—
she insists on LUX

Between scenes, Rochelle rests in her dressing room on the set. Its furnishings have the same crisp freshness she insists upon for her personal things.



An all-star cast relaxing! The chows are blue-ribbon winners. Rochelle is the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Everybody's Old Man."

"WHILE I'm usually lucky, I don't count on 'luck' to save me from stocking runs or faded colors," declares Rochelle Hudson. "Lux is my secret of keeping things like new for ages!"

Why risk spoiling *your* smart washables this summer? It's so easy—and economical—to keep lovely prints and pastels, sheer cottons and fine linens, always superlatively fresh with Lux.

Rubbing with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, is apt to fade colors, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios...

"Washing failures, by holding up production, would cost us thousands of times what they would an individual," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe su-

pervisor. "That's why at Twentieth Century-Fox studios it's a rule that only Lux be used for stockings and washable costumes—we know it's safe!"

"I love the clothes in my new picture," Rochelle says. "So many of them are Luxable. They're terribly smart looking."



HOLLYWOOD HAS A NEW WORD FOR "WASH"—IT'S



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter

DEAR JANE:

Don't tell me to go pick on somebody my own size. You're a big star now and you can take it. I've watched you lick Jackie Searle with one hand tied behind you—I'm the one who should duck and run. Remember, Jane, this is all in fun.

Right off, I wish you wouldn't be so awfully clever. I am awed, amazed, astounded at your virtuosity; you're so uncanny it's a wonder we don't get more letters asking if it's true you are really a midget. There's a full-fledged *artiste* lurking beneath your little-girl exterior—an *artiste* as technically assured as Hepburn, as talented at timing as Cagney, as picturesque as John Barrymore. There seems to be nothing you can't do with ease—your Irish brogue in "Paddy O'Day," your Russian song in the same picture—you have an excess of artistry, but you don't have to keep proving it. We like you not because you are Miss Jane Withers, Protean Star who can dance a jig, sing songs in four different languages, and cry at will; we like you, and you're getting \$3500 a week in personal-appearances because—you're a natural, pestiferous, annoying kid. The brat across the street who is always breaking windows, picking fights and winning, and no holds barred. The Dionnes cause orgies of ooh's and ah's and coos and clucks—you work us up to a good, wholesome state of exasperation in which we'd like nothing better than to turn



To Jane Withers

you up and give you a sound spanking. Then, of course, you give us that grin and we know we'd rather be annoyed by Withers than cloyed by baby beauties. Other stars have found fame and fortune by being sweet, or shy, or gay, or gorgeous. You have Arrived because you're the most ornery brat in theatrical history.

Don't go lovable on us, Jane. I suppose you can't help being a nice little girl around the house, helping mother, loving your dumb pets, even being polite to your stand-in. But don't let it spoil you, Remember, a star doesn't have to bring her private life into the studio. I don't care how sweet and lovely you want to be in the flesh; that's none of my business. Even make up with Jackie Searle; it won't matter. But keep your sweetness and light under cover on the screen, please. Be mean. Think up new tricks to tease the other children. Practice kicking, scowling, and screaming. Pinch the pompous and pull the blue noses. After all, you have this reputation to live up to. Time enough to repent and be charming later on. You're America's Brat, and it would break my heart if you reformed.

Delight Swann

"They Aren't Like

No—
they're
like
THIS!

By
Elizabeth
Wilson



EVERY place I go, and I get about quite a bit for one who miffs easily, I am constantly bumping into people who say to me, "Isn't it too, too marvelous, isn't it divine, oh lucky you, to know the movie stars! Tell me about Marlene Dietrich—is she as regal and glamorous off the screen as she is on? And Nelson Eddy—I could just die for Nelson Eddy. What type of woman does he like best? Is he in love with Jeanette MacDonald off the

screen, too, or is there a chance for me? And is Warner Baxter as dignified and aloof as he is in pictures, and what's Claudette Colbert like—is she always so gay and care-free and irresponsible as she is in her comedies?"

The only time I ever met a college president out socially he fixed me with his Monday Evening Faculty Meeting look and *sotto voce* inquired if Nancy Carroll was as pretty off the screen as she was on, and of course if I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the Middle West preacher who yearned for "the real Joan Crawford," and yearned so persistently that he paid for my meals all across the state of Kansas. I always say that if *Alice Adams* had just taken the trouble to go to Hollywood and meet a few movie stars she need never have worried

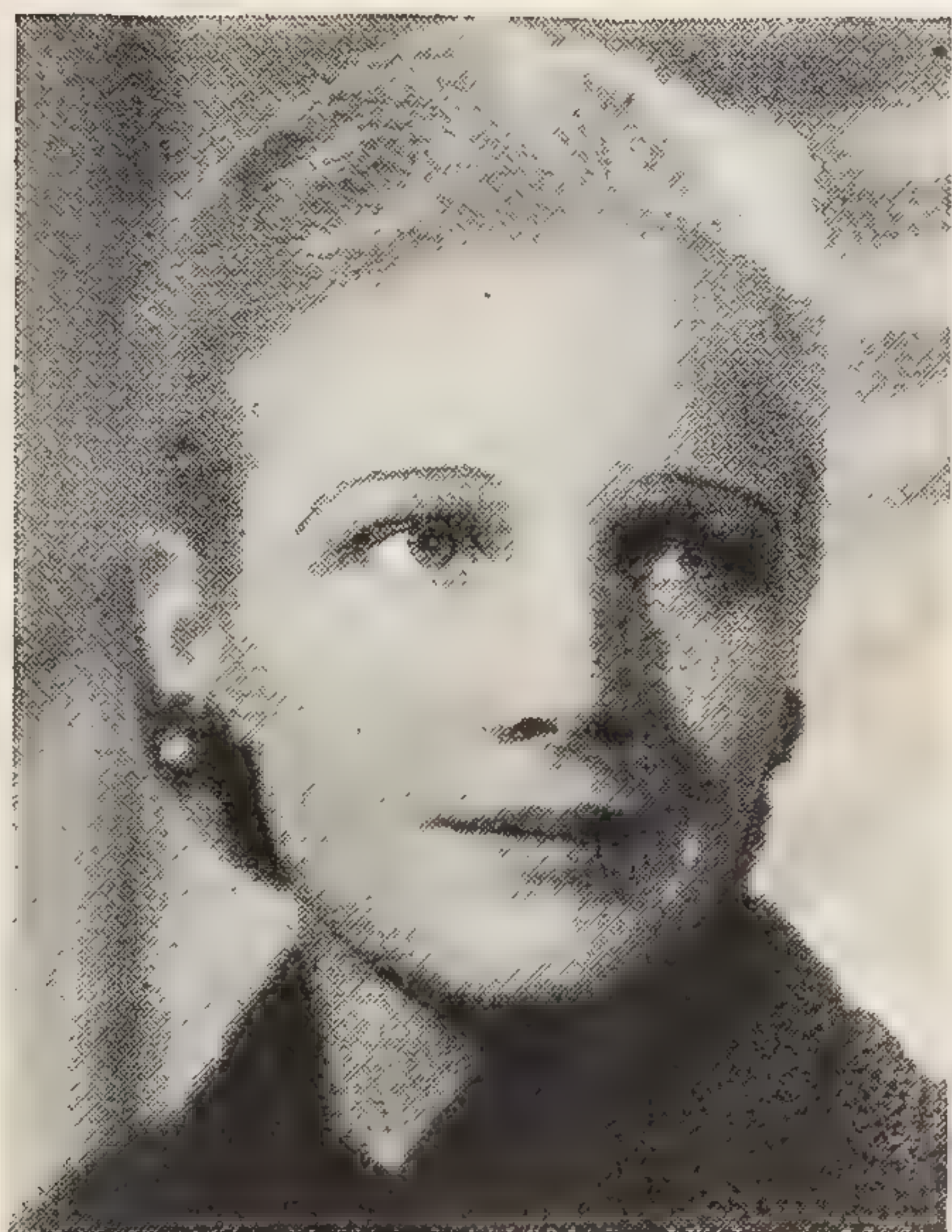


You see Marlene Dietrich on the screen as a moody mystery woman, as the close-up at top of page shows her. Actually, Marlene is the life of the party—see other picture! Robert Montgomery, contrariwise, is in real life somewhat serious and bookish, above, rather, than wisecracky as movie close-ups reveal him, right.



That At All!"

Ann Harding is known to you as the noble and long-suffering lady of the celluloid, according to the close-up at right. Really, Ann loves life and greets it with a grin, as the swimming-pool picture testifies. And honestly, Ann's voice, off-screen, has more giggles than sobs in it!



about being a wall-flower in her home town. A little low-down on Jean Harlow and *Alice's* every waltz would be taken.

Definitely no, dear people I am constantly bumping into, Marlene Dietrich, Nelson Eddy, Warner Baxter and Claudette Colbert are not like that at all. In fact, very few movie stars are like what you think they are like. Because they are thus and so on the screen, you naturally assume that they are thus and so when they wipe off the grease paint, but they aren't thus and so at all, and you can be wrong. Hollywood is a hot-bed of stellar contradictions. So now if you'll just get cozy, (you are probably sitting under a dryer getting a wave baked into your naturally curly hair and can't get very cozy, but do the best you can), I'll be only too glad to share with you the snatches of truth about the cinema great I have picked up in my wanderings around. Unlike *Alice Adams*, I did come to Hollywood, and have been waltzing like mad ever since. They call me Vienna.

The Number One Boy of the stellar contradictions of our cinema is Master Robert Montgomery. The celluloid Bob Montgomery is no more like the flesh and blood Bob Montgomery than day is like (Continued on page 74)



Can this be Warner Baxter, above? Yes! The dignified gentleman of many heavy movies, whom you know as he appears at the left, is the tireless demon of the tennis courts after working hours. Basil Rathbone is no villain, but a nice, mild man—note the contradictory close-ups, the reel and the real Rathbone, at far left.





Leslie Howard, left, in costume as co-star of "Romeo and Juliet." Right, ROMEO gets his hair combed by the make-up man on the set. Below, at right, a character close-up.

By
Charles
Lancaster



"Romeo" Great Lover? Not to Leslie Howard!



IF, LIKE *Juliet*, you should ask Leslie Howard, "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" you no doubt would be amazed to hear him say:

"I might ask myself that question, indeed have asked why I am *Romeo*, for I never had wanted to play the part. First of all, though the name has come down through the language and even into our slang to mean a lover, definitely *the* lover, I don't think *Romeo* a great lover. He is just part of a tragedy, caught in the toils of it. *Juliet* all but makes the first advance, completely giving her feelings away before the man has a chance to speak. Surely, this isn't the way of a lover, great or small."

There he was sitting in the very skin, at any rate the skin-tight garb, of *Romeo*, yet denying him! His boldness violated every rule of Hollywood, where to other actors all their geese are swans. Frankly, and he was nothing if not frank, this fellow Howard made ducks and drakes of them.

"The story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' he allowed, "is considered the greatest love story ever written. Ob-

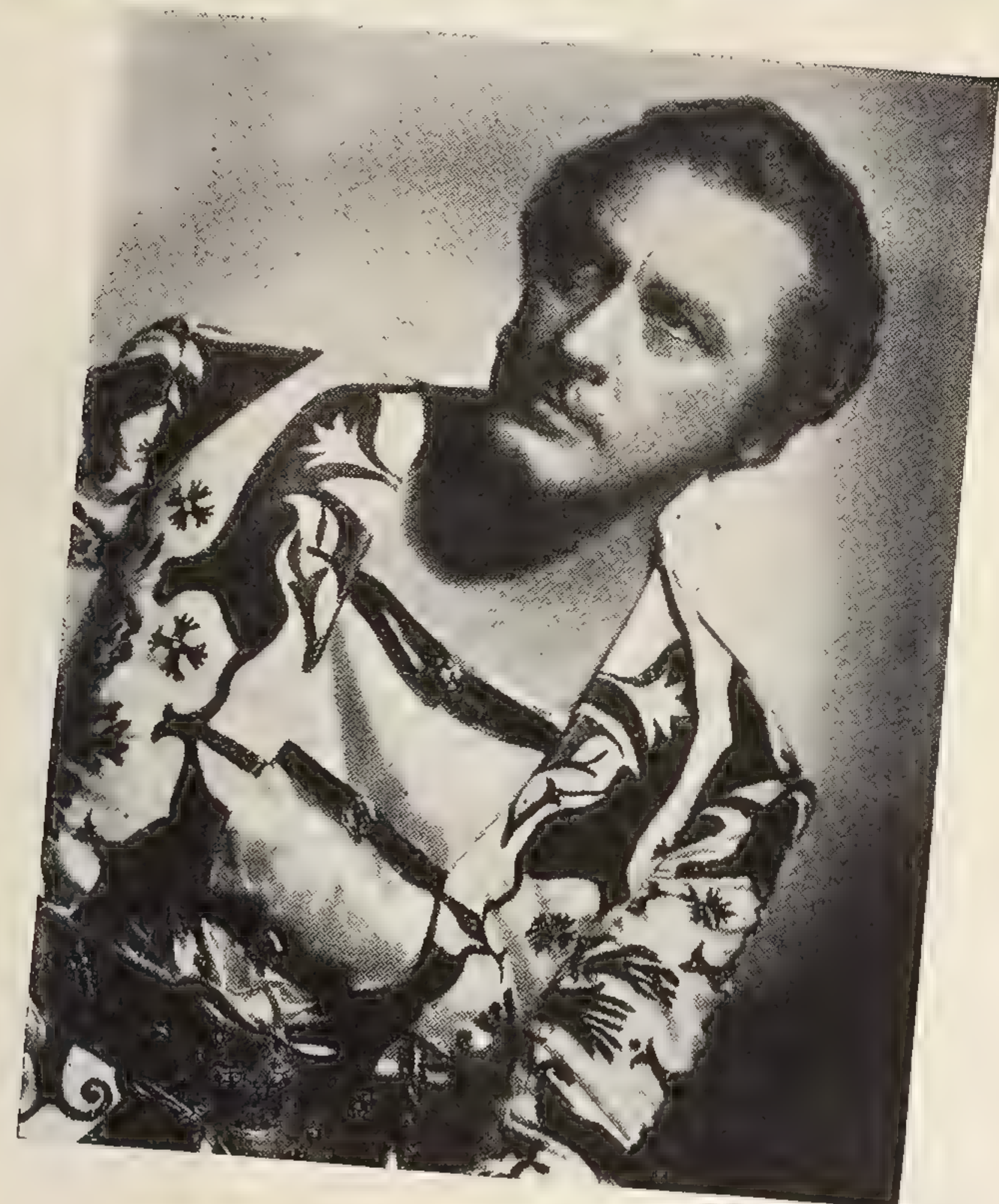
viously, then, since Shakespeare was writing a love story he had to have a lover. This explains *Romeo*, why he is there. But Shakespeare was interested in *Juliet*, for just as *Hamlet* is his greatest male creation so *Juliet* is his greatest female creation. How right he was we know to this day. For women in love will do anything. If a woman kills herself for love, people sympathize with her. But if a man does it they call him a silly sap. Women in love are interesting. But love doesn't make men interesting. If they're young we don't take them seriously, and if they're old we shun them as bores."

Worse and still worse, from the masculine point of view. Of a sudden, romance seemed to stretch bleakly into No Man's Land. Even a devil of a fellow, counting his conquests, could find no solace there. The one possible grain of comfort in that blighting outlook was that women might not share it. In any case, they would see Leslie Howard as young, and most certainly not put him down for a bore.

"Romance, for itself alone, bores me to tears," declared this ruthless iconoclast, as my deploring ear distinctly heard a rain of feminine tears beating hopelessly upon the roof of his dressing-room. "As for Shakespeare, he was clearly idealistic in his attitude toward it when writing 'Romeo and Juliet,' (Continued on page 80)



The dashing MERCUTIO of "Romeo and Juliet" is John Barrymore, below. Left, Barrymore in a scene with Leslie ROMEO Howard and Reginald BENVOLIO Denny.



By Charles Darnton

"Mercutio" Barrymore On-Not In- Love!

"LOVE!" John Barrymore lifted an exclamatory eyebrow. "But do you think it would be seemly, quite fitting for me to talk about the tender—when it isn't tough—passion? Not that I am destitute of ideas on the subject. I might even speak from



experience. But why don't you tackle Leslie Howard? He's playing *Romeo*. I'm doing *Mercutio*."

And how he was doing it! By all that's wonderful, wise, and witty, there never had been such a *Mercutio* as his. Seeing him in a scene of "Romeo and Juliet" was believing. John Barrymore really was face to face with himself. Brilliant, daring, devil-may-care, actor and character were one. For once, Hollywood had achieved perfection in casting.

Things being what they were, I preferred John Barrymore on (not in) love. He bore this out in looks. Indeed, he was so handsome a cavalier in romantic costume that I wondered if he'd ever wanted to play *Romeo*. The answer was:

"No."

"Why not?"

"For two reasons—*Juliet* and *Mercutio*."

First blood! No man can hope to fence verbally with the rapier-like Barrymore without being utterly worsted.

"But I've always wanted to play *Mercutio*," he added. "He's a grand person, and I was delighted when the part was offered me on my return (Continued on page 81)

Beauty Prize

A great author's newest novel! Romance that mirrors Hollywood life and echoes the yearnings of every girl

BY VICKI BAUM

IT WAS a dreary day in October when Steve saw the girl for the first time. The rain was drumming against the window-panes, and by four o'clock it had grown so dark that they'd had to switch on the electric lights.

The door opened, admitting a gust of wind and the girl. Steve liked her the moment he set eyes on her.

"I want to send a telegram," she said uncertainly. Her head was bare, and raindrops glittered in her hair. The belt of her blue coat was drawn tight about her waist. She looked like the kind of girl who wasn't accustomed to spending money on telegrams—spending money on anything but necessities, for that matter.

Steve nodded toward the desk. "You'll find the blanks over there." This Bend

The door opened, admitting a gust of wind and the girl. Her head was bare and raindrops glittered in her hair. Steve liked her the moment he saw her. "I want to send a telegram," she said.



River office was nothing better than a hole. Steve often wondered why they'd bothered with an office at all in that one-horse town. Probably because of the cotton mills, standing barren and ugly within full view at the corner of Sixteenth Street. A constant stream of telegrams sped back and forth between the cotton mill and other points that were specks on Steve's big map.

There wasn't even a chair in the place—an omission noted by Steve for the first time, as he watched the girl at the desk trying to write with the blunted stump of a pencil that hadn't been sharpened in weeks. Pulling his fountain pen from his pocket, he walked over and handed it to her, almost blushingly conscious of Joe's amazed stare at the back of his neck.

Brown eyes looked up into his as she thanked him. The bell on his Simplex rang. "Pardon me," he mumbled, cursed himself for his elegance and returned to the machine. The telegram was for the cotton mill. Steve pasted it up automatically.

"Want me to swim over?" inquired Joe, pulling himself to his feet as though he had the weight of the world on his shoulders. Joe was really too old to be a messenger boy, and Steve had his own troubles with him. Making a wholly unnecessary clatter, he mounted his bicycle and wheeled it out of the alley into the street.

Steve breathed a little more freely. The girl turned from the desk and approached him, a look of childish trust and helplessness in her eyes.

"Thank you for the pen."

"Oh, that's all right. Night letter or straight?"

"I—I don't know. Which-ever's quickest." She was nervous—he could see that now. He counted the words without reading them. The wire was going to Minneapolis.

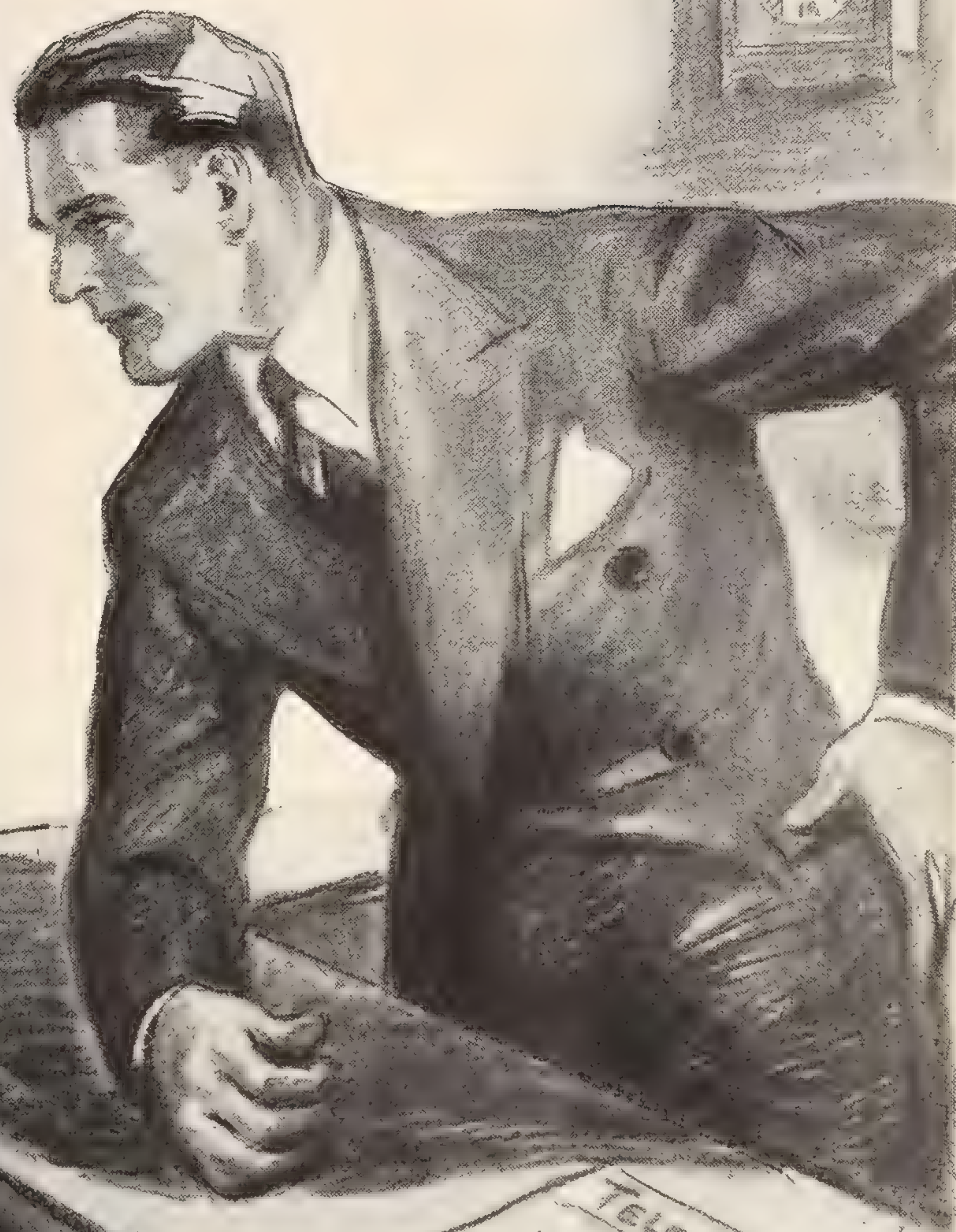
"Eight words," he told her. "Seventy-two and four cents tax."

As she dug into her bag for the money, his eyes dropped to the wire:

"FATHER VERY ILL
PLEASE COME AT ONCE
LOVE

RUTH"

He felt a quick stab of sympathy—an impulse to tell her he was sorry. He opened his mouth. "You've got to fill in your name



and address at the bottom," he heard himself saying.

"Oh. Could—could I have the fountain pen again?" He watched her as she scribbled in: "Ruth Quirk, 376 North 23rd Street."

"That's fine," said Steve. "Well—good night."

"Good night." She turned her coat collar snugly up about her throat, and was gone.

Joe ambled in a few minutes later. "Cute little trick," he remarked.

"Who?"

"Kid without a hat—kid without a hat—kid without a hat," carolled Joe, setting it to a tune of his own, and proceeded to clean his nails with his pocket-knife. Steve vouchsafed no answer. The wire was already speeding on its way. Sitting there in the (Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED
BY
FIX

Fredric March's Day Off

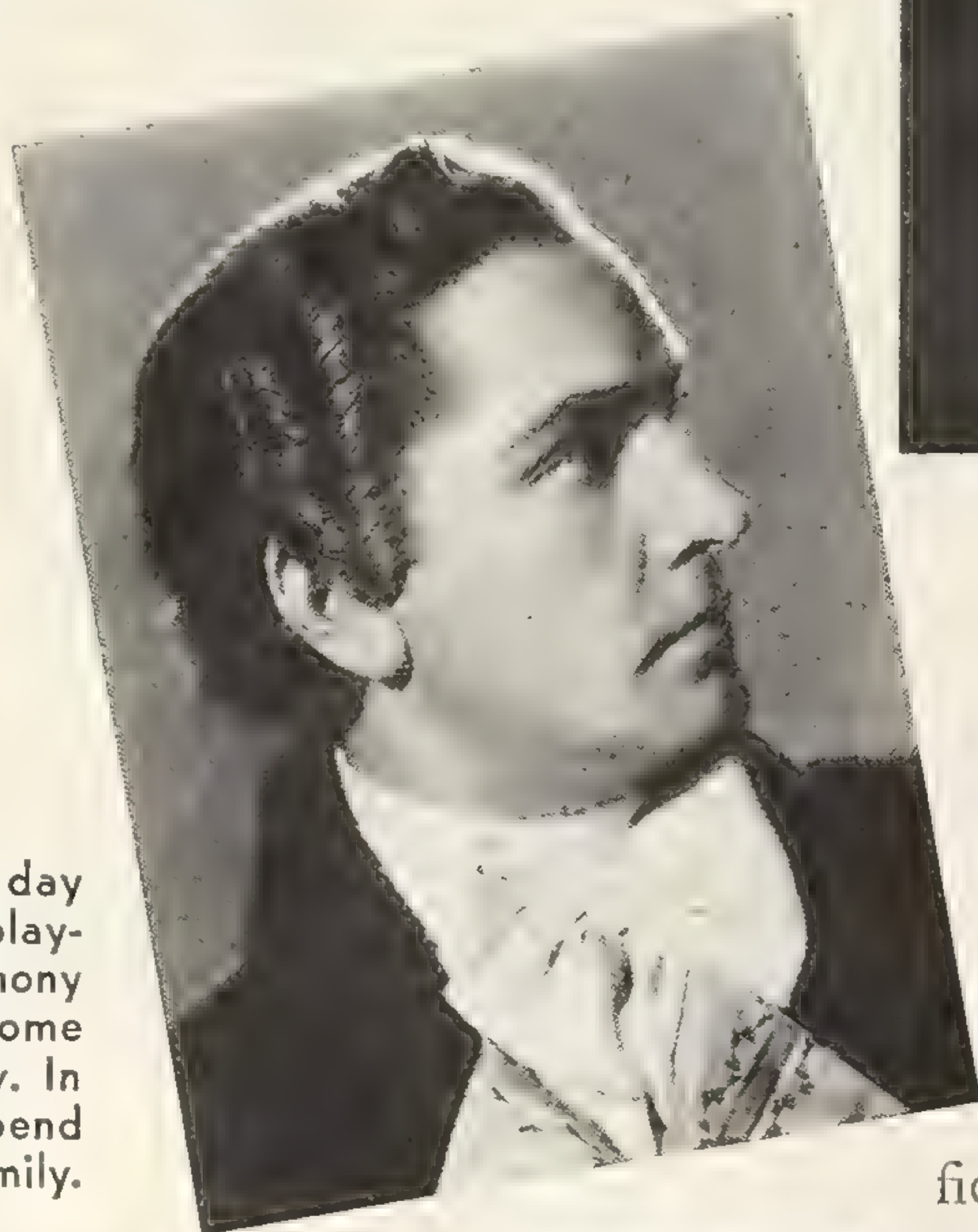
How the screen's most versatile actor spends his precious spare time

By Maude Stacey

SPENDING a day, just any old day, with Fredric March would be a gay adventure. Especially so, if it happened to be one of those rare occasions when he could remain at home.

He doesn't have many such days, for his pictures follow in quick succession. Recently, he completed "Anthony Adverse," which took eighty-six days to film, and immediately carried his make-up box right over to the 20th

Tennis in the morning on his day off helps keep Freddie fit for playing such exacting rôles as "Anthony Adverse," right. The March home in Beverly Hills is shown below. In the accompanying story you "spend the day" with Fred and his family.



Century-Fox studio, where he's co-starring with Warner Baxter, in "Road to Glory," saga of the French side of the World War. Yesterday, he had been told that the studio wouldn't need him today; so, when the morning dawned clear and sparkling, he was jubilant, behaving like a boy out of school.

Freddie's screen life is adventurous: it carries him through the tragedies of a French peasant in "Les Misérables," the dramatic events of a Russian nobleman in "Anna Karenina," the poignant sacrifices of a blind soldier in "The Dark Angel," the romantic wanderings of "Anthony Adverse"—and now, as an American soldier in France. But in real life he remains just the Middle West-American man, who delights in having an uninterrupted day to spend with his wife and babies, at their beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

So—let's tag along and find out how this famous star celebrates a day at home!

To begin at the beginning, Freddie leisurely arose at eight o'clock, instead of his regular hour of six-thirty. His trainer arrived to put him through an extra strenuous work-out; then joined him in a lively game of tennis; after which, slipping into bathing trunks Freddie dashed down the stairs and out to the swimming-pool, shimmering in the early morning sunshine. A few swift turns, a cold shower; then dressing, he joined his wife, Florence Eldridge, former stage actress, whom he married more than seven years ago, on the broad terrace for breakfast. They chatted gaily, touching a dozen topics—both agree they never get talked out when (Continued on page 82)





Ginger Rogers' Good Deed

How Astaire's co-star held out the helping hand to Harriet Hilliard

By Leonard Hall

Over *Muskegon* or *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *I Love You* with Mr. Ozzie Nelson's noted band. Moreover she was a bride of a mere week, cruelly snatched from

Mr. Nelson's side and microphone by the dastardly slave-traders of Hollywood, told she was an actress, and pushed into the big league with only beauty, voice, and a prayer.

Small wonder the girl had the (*Continued on page 84*)



When Harriet Hilliard, the radio singer, came to Hollywood to appear in her first film, "Follow the Fleet," she found a helpful friend in Ginger Rogers, star of the picture. Below, Harriet is shown with Ginger; left, with Randy Scott.

NOW and then a little story oozes through Hollywood's wise-cracks that somewhat restores our wavering faith in movie mummies as people. Such is the tale of Ginger Rogers, Harriet Hilliard, and the Helping Hand.

No nicer, more innocent and less motivated little episode has ever emerged from the cinema jungles than this yarn of the Star, the Jittery New Girl, and What Befell. It has brought about the spontaneous and practically involuntary election of Ginger as Chief Eagle Girl Scout of the film colony, and if Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt doesn't send the child a scroll or something I shall be very sore indeedly.

This is what happened. *La Petite* Rogers and her eminent partner, Mr. Astaire, were practicing an Off-to-Buffalo on the "Follow The Fleet" set, when a new girl was led aboard the sound stage. It was Miss Harriet Hilliard, a blonde and toothsome bit freshly imported from Broadway for the picture.

"Oh, we've met," said Ginger, smiling brightly at the newcomer, who was quaking like the conventional aspen.

Though their acquaintance was of the sketchiest, Ginger extended the good right hand of fellowship. Now it is only fair to say that lovely Harriet had one of the most vicious cases of *Débutante Staggers* in Hollywood's annals. The very thought of battling through an important rôle in an Astaire-Rogers film turned her knee-joints to gelatine. Up to that moment the greater part of her public activities had consisted of singing *Moon*



Eddie Horton's Home is

That famous funny man, Edward Everett Horton, is your host at his farm-house deluxe



This comfortable home, above, called "Belleigh Acres," is Eddie Horton's very modern farm-house set in ten acres of San Fernando Valley. Left, the noted comedian's own favorite portrait. Left, below, Eddie and two of his pedigreed dogs.



A GORGEOUS Sunday morning; the peaceful valley, bounded by sparkling blue mountains, lay sleeping in the sunshine. Edward Everett Horton and I sat on the wide veranda of his home at Encino, in the fertile San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, drinking in the beauty, the serenity of the picture before us.

Finally, breaking the silence, Eddie said, "Brother George is to blame for everything. He became imbued with the idea of buying a small place and raising chickens as a side issue. He couldn't find just what he wanted but finally discovered four acres that suited him and asked me to buy two of them.

"Now, I was in a rut in the city. Mother and I had an apartment in the very heart of Los Angeles, near the theatre where I was producing stage plays. We were completely surrounded by people, noise, and traffic, and I loved it. I thought that was *living*—why, I'd never even thought about the country.

"However, long ago I learned the futility of arguing with George. So, after a few faint attempts, I told him I would see what he had to offer. Well, the morning we came out to see the place was a peaceful Sunday, just like today, and it seemed to me that a bit of heaven had suddenly dropped at my feet.

"Of course, I gave in and bought the four acres. There was a tiny building where the main house now stands, and mother and I moved into it; brother and his family took the little house farther back on the property.

"Within a few months I was so sold on farm life that I purchased the six adjoining acres, which gave me a choice location in the valley. That was ten years ago, and every morning when I wake up

a Bachelor's Paradise

By
Maude
Cheatham



Pride and joy of Edward Everett Horton's life is his garden, above. No hardship at all to be in the Horton "dog-house"—see the kennels at right, above. Our host and his charming mother are pictured at right. Below, "Farmer" Horton at work.



and see the beauty spread out before me, I'm so happy that then and there, I dance a little jig in my pajamas! And this is *this*: I expect to live here the remainder of my life!"

Born and reared in Brooklyn, New York, Eddie insists he must have inherited the rural instinct from his Connecticut forebears. Each day holds a fresh excitement for him: a new rose blooms, an avocado tree brings forth a prize fruit, a calf is born. He assures me there is nothing monotonous about farm life.

His real specialty is building and rebuilding. He has "made over" the main house where he and his mother live, again and again, for the minute it is finished he thinks up some new scheme and starts all over again. He says it isn't his fault at all; it is just because he doesn't understand blue prints and can't gage the dimensions they indicate. So when a room is completed it is invariably too small, and out comes the walls, stairways are changed, rooms rearranged, the roof raised. Or, perhaps, lowered. Oh, it's a lot of fun experimenting, he says, and fervently hopes he'll never actually "finish" his place, for then all the fun will be gone.

Right now, he's in the process of elaborate renovations that will make his "Belleigh Acres" the ideal country home. This new impetus was inspired by the many antiques he brought home when he returned from making his third film in London. He admits he has always been "dippy" about antiques, spending all his spare time and spare cash on treasures he digs up in quaint old shops. He has the insatiable collector's virus in his veins and London offered a rich field.

Luckily, there's a commodious guest house and when the building fever grips him, Eddie and his mother (Continued on page 78)



Mayfair Charm

Herbert Marshall has it, and hates it! "I want to spit tobacco, on the screen!" he says in this surprising story

By Ben Maddox

RIGHT now there is more genuine drama in the unpublicized, private life of Herbert Marshall than in any of the films whipped up to display his sophisticated, Mayfair charm.

I want to tell you of the crisis that has finally come to him.

He is at the crossroads. Before 1936 is ended he must make all-important decisions, take the steps which will actually determine his future. Already he has arrived at one very pertinent conclusion.

To me this climaxing of his problems, behind the glittery scenes presented to the general public, is a perfect illustration of the most fascinating discovery you ever make about Hollywood. It is that these stars who thrill us are, despite their glamor and their big salaries, just human beings, too.

Only with extra, peculiar dilemmas! In return for its magnificent rewards, Hollywood alters plans and disregards dreams. Herbert Marshall is the latest to find this out.

There are surprises in store for you when you become well acquainted with this man. He is partially what you expect. Tall, and straight, he really has the same man-about-town handsomeness and he is invariably well-groomed. His diction is equally pleasing and he is as thoroughly cosmopolitan as he is gracious.

Yet what you may not be ready for are pronounced traits like modesty and friendliness. Although he has been outstanding on the London and New York stage, and on the screen, he never for an instant trades on fame. Here is no egotistical (*Continued on page 66*)

Marshall, below, with Gertrude Michael in "Reunion," with the biggest of all beer steins.



On Her Own

NEVER close a door that's open to you!" Dolores Costello Barrymore answered, when I asked why she returned to pictures.

She left the business of acting behind her "in thought and action," and entered a studio perhaps three times, during the years she was married to John Barrymore. Now she is back, and she looks lovelier than ever.

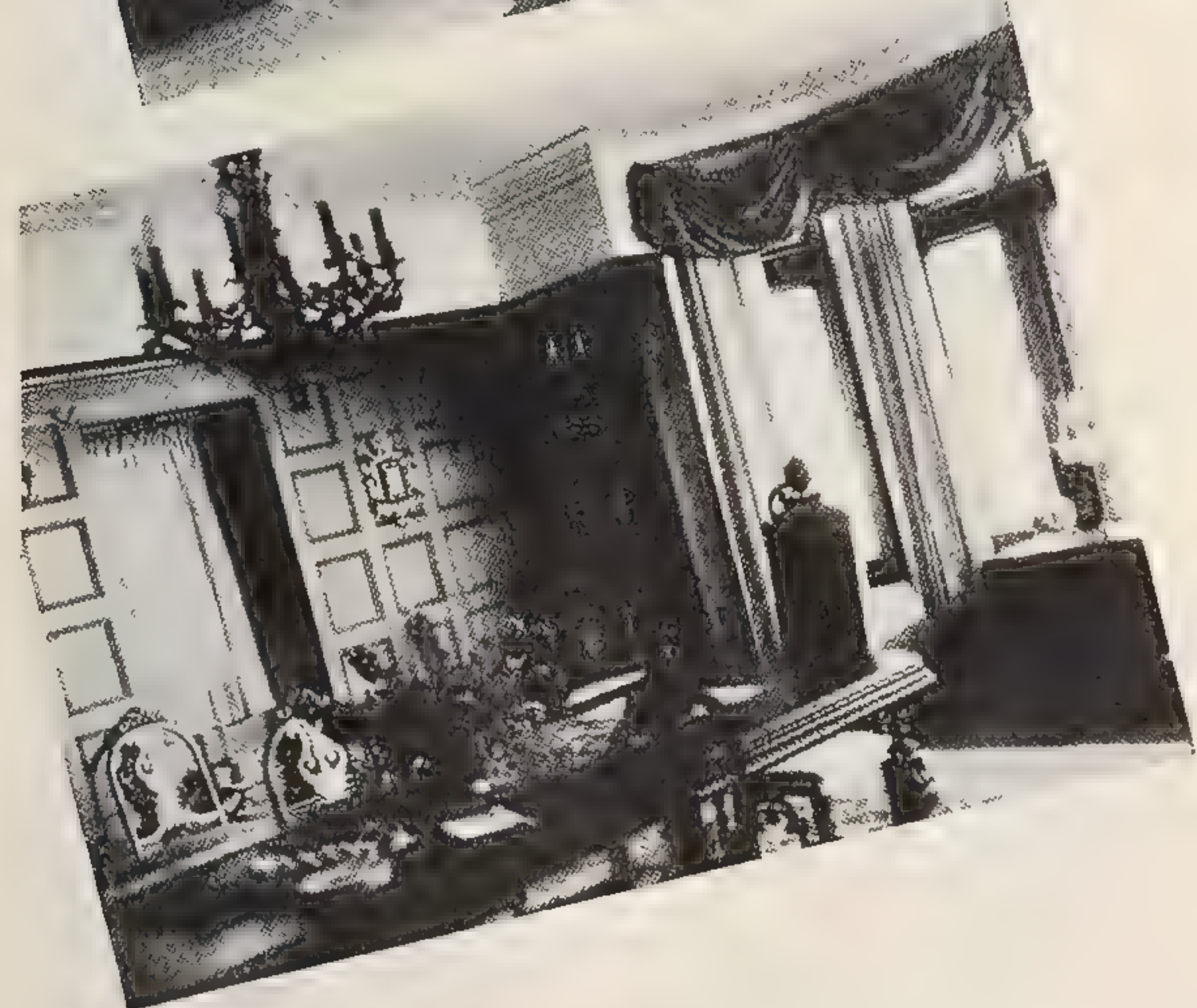
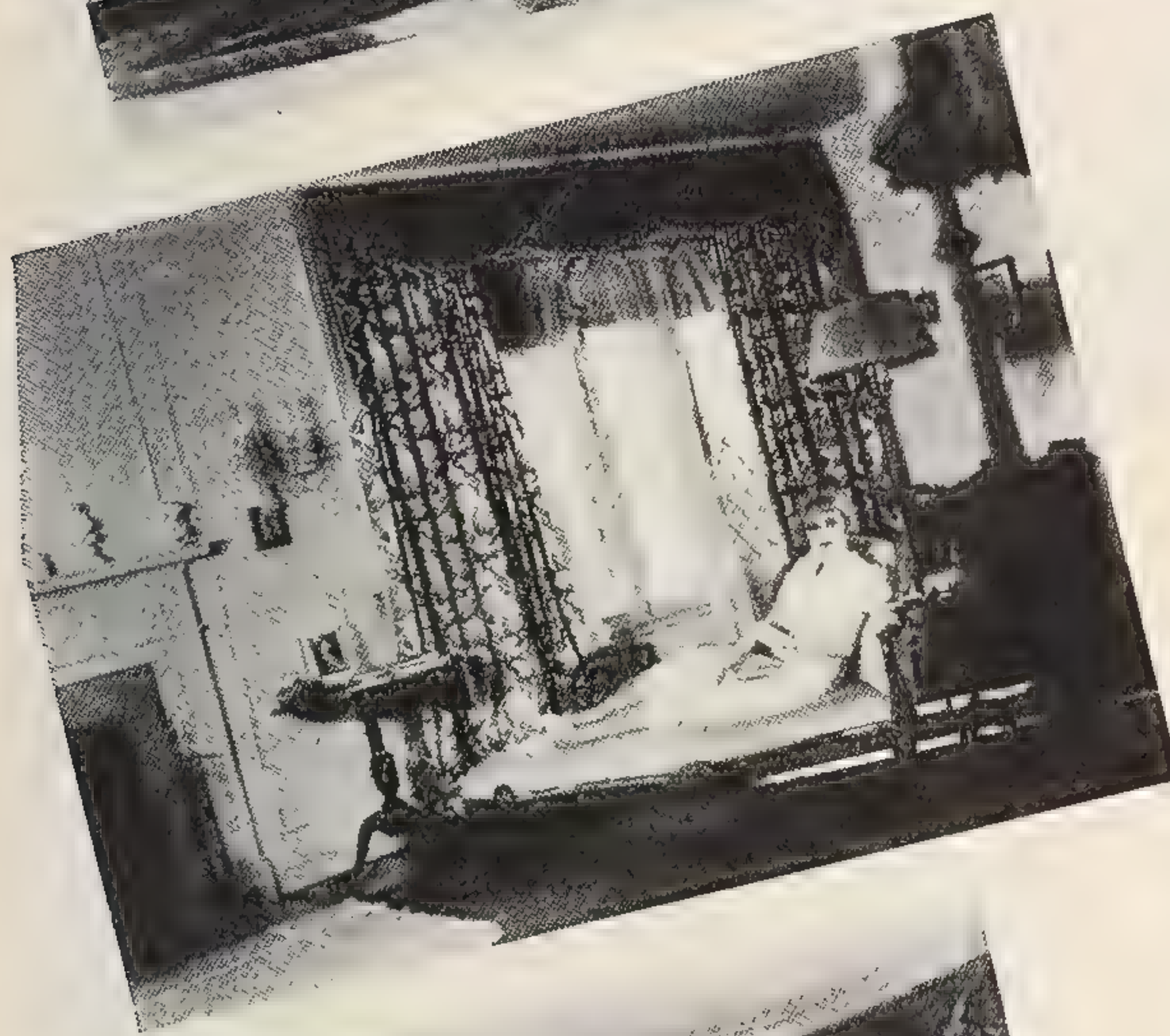
Dolores looks like a lovely lady with a past—not *that* kind of a past, but one who has learned to be serene and patient, and who looks a little sad and mysterious and very sweet about it.

It is not so easy to be perfectly natural when you've had a lot of unpleasant publicity and you're trying to begin a new career after retirement, but Dolores is refreshingly free from affectation, from any self-consciousness. I think she is more tolerant with Jack and his defections, than most women in her position would have been. She prefers not to talk about it, but when she does, she simply says that all men reach a difficult age when they are like naughty little boys.

Her motivating interests are, of course, "Deeda"—Ethel Mae—and John, her two youngsters. She wished to supplement their income, and as soon as it was known she would be amenable, she had many picture offers. So she accepted the part of *Dearest* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It was a wrench to leave the children with whom she has been so close.

"I was terrified at first, but am glad now to be working," Dolores told me, in her little dressing-room on the set. "I couldn't live an idle life, but I wouldn't want to begin slaving as (Continued on page 72)

Dolores puts her children and home first, but finds time to pursue her career. Right, Dolores today. Above, first pictures of her new home: reading up, the dining-room, Dolores at ease, the house itself, and, top, the Barrymore children.



The bitter-sweet story of
Dolores Costello's come-back

By
Ruth Rankin



They

By
S. R. Mook



Irene Dunne pictured above with her protégé, blonde Virginia Reid, who, thanks to Irene, is studying singing with Irene's own coach, Amy Ellerman, center. Marion Davies, right, good scout. Left, below: Mae West with Jack Southard. Right, below: W. C. Fields and Johnny Sinclair—read about them in the story.



THERE seems to be an idea prevalent that motion picture stars live only for themselves and that a picture inscribed "Lest You Forget" is about as far as they go in the matter of "giving." Unless, of course, it is a present to some big shot. 'Tain't so. I can think of numberless things stars have done for friends of leaner years and for less fortunate friends they've acquired after they've "arrived."

One who seldom receives credit for his charities is Richard Arlen. People who know Dick only casually never credit him with the depth of feeling he possesses. Not since Sue Carol was at her zenith has Hollywood known anyone who shares his good fortune and possessions with his friends to the extent Dick does. When he was abroad his home was kept open so his friends could enjoy his swimming pool. His yacht was at their disposal



// "Give" as well as "Get" //

Do stars live only for themselves? No! This inspiring story proves they like to help the other fellow

while he was away. It is seldom, when he is in town, that he and Joby board the boat without filling it up with friends. And the majority of the guests are not stars but people who would not otherwise be in a position to enjoy such luxury.

One of the nicest gestures he—or anyone else—ever made was when his baby was born. I went with him to the hospital to see Joby one night. While we were there we learned that a girl—formerly a featured leading lady with whom Dick had worked—was there in one of the charity wards—broke. She, too, had come in there to have her baby but the child had been still-born. Dick and I went down to see her and Dick couldn't have been more

attentive, more solicitous about her welfare, if she had occupied the most expensive suite in the hospital. When we left he asked her husband to walk to the elevator with us. As we entered the car he pressed \$200 into the chap's hand. "I hope you'll forgive me," he begged, "but I know things haven't been going too well with you. It'll really make me feel good if you'll let me help a little."

When he was in St. Paul recently the manager of one of the theatres wanted Dick to make a personal appearance, which he did. He received no money for his work—only the promise of the manager that once a month the complete program of the theatre—newsreel, comedy, short subjects and feature *(Continued on page 94)*

Gertrude Michael, below, hard-boiled on the screen, soft-hearted off! Right, two good guys and generous givers, Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen. Below to their left: Joe Morrison and his manager of nine years, who has prospered right along with Joe.



UNITED IN DANGER LAUGHTER *and* LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a
glorious and courageous venture that
decided the fate of three nations!

"Wally" (Viva Villa!)
Beery's lovable villainy
was never so uproarious!

Wallace *Barbara*
BEERY • STANWYCK

John **BOLES**

in

A MESSAGE *to* GARCIA

with

ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan

Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall



What? Only 4 Stars in "Under Two Flags"



Rosalind Russell, above, contributes her cool charm to the rôle of the high-born lady in the cast. Colman and Colbert, at left, get right down to realism in parts foreign to their usual well-bred cinema behavior. Claudette below, with McLaglen, is letting loose some real emotion for a change.



Why not add Shirley Temple to the cast as "The Baby Star of the Foreign Legion?" Well, maybe Mr. Zanuck knows best; he has produced some pretty good pictures in his time, and it looks as though "Under Two Flags" will be outstanding. Zanuck knows that it takes more than two big stars in one picture to make spoiled moviegoers sit up. All right—so he gives us four—count 'em, four big stars all at once: Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell. It's the old Ouida adventure yarn, with Claudette as the fiery "Cigarette," and Colman and McLaglen as daredevils of the Foreign Legion.





Hurrell



The "Permanent" Joan

We've had so many "New" Joan Crawfords that it's a relief to find her as she is in these recent portrait studies—at home as Mrs. Tone, and contented.





Mack Elliott



Reunion

Margaret Sullavan has a new leading man in "The Moon's Our Home"—her ex-husband, Henry Fonda. They fight—they make up. Are these scenes prophetic?





What happens when two great scene stealers get together? Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell fight it out in "Colleen"—and Joan wins in this one scene shown at left, anyway, by turning those big blue eyes full on her audience, thus forcing Mr. Oakie to act with his profile.

Scene Stealers!



Here's to Hollywood's beautiful bandits and bold, bad thieves, whose artful artistry makes our movies more exciting. Start your collection of famous stolen scenes now!



Patricia Ellis just puts on her new beach costume, above, and steals any scene she's in! Put Joe E. Brown behind bars and the scene is still his. Francis Lederer shamelessly shares Ida Lupino's muff and makes us like it. Right above, that chronic scene stealer, George Bancroft, comes back to take a close-up right out from under Jean Arthur's beautiful nose.





While the scene above from "Romeo and Juliet" really belongs to Leslie Howard and Edna May Oliver, John Barrymore's satirical expression as he listens grabs all our attention. Nigel Bruce is not the star of "Under Two Flags"—Ronald Colman is; but you'd never know it from the scene below! Jane Withers, that terrific little trouper, is shown at bottom of page "lifting" a scene from that other fine trouper, Ralph Morgan.

There are five splendid actors in the scene at the top of this page: Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Percy Marmont, and Robert Young, in "Secret Agent." But the center of interest is not the lovely star, Miss Carroll; nor the stalwart leading men—it's Peter Lorre, little but oh, so clever, who steals the scene.



Now we've come to the most shameful—and successful—scene-stealer of them all! See Hugh Herbert, above, take this "Colleen" scene away from Dick Powell and Marie Wilson, who's no mean scene snitcher herself. As for Joan Bennett, below, she knows there's no use struggling when "The Duke of Beverly Hills" is in the picture! Joan's prize cocker spaniel is a past master at crowding Joanie out of the close-ups.





Pat, Jo, and Louise Fazenda, above, in a domestic interlude. Left, Mr. O'Brien off-duty. Below, a close-up of the co-stars and a character study of Pat.

Pat and Jo By Request



This isn't a new Irish story. It's about Pat and Jo, not Pat and Mike. Besides, you asked for it! Because Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson pleased you with their performances in "Oil for the Lamps of China," one of the "artistic successes" and box-office failures, you demanded their reunion. Pictures die, but good teams go on, so you'll see them in "I Married A Doctor," from Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street."





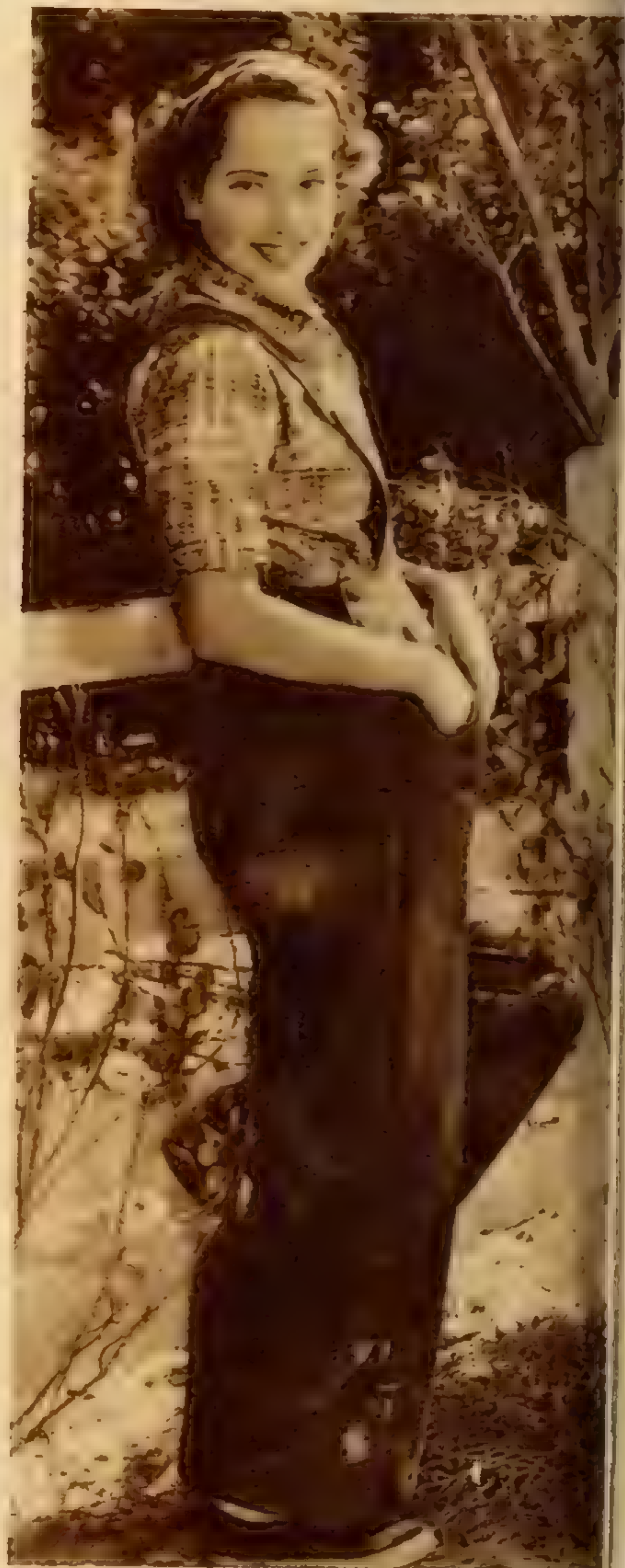
Will "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" do for Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur what that other Columbia picture directed by Frank Capra, "It Happened One Night," accomplished for Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert? The co-star close-up below looks promising. The portraits of Gary, left and right, look business-like. But the silly scene above looks gay—and we like gay scenes in our pictures.



Teamed for the First Time

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur

Sun-bathing is frankly Joan Blondell's favorite outdoor recreation. Here, below, you see Joan in her new bathing suit sopping up the sun's rays at her Toluca Lake home.



Merle Oberon, British glamor girl, goes truly rural in overalls and sneakers, above. Jean Chatburn and Eleanor Stewart saunter in slacks, left. The pajama mode for the outdoor mood, exemplified by Eleanore Whitney, extreme left.

All Outdoors Is Their Playground

Making play while the sun shines can be decorative when these stars do it—but don't think they're merely posing. The camera, actually, "caught" them at it!



Olivia de Havilland goes down to the sea in white slacks rolled up, waving yoo-hoo to you above. At the right, Glenda Farrell goes pioneering with her covered wagon for a comfortable spot in the shade.



The male stars are also prominent in the great outdoor playgrounds of sunny California—and over there at the right you see a picture our cameraman caught of Randy Scott, out for a hike on a well-earned "breather" from studio work.



Film, radio, and concert impresarios all want Nelson Eddy — because the public wants him. Demand far outruns the possible supply of songs of the handsome baritone who has taken the country by storm.

Men Wanted



Ted Allen

Here are the two men most wanted
by ladies everywhere. But, sorry,
you can't have 'em, not all to your-
self. So here they are in portraiture
—the very best possible.

Ideal romance these days resolves itself into
a matter of what film Robert Taylor plays in,
so far as hosts of ladies are concerned. No wonder
Bob smiles as he does in this nice, natural close-up.



Jerome Kern's wonderful music will be sung by Irene Dunne as *Magnolia*—shown above and below. You'll be humming those tunes again!

Let's Dress Up!

The famous "Cotton Blossom," show boat of romance, comes to life again. Universal revives the grand musical comedy-drama in spectacular style, with Irene Dunne as the charming heroine, Allan Jones as the dashing *Ravenal*, right, below, and the magnificent voice of Paul Robeson singing "Ol' Man River" once more. Above, the show boat. Below, scenes from the film. Yes—Charles Winninger, below center, plays his original rôle of *Cap'n Andy Hawks*, with Helen Westley as *Parthy*.

Get ready! Here comes "Show Boat"



The Costume Cycle Is Still On

Go back to the colorful days of
courtly fashions in dress and manners
in "Sutter's Gold," with Binnie Barnes
and Edward Arnold



Another important costume picture that Universal brings to the screen is this saga of early California, recreating a gallant era. Binnie Barnes lends beauty and becoming grace to her regal jewels and velvets as the *Countess Barakoffski*; while Edward Arnold plays General John A. Sutter, pioneer and romantic figure. At the right, Sutter the gold prospector and the countess who won his heart, in a scenic setting.





Hollywood is always thinking ahead. Anticipating torrid days to come, Rochelle Hudson gets busy and goes into "The Country Beyond," popular romance of the snowy spaces. With the aid of a new young actor, Robert Kent, and Buck, big dog star of "Call of the Wild," Miss Hudson keeps cool—and collects.

Fair ~ and



Bob Montgomery and Myrna Loy warm up the frozen North in their own pleasantly humorous fashion as they co-star in "Petticoat Fever," adapted from the stage comedy. You remember Bob and Myrna together in "When Ladies Meet." Don't worry, they wear smart clothes as well as furs—see the pictures above.



Colder!



John Ellis

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Beverly Roberts and Al Jolson in "The Singing Kid"

Stormy Sidney

Sylvia's private-life drama is never dull. Here's the latest and the best "act"

By
Margaret Angus



AS FAR as a career is concerned, and it is pretty far if you ask me, Sylvia Sidney has more ups and downs and ups than anyone I know. Fresh from the glamor of the New York stage where she was acclaimed a star despite the fact that she was still in her teens, Sylvia came to Hollywood some six years ago under contract to Fox and appeared in a picture called "Through Different Eyes" which was a bad picture no matter how you looked at it and most people looked at it through indifferent eyes. Very sad and depressed, her youthful illusions of screen fame shattered, the little Sidney caught the "Chief" back to New York firmly convinced that her talents could only be translated on a stage.

On her return to Broadway she was given the lead in "Bad Girl" opposite Paul Kelly, and over-night she was the sensational toast of New York. You perhaps saw Sally Eilers and James Dunn do "Bad Girl" on the screen and wept your eyes out over their grand performances, but you just multiply the film "Bad Girl" by one thousand and then you'll understand why New York, including Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, went completely Sidney-mad. That "cadenced voice which can transmute words into emotions" was a weekly article in the Sunday papers. Producers can read, despite rumors to the contrary, so when they read all this fanfare about Sylvia they sent their talent scouts to Broadway immediately to give her the once-over in "Bad Girl." And despite her qualms, Sylvia signed another picture contract, this time with Paramount, and again left for Hollywood. Paramount was having Clara Bow trouble at the time and needed someone to replace her in "City Streets." And if you didn't see "City Streets" with Sylvia and

Gary Cooper I feel awfully sorry for you, for it was really a magnificent picture, and at the preview the movie moguls suddenly realized that they most certainly did not have a carbon copy of the "It" Girl, but something far, far more valuable—an actress who represented youth emotionally intensified. Sylvia Sidney then gave another of her emotional performances in "American Tragedy" as the innocent little girl drowned by Phillips Holmes and despite Mr. Dreiser's disparaging remarks "American Tragedy" was a successful picture and definitely established Sylvia as one of the leading stars on the Paramount lot. She moved in to Dressing-Room 1. Her car and chauffeur were allowed to drive on the lot at a time when Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and Miriam Hopkins were made to park outside the studio gates and slush through the rain to their dressing-rooms. (And you can be quite sure this didn't endear Miss Sylvia Sidney to the Misses Colbert, Lombard, and Hopkins. Oh, you know how girls are!) Sylvia was the Queen of the May.

But it was soon time for another "down"—(not for dear old Yale but for dear old Sidney)—and again months of despair and discouragement and shattered illusions as poor Sylvia was subjected to one sappy picture after another. "Behold My Wife," "Good Dame," "Pick-Up," "Thirty Day Princess" were a few of them, and no one could be expected to survive a mediocre run like that. Sylvia Sidney was definitely slipping. Perhaps if you were only working for that four figure pay-check that's delivered to Hollywood stars every Wednesday you wouldn't object to pictures like "Behold My Wife" too strenuously, but Sylvia is essentially an ambitious actress, and if I ever saw an actress career-minded it's Sylvia. "Behold My Wife," a (Continued on page 99)



Desire—Paramount



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



THE most entertaining picture ever made by Dietrich, and the best comedy ever played by Gary Cooper, this gay and gorgeous cinema is something you must see. Sparklingly sophisticated, it is definitely for the adult members of your family circle; but its naughtiness is so deliciously done, its insinuating scenes so subtle, that you'll never be shocked, only stimulated. Of course it's that sly Lubitsch who's most responsible for the pert touches that make "Desire" such a comic delight. The story itself is appallingly slight and shopworn: beautiful Continental girl jewel-thief meets upright—though thrilling—young American, and exchanges her career of crime for a legitimate love life, but not before her ex-partner in the light-fingered art has thrown a lot of amusing obstacles in the path of pure love. Dietrich has fewer close-ups and more appealing acting opportunities and proves she's a thorough trouper, as well as the world's most beautiful woman. John Halliday, Ernest Cossart, and Alan Mowbray are superb in support. But it's Mr. Cooper who rates the raves. What a comedian he has turned out to be—without sacrificing any camera angles, either.



LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—Selznick-United Artists



These Three—Goldwyn-United Artists




THE perfect family picture! The beloved book by Frances Hodgson Burnett has been so beautifully filmed that only an occasional old cynic will deny its fragrant charm and sentimental appeal. Of course Freddie Bartholomew is the perfect choice for the part of the little Brooklyn boy of the 1880's who inherits an ancient and honorable title, and is transplanted to the mighty English castle of Dorincourt, where he is *Lord Fauntleroy*, heir of the grand, and gouty, *Earl*. How *Ceddie* tames his ferocious grandfather, wins all hearts for miles around, withstands the onslaughts of a false claimant to his title, and makes all his old friends happy, including *Mr. Hobbs*, the immortal fancy grocer, is told with charm and tenderness. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a marvel of sentimentality without mawkishness, mostly because of this boy Bartholomew, great actor in miniature, who creates a perfect portrait of *Ceddie* as he did of *David Copperfield*—though very different. Dolores Costello is exquisite as *Dearest*, his mother. C. Aubrey Smith as the *Earl* is a delight. Henry Stephenson, Guy Kibbee and all the cast are just about perfect. In short, it is a triumph for everybody connected with its production.



FIRST on your list of pictures-to-see, this film drama adapted from the controversial stage play, "The Children's Hour," will enthrall you as no other recent screenplay has done. "These Three" is the perfect picture of its kind. It has thrilling drama, terrific intensity, beautiful performances—and, more important, it has authority. There is the inevitability of a Greek tragedy in this stirring cinema, and less of the "phoney" than any picture I can recall. Lillian Hellman, author of the original play, made the miraculous adaptation; William Wyler has directed with power and passion; and the stellar trio of Oberon, McCrea, and Hopkins create three characters of unforgettable appeal. The simple theme is the spiritual devastation wrought by slanderous gossip in the lives of three clean young people. The fact that the slander is spread by a twelve-year-old school-girl makes it more appalling, particularly when the child is enacted with such incredible realism by little Bonita Granville. You will have to see "These Three" to realize its poignancy, and you will be rewarded. See our Honor Page for further and higher praise.




COLLEEN—Warners

 THIS big musical comedy cinema has the accent on the comedy, and I promise you some hilarious moments when the new team, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie, go into action, particularly when they sing, and dance; *Boulevardier from the Bronx*, the most amusing number in recent films. Joan and Jack do a grand burlesque of all the snootily elegant top-hat love songs and dances in screen history, and while Mr. Oakie is merely very, very funny, Miss Blondell is so gorgeous that she gives you the idea she could be a number one song-and-dance star herself, if it weren't for her terrific sense of humor. Anyway, she and Jack steal this show, with interference, I'll admit, from Hugh Herbert, who is funnier than ever as a moony millionaire who wants to adopt Joanie, but is prevented by his sensible nephew, Dick Powell, who in his turn wants to adopt—I mean marry, Ruby Keeler. The Powell-Keeler team proceeds much as usual until the entrance of tap-dancer Paul Draper, who coaxes our little Keeler through some intricate dances but who is, I fear, not another Fred Astaire. You'll have fun at this one with Blondell and Oakie; and of course there's always the chorus to help keep the show moving.




Wife versus Secretary—M-G-M

 IT'S amazing that the time-honored triangle should make such a terrific come-back at this late date, but here's one of the most amusing movies of the month to prove it. You won't believe until you've seen how Clark Gable as The Perfect Husband-Lover, Myrna Loy as The Perfect Wife, and Jean Harlow as The Incredible Secretary can rejuvenate the old, old theme. Certainly husbands, wives, and secretaries were never like *this* before. The wife capers like the old-time secretary; the secretary turns out to be more noble and self-sacrificing than the most martyred wife; and the husband—well, I told you he was Clark Gable, and he's at his best, and Misses Loy and Harlow are lucky, lucky girls. If only to see Miss Harlow's acting at its most subdued, and her appearance at its most lavish; and Miss Loy in a rôle almost if not possibly quite as good as her *Thin Man's* Wife; and a series of highly entertaining if implausible situations; and James Stewart in a startlingly real performance as a white-collared hopeful—you shouldn't miss this; and that doesn't account for Clark, who makes it an absolute "Must." Gable becomes more likable with every new rôle.




The Trail of the Lonesome Pine—Paramount

 AS JUST an old nature-lover, I found much to appeal to me in this opulent mountain drama in natural colors. You *have* to be a nature-lover to like it, though. After your first pleasurable view of blue, blue sky, green, green trees, *etcetera*, you begin to wonder, "Where have I seen all this before?" and sit back and demand to be entertained by story, actors, and situations. That may make you a demanding old spoil-sport, but there it is; and there you are, watching a rather moss-covered drama of mountain folk who're always feuding—that's all those beautiful backgrounds do for *them*. The plot, you see, is an old story, no matter how superbly acted, as it certainly is here; and Nature is an old story, too, no matter how much appreciated. Would it be too much to hope that the next time Mr. Wanger decides to splurge on natural color, he first makes sure to get a strong story? Sylvia Sydney is the realistic little mountain girl of the well-known piece, going up or down in cinema history as the second willing victim of natural color. The men have all the best of it; Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda are as pretty as they can be. You'll be seeing this.



Follow the Fleet—RKO-Radio

 PLEASE don't ask me if this Astaire-Rogers musical number is better than its predecessors—I wouldn't know. I am so grateful for every new Fred-Ginger film that I rush to see it, stay through several shows, come away humming—well, I call it that—and, if somebody doesn't stop me, go into a dance routine that is almost, but not quite as funny as Joan Blondell's and Jack Oakie's take-off in "Colleen." I mean, I love the Astaire-Rogers shows. I never get tired of 'em. I hear, here and there, that "Follow the Fleet" falls just a wee mite short of the epoch-making success of, say, "Top Hat" or "The Gay Divorcée," but to me, it's a joy from first to last. I liked Fred's new, fresh-sailor characterization, and Ginger's just as fresh dance-hall gal—in fact, the co-stars are not so elegant in this one as usual and I welcome the change. Harriet Hilliard is a refreshing newcomer, and Randy Scott is a pleasure. Perhaps you won't find a topper to *Cheek to Cheek* in *Let's Face The Music and Dance*, but it's good enough for Mr. Berlin and it's good enough for me. If anything, Miss Rogers surpasses her own dancing in this one. Fred's perfect as always.

The Headline Dodger

There's only one way to get Lionel Barrymore to talk, and our reporter discovers how! You'll enjoy this "non-interview" with the famous actor

By Ida Zeitlin

SUNK low in his chair on the set, long legs outstretched, Lionel Barrymore contemplated three patches of court-plaster on the fingers of his right hand.

"That's where one of the dogs in 'The Voice of Bugle Ann' nicked him," explained Charley Grapewin.

Barrymore looked up at his friend of many years' standing—the kind of friend with whom the insult affectionate becomes the normal means of communication. Except for a blue gleam between half-closed lids, his face remained impassive.

"The gentleman's not quite bright," he drawled. "He gets things addled. It was just the other way round. I nicked the dog. If you think I'm hurt, take a squint at the other fellow's plaster."



"Ready, Mr. Barrymore," called the assistant director.

Pulling himself to his feet, he shuffled off—in character. Over his shoulder the sound of his voice came back, carrying a hint of indulgent irony. "What kind of action do you want in this scene?" he inquired. "Delicate or rough?"

I wasn't interviewing Mr. Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore doesn't think much of interviews. "We'll get you out there," I'd been told, "and then you can fend for yourself. Keep your eyes and ears open, and grab what you can. But don't, in heaven's name, act like an interviewer!"

So I tried to act as though I weren't really there, keeping my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. If Mr. Barrymore suspected me, he gave no evidence of it. He showed me the courtesy due any visitor, and went about

his business of acting, of resting between scenes, of exchanging lazy banter with his confrères.

I knew that his anti-publicity attitude was no gag. Unlike his brother and sister, who are front-page naturals, he has always shunned the spotlight. "Even when we were kids," John once remarked, "Lionel was always the steady citizen of the three."

He hates whatever smacks of exhibitionism. "I don't want to talk about myself," he growls. "I don't want commonplaces magnified. Why should I make a fuss? Some of the fellows I went to school with have done pretty well for themselves too—one Franklin Delano Roosevelt, for instance.

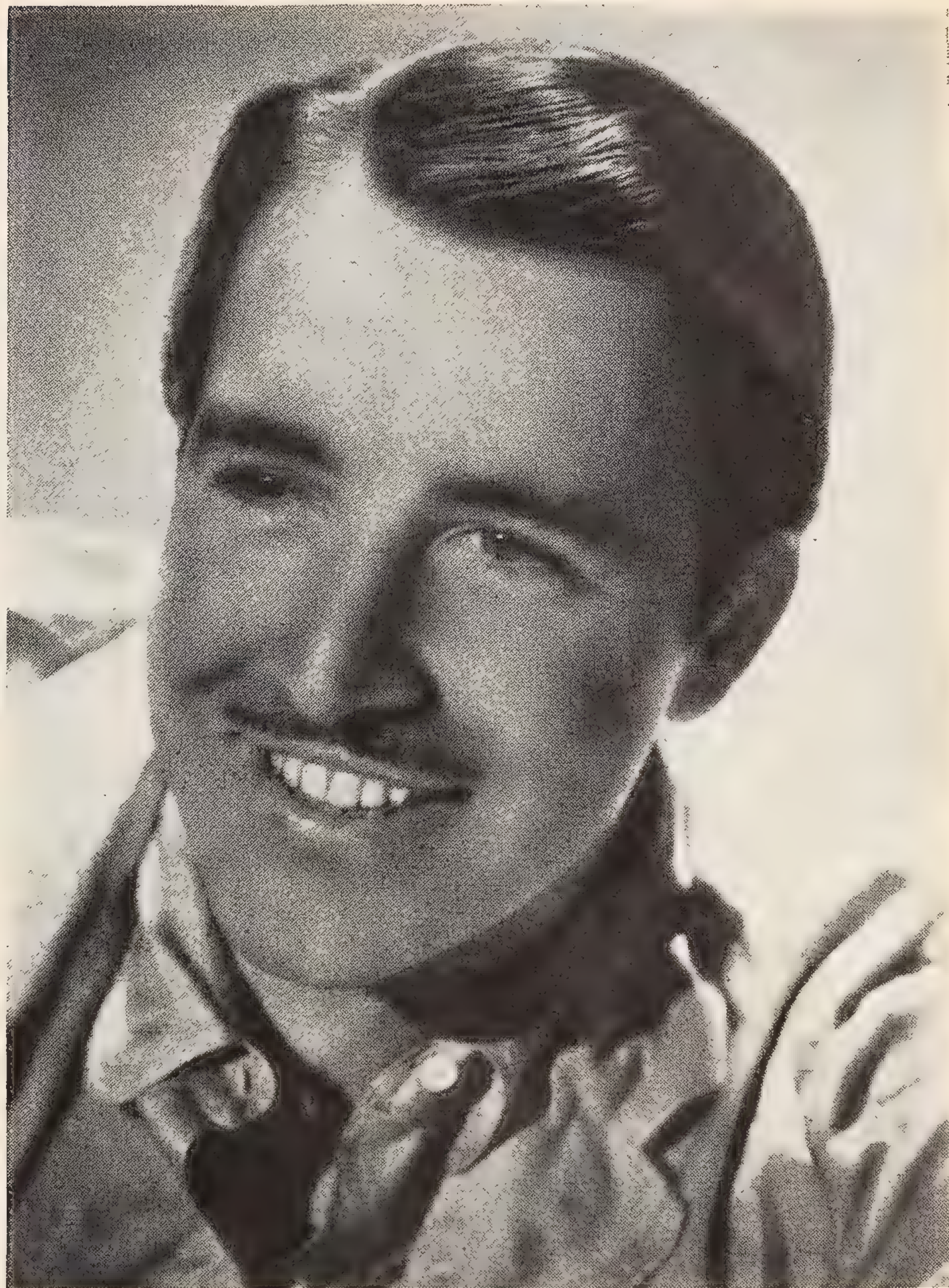
"Acting's a business," he insists, "like any other. Do your job right and you don't have to ballyhoo. Do it wrong, and your ballyhoo isn't worth a plugged nickel. You're like one of those cheap dentists who draw in the chumps with an ad featuring a new set of teeth for a dollar, with a non-stop refillable toothbrush thrown in for effect. But the filling falls out and the damn tooth hurts, and even the chumps won't come back a second time. No, and they won't come back for the pleasure of watching a ham, no matter how many publicity breaks he gets."

When his wife was ill, and he spent most of his time cooking up schemes for her diversion at the hospital, a publicity man suggested a story on the subject. Barrymore eyed him steadily, and the culprit squirmed. "Listen," he said at length, "I know an actress who lets her kids eat three (Continued on page 70)

"I don't want to talk about myself," the elder Barrymore growls. Then the subject turned to painting, and—well, go ahead and read the story. We guarantee you a good time!



This handsome Southerner, John Boles, typifies the ideal cavalier to thousands of women—that's why his advice about love is well worth reading! Above, with Barbara Stanwyck in his latest film, "A Message to Garcia."



"Always Be In Love!"

Says John Boles, who believes in being romantic both on and off the screen

By Brian Herbert

"IT'S *easy* to be romantic!"

John Boles says so. And he knows.

I have found that this man who typifies the ideal cavalier on the screen is unique in Hollywood, too. For not only has he held onto his own great personal happiness in spite of the crashing marriages all around him, but he is the only male star who will talk freely about love!

"It is the most significant, precious thing in my life and I do not hesitate a second to admit this," he tells me. "It has been the spur for what prominence I've managed to achieve, the reward for the struggling.

"I don't agree that love is merely a feminine preroga-

tive. Men yearn for it with just the same intensity. If they assume that it's purely a leisure pastime, and give it no serious thought, then they're making a terrible mistake!

"Being successful at love is a desirable, primary aim; and it's a simple procedure. The Grand Passion is neither a myth nor outmoded. Today's conditions are often branded unfavorable to the glorious, all-encompassing kind of *amour* that transforms a drab, colorless existence into a magnificently thrilling life. But for no good reasons."

Love has done too well by John for him to be ungrateful. He sat there in the new dressing-room 20th Century-Fox has presented to him, and sunshine poured in through half-opened Venetian blinds. The restful room, a perfect example of excellent masculine taste, seemed far away from the bustling activity outside.

"I suppose I ought to explain why you should want to be romantic, although I can't understand how any such dissertation could be needed. As if the main motive for living required a defense!"

The topic closest to his heart had been hit upon.

"No matter what heights we may reach as civilization forges ahead, the vital factor that is love will not fade. Why, without it accomplishments and possessions have but half flavor. It is *natural* to be very romantic."

Blue-grey eyes twinkled and I was sure he was recalling how impetuous he has been himself. John was twenty when he fell quite head over heels in love. They were both attending the University of Texas.

He was a senior, and a catch. He not only had his extraordinary good looks, but (Continued on page 96)

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Bette Davis

This Month's Editor

1936 Academy Award Winner explains her own style secrets. Dramatize your fashion life as Bette does! She gives each new costume a different, striking characterization. Carry out this idea



Bette's new Spring coiffure, shown above in two views, gives her a brand new personality. The frou-frou fringe is devastatingly becoming. Bette likes to add fresh flowers just above her curls at the nape of her neck, softening the line where her hair hugs the crown of her head so sleekly. Try this. Below, Bette's pleated white dinner gown. Left, below, a dream of an evening dress with full skirt of pink and black plaid organza; high neckline; and a collarless peplum jacket. Remember, you simply must be peplum-conscious this Spring.





Exclusive Glamor School portraits of Bette Davis by Elmer Fryer and John Ellis, posed especially for SCREEN-LAND. Costumes by Orry-Kelly for "Golden Arrow," Miss Davis' forthcoming film.

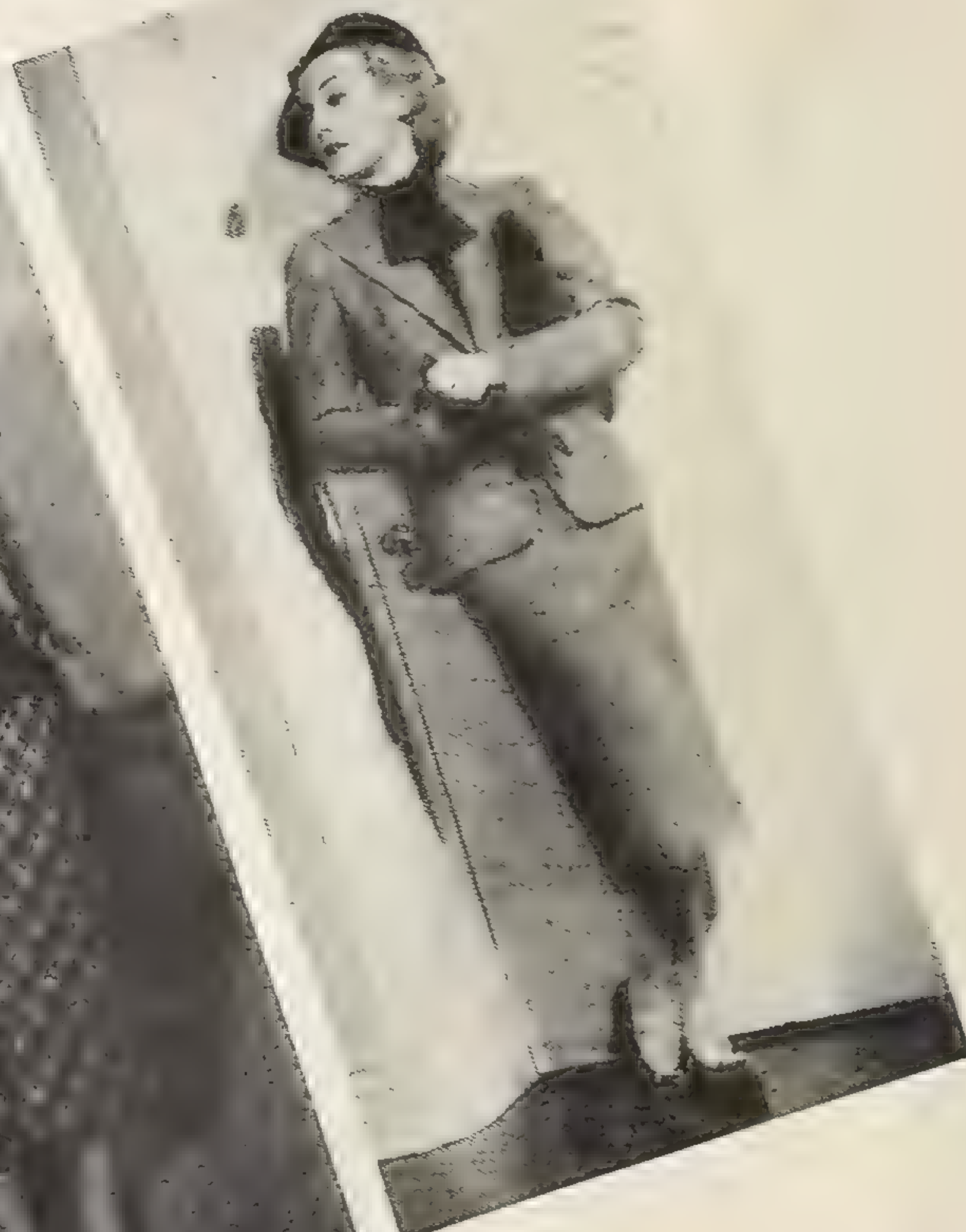
Above, the jacket of soft white velvet suede, which tops the white dinner gown shown on the opposite page. See its petal collar, wide belt, full sleeves. Right, above, Bette's street frock of Indian tan, with unusual folded treatment at the neck, shoulders, and hips. Her hat, gloves, and belt are darker tan. Directly below: Bette's butterfly silhouette costume gown in white. Below at left, many-colored polka-dot hostess negligée of navy organza, with trailing hemline, and double tier of ruffles across the shoulders.



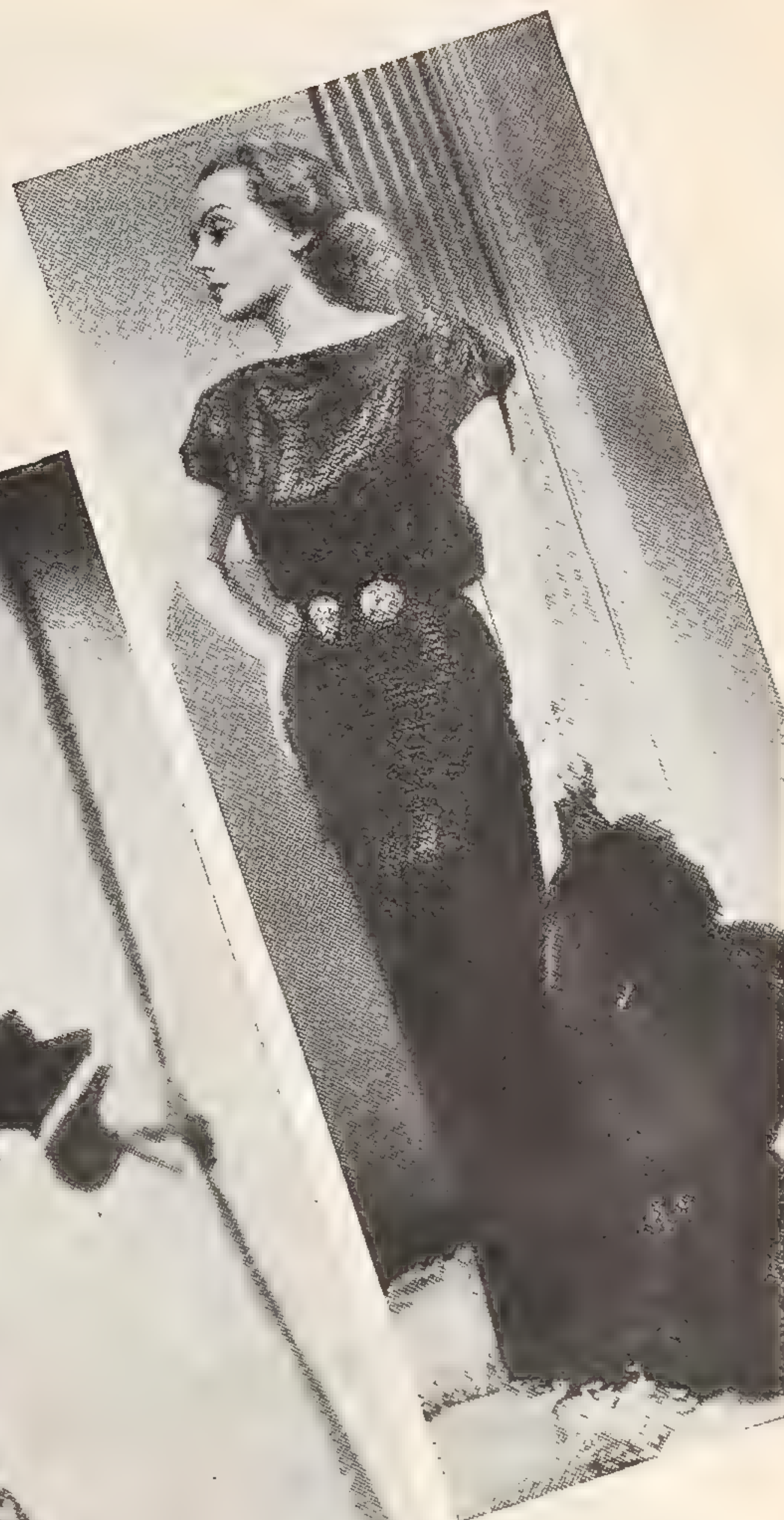
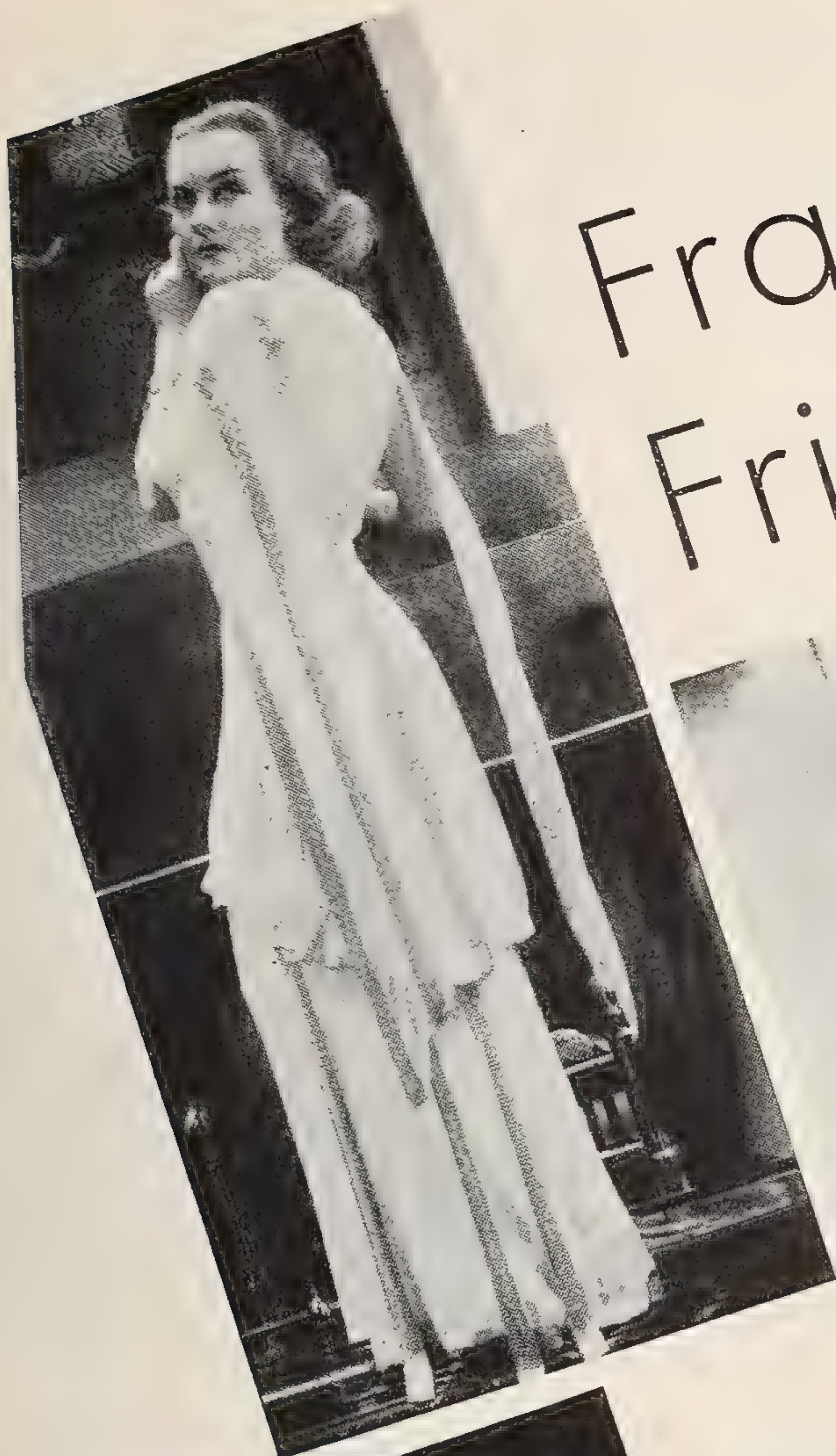
Tailor-Maids!



Crawford in checks, above. Like the wide lapels? See what that jaunty-brimmed hat does for the Crawford profile. Madeleine Carroll, right above, goes in for gray in a tailored way this Spring. Of course you've heard about the new "blushing shades" of face powder, which make gray becoming to all femme complexions. Below, from right to left: Carole Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast" chooses brown for her tailored costume—her jacket is cut much after the fashion of a man's dinner jacket. Next, a trim, smart, tailored Jean Arthur, followed by Irene Hervey wearing a "tuxedo" dinner costume, with pleated blouse, black buttons, and bow tie. Then Gail Patrick in oxford gray with dark brown accessories.



Frankly Frivolous!



Dietrich dotes on the flamboyant white embroidery of her house coat, above. Carole Lombard wears two lovely Travis Banton creations: top left, gossamer chiffon and glistening silver, with angel wings; top right, cellophane faille dinner dress, with tunic blouse. Mary Ellis, left, covers her evening coiffure with a sparkling beaded scarf; Constance Bennett, left below, enhances hers with giant gardenias. Astrid Allwyn, below, likes her gay, silly bracelets, ropes of green gold with pendants of opaque stones. Eleanore Whitney, right below, gets inspired by golf: the wooden pins of her bracelet and fob, encircled in leather, are standard-size golf tees.



Here's Hollywood

News as you like it
about the stars and
pictures in demand

By
Weston East



Dietrich a chambermaid! Marlene decided she'd rather go to Europe than appear on the screen in the rôle she is made-up for in this still, above.

RONALD COLMAN has been taking Rosalind Russell to the races and to dinner at the Brown Derby. Rosalind is playing the English girl in love with Ronnie in "Under Two Flags." Well?

THE last of the Hollywood actors to go social in a big way in Hollywood is—you'd never guess—that red-headed, two-fisted, tough guy from East Side New York, Mr. James Cagney. The dinner at Charlie Chaplin's to meet Hugh Walpole sort of started Jimmy on his social career and he has been white tie-ing it like mad ever since. He and the Countess di Frasso and Elsa Maxwell are just-like-that and he has definitely become one of the party-throwing di Frasso's "crowd." And the very social Clifton Webb wouldn't think of having a dinner party without Jimmy. Maybe Jimmy won't be a socialist after all, just a socialite.

IT IS not often that you can get a gasp of surprise out of the famous Fieldsie, Carole Lombard's best friend and secretary, for she knows all the tricks and all the answers, but when she read in the gossip column of several chatter writers the other morning that Miss Carole Lombard had attended the swanky Turf Ball on Saturday night looking perfectly devastating in white and with Clark Gable she nearly fell out of bed. For it seems that on that Saturday night all done up in cold cream and looking anything but devastating Li'l Missy Lombard played double solitaire with Fieldsie until two in the morning. It would appear that you can't even trust a columnist these days.

THE gardenia seems to be dead as far as Joan Crawford is concerned. At the Screen Actors' Guild Ball she carried an old-fashioned nosegay of violets. And at the premiere of "The Old Maid" she carried hyacinths.



How do you like Dick Powell with waves in his hair? But don't worry, it's not permanent, just for his part opposite Marion Davies in "Hearts Divided."

WHAT with the success of "Follow the Fleet" and a brand new son and namesake, Fred Astaire is just about the happiest man in Hollywood. You can just imagine how proud a father he is, when the other day while playing his favorite game of tennis with Randy Scott, Fred suddenly looked at his watch, threw his racket in the air and made a bee line for home. Yep, you guessed it. It was Fred Junior's feeding time and the proud father hasn't missed watching him since the advent of his birth.

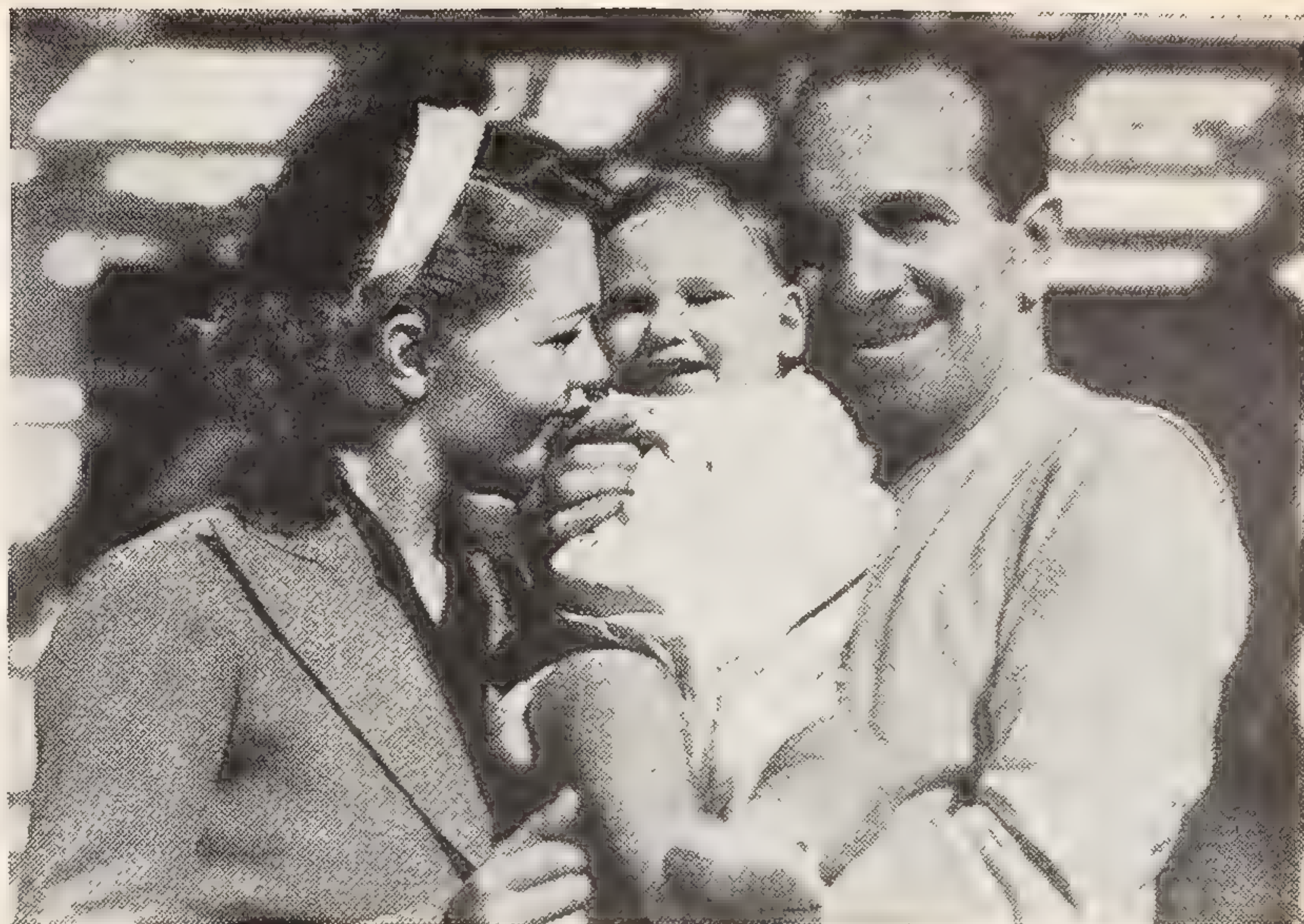
BETS are on as to who will win the latest handicap in Hollywood. Robert Montgomery has challenged Fred Astaire to a race. But instead of horses the stars will use their respective sons' electric toy trains.

GLORIA SWANSON and Herbert Marshall are as romantic as ever—Gloria's little trip to New York without him recently didn't cool things off at all. They have their special table in the cocktail-room of the Vendome and can be found there every day at noon far more absorbed in each other than they are in the food.

CONTRARY to public opinion there is a deep bond of affection between John Barrymore and the much-publicized Elaine Barrie. A business associate and close friend of Barrymore's confides that "Ariel" and her mother deserve full credit for the return of the old Barrymore. On the "Romeo and Juliet" set the rumor is that he is simply walking away with the picture. He no longer touches anything stronger than coffee and he has exercised until he has taken off fifteen years in appearance and a number of pounds. They say it's the good influence of his friends, the Barries, that has performed this miracle, all of which makes the front page stories of "Caliban's" flight reek a little of press agency.



The smile that fetches a king—us, too! Grace Moore and Fred Astaire in a scene from the famous singing star's new film, "The Sky's the Limit."



Wide World

Not a bit camera shy! Above, Albert Jolson, Jr., with Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson in the first picture they permitted to be made of their adopted son.

Left, Shirley Temple and Anthony Ugrin, cameraman who has made more than 7500 different portraits of the famous star.



Smith Ballew, former radio orchestra leader, in make-up for his screen debut opposite Frances Langford.

NO MOVIE star in Hollywood is more nervous than Merle Oberon on the eve of the preview of one of her pictures. The other night when "These Three" was previewed at the Pantages in Hollywood Merle made up her mind to shake off her nervous qualms by hurling a dinner party at the Vendome. With a great show of calmness she invited Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, William Wyler, David Niven, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Jr., Madeleine Carroll, and a bunch of others. Then two hours before dinner she gave up. As fine a case of jitters as you've ever seen, and in no fit condition to be a hostess. Like a frightened little girl she called up everybody and begged them not to come to the party. They were all very nice about it and gave the poor gal a "rain check" on it. Preview fright, Merle and a lot of other stars tell me, is much, much worse than that first-night stage-fright.

BEFORE you read a line further, join us in saluting the Queen and the King of the screen artists for 1935. Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen, selected for the Academy Awards, proved one of the most popular decisions ever made by the judges of the Academy. Bette's work in "Dangerous" was marvelous, and on the strength of it there went to the talented Miss Davis the statuette symbolic of highest honors for acting during 1935. Victor McLaglen richly earned his prize for his unforgettable portrayal in that memorable picture, "The Informer." The selection of "Mutiny on the Bounty" as the best picture, was another decision upon which the Academy will be applauded by the public as enthusiastically as it has been by Hollywood. John Ford took first honors for direction, "The Informer," of course, being the film for which Ford was honored. Equally judicious were the other Academy awards, including: Best Original, Ben Hecht and Charles
time bet Hughes.
Arthur for "The Scoundrel;" Short
Orphan Kittens;" "How
erest." Cinematography,
light's Dream."

HUGHIE HERBERT is getting all kinds of presents for his new farm, out in the Valley. Bill Demarest, agent, presented him with a baby pig, which he hopes will grow up into a real pig-skin some day. Minnie the Moocher is the name. From one goat, Hughie has progressed to two, Frankie and Johnny. All we're waiting for is somebody to give him an elephant.

FRANK MORGAN wasn't needed for an hour in his "Great Ziegfeld" scenes, so he retired to Bill Powell's dressing-room and fell soundly asleep. Half an hour later director Bob Leonard thundered in and announced, "I am waking you to tell you you can sleep another half hour!" and departed. Just wanted him to appreciate it, is our guess.

ISABEL JEWELL and Lee Tracy have been very friendly on the several occasions when they have met at various night-spots. Gosh, kids, do we have to go through all that again?

WHAT do you bet Jean Harlow and Bill Powell never marry? They say they are having too much fun to take a chance of spoiling it with marriage and prefer to leave well enough alone—and sound as if they mean it. Both have had unsuccessful experiences with matrimony.

IRVIN S. COBB walking into a popular restaurant in a ten gallon hat and a pair of spats, (oh yes, he had on clothes, too), almost stopped the traffic yesterday.

THE twin sons of Richard Dix, Richard Jr., and Robert, are now eight months old, and each tips the scales at twenty-four pounds. The doctor has taken them off all sugars since they are too husky. They had their first solid food the other day—a piece of zwieback. Richard is left-handed and had a terrible time, but eventually cleaned up on his share. Dix says it was a riot.

YOU remember that grand old "Tish" series by Mary Roberts Rinehart? Haven't you ever wondered why they were not considered naturals for Edna May Oliver? Well, somebody has finally gotten around to it—and the elderly spinster with a nose for news, and trouble, will soon be brought to the screen.

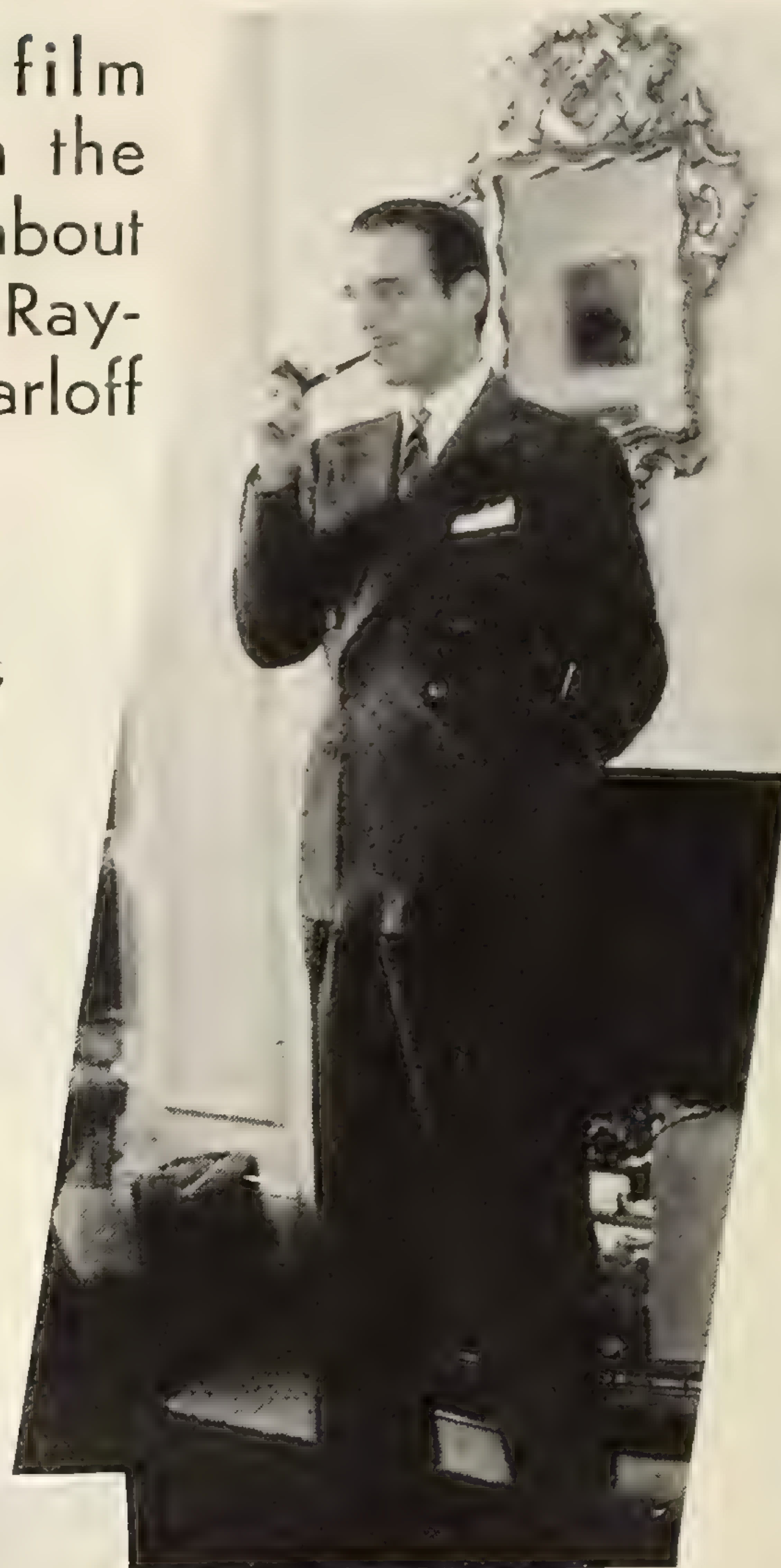
AT THE rate Joan Bennett knits baby blankets, you might imagine she is expecting quintuplets any moment. Well, she isn't expecting at all, but she just got in the habit of knitting when her young daughter was on the way, and now she can't stop! All the babies in Hollywood and some in New York are going to keep cozy and warm under Joan's knitting, and the color scheme will be right, too. She finds out all about the nursery decorations and knits to fit.

BOB TAYLOR is the current local rage with all the Hollywood girls, and his fan-mail has taken leaps and bounds, but that doesn't mean a thing to a certain waitress. Bob dropped in a small restaurant late the other evening and ordered up a brace of eggs and ham. (He isn't sensitive about ordering ham, it seems.) Well, when the bill was presented, Bob discovered he didn't have a cent. So he took out his check-book—but oh no, the waitress was taking no chances. She didn't know Bob and she wouldn't take his check. He had to leave his watch.

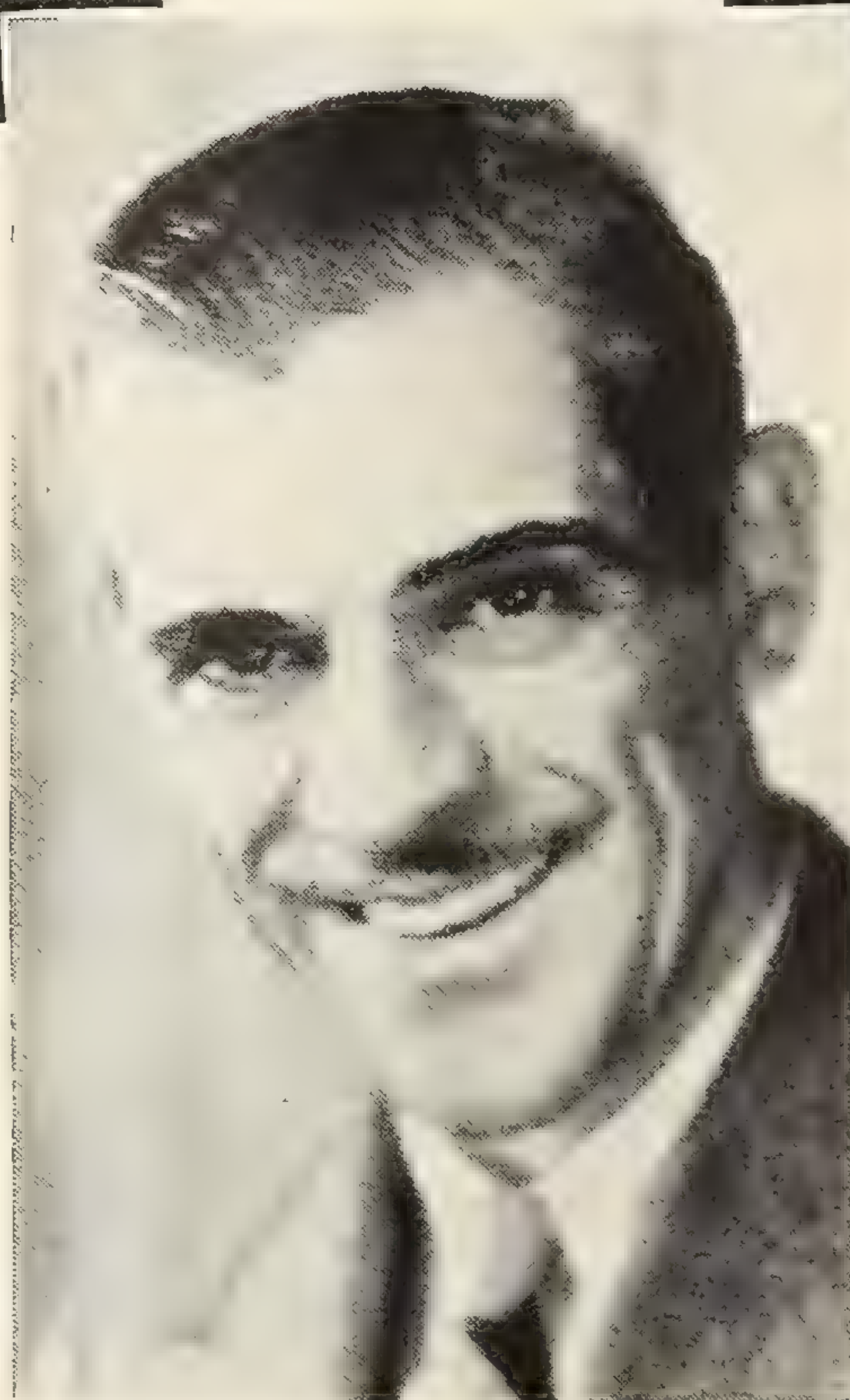
Stars On Parade

Snapshots of film notables seen in the East! The news about Doug. Jr., Gene Raymond and Boris Karloff

By
Tom Kennedy



Boris Karloff, below, pays his first visit to town. Gene Raymond, left, arrives on one of his personal-appearance tours. Right, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., comes home from London.



YOU probably know that the way to tell how high a star rates is to note the size and scale of the honoring reception put on by the home office publicity department when the royal progress reaches New York from Hollywood—or London.

If they throw the party in the grand ballroom of one of the swank hotels, it's a cinch the personage ranks absolute tops in the company's galaxy. If it's a couple of suites on the fifth floor rear, well, the player is going places, but still has places to get to—including the grand ballroom cocktail party.

And you should know, if you don't already, that if it's a glimpse of the star you're looking for, a better bet than one of these receptions is a seat—even last row balcony—in a theatre where the star is making a personal appearance. There may be an awful lot of people in the theatre too, but the elevation of the seats gives you a chance to see at least what color dress or suit the star is wearing.

If these social niceties have any purpose at all, aside from the benefits befalling the hostelry, which must realize at least a fair margin of profit on rental of the

ballroom and the check for the cocktails and canapes, certainly one should have been given in honor of that prodigal son, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And, properly enough, a big party *was* put on for the young man who returned to his home shores after a long spell over in London.

Of course it wasn't at the party—the grand ballrooms are no place for confidences—that young Mr. Fairbanks unburdened to us a heart that seemed filled to overflowing with gratitude for the good fortune that has crowned his determined efforts to be a producer as well as an actor; patience and understanding toward those who criticized his voluntary exile in England these past few years; and boyish enthusiasm for his job as one of the

heads of a company to produce in England for release by one of the major American film organizations.

Thus, in very plain English, which, by the way, if accented at all was more "American" than "British," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., talked, and very frankly, in the living-room of the New York apartment home of his mother and her husband, Jack V. White.

"Why did they pick on (Continued on page 65)

Glamor Secrets of Perfume

How movie stars
practice the fine art of
perfuming

By Elin Neil



Una Merkel, top, right, likes to use a clear crystal atomizer to apply perfume to her hair, skin, and a filmy handkerchief. A fine spray of scent behind her ears and on her luxuriant brown locks accentuates the Irish beauty of Maureen O'Sullivan, right.



THE simple little trick of placing perfume in the spots where it will do the most for you is well-known to Hollywood stars. Una Merkel accents her blonde good looks by a flattering scent, artfully applied—a fine spray on the tips of her hair being the final fragrant touch. Ireland's gift to Hollywood, vibrant Maureen O'Sullivan, knows just how to apply perfume so it carries to the nostrils sensations just as pleasing as those her laughing blue eyes and dark brown hair create.

The real secret of effective perfuming is to diffuse the fragrance so it seems a part of you. The easiest and quickest way to do this is with an atomizer. Start before you dress. Even in your bath or shower, you should use a soap with a scent that will harmonize with the fragrance you are going to apply later. The same goes for dusting powder. Then put your atomizer to work. The strategic spots for perfume are on your throat, chest, behind your ears, inside the elbows, on each wrist, along the hair-line

and—by all means, on your hair! Not too much in any one spot, though, unless you're using toilet water or one of those new perfumed eau de Colognes.

Perfume applied directly to your skin brings out the truest fragrance, is the most lasting and the least likely to put you in the embarrassing position of being blatantly over-perfumed for a short time, and then not perfumed at all.

A certain amount of the scent you put on your skin will be suffused through your clothes. However, if you want to perfume your clothes, too, there are rules you'll be wise to observe. Start with your "undies." Keep sachets of the desired scent in the same drawer with them. Or if sachets in your preferred fragrance aren't available, bits of absorbent cotton or felt treated with the perfume answer the same purpose. Put them in your handkerchief drawer, too.

• Then, if you wish to perfume your outer garments, apply the scent at least an hour before you plan to wear them. Flowing sleeves and the artificial flowers that are so popular now are grand spots for perfume, and a suggestion of fragrance on gloves is especially intriguing. Place a drop or spray a little inside the cuff of each glove. Although Hollywood beauties are well versed in the art, it's really the smart French women who are responsible for the rule of perfuming "from the inside out."

Speaking of atomizers, there's much of Easter spirit in a new style that looks like *Alice in Wonderland's* white rabbit. The rabbit is shown complacently eating a carrot. All in luminous white china, it makes a modernistic ornament until the upper part is removed, revealing a most efficient atomizer. Rumor has it (Continued on page 88)

Mayfair Charm

Continued from page 30

sort, constantly recalling professional triumphs. His aptitude for being a true, understanding friend is a characteristic that quickly binds you to him with unbreakable chains of loyalty. He is extraordinarily thoughtful and appreciative, and you can't help responding. Of course, you know all his chums call him Bart.

Many lovely women have declared him especially attractive, but this popularity hasn't changed him into a ladies' man. Talk to him and it's immediately obvious that he is astonishingly regular. The way he reminisces proves this.

"Mine hasn't been an eventful career," he maintains. "I've tackled an awful lot of rôles, and here I am. It's seemed a steady climb. And my feeling isn't one of excitement at what's happened to me, but rather one of gratitude. I've been fortunate, I realize it, and I'm thankful."

Nothing pretentious in that, is there? Nor is there in his explanation of his family.

"We were ordinary, good people; the humble sort who weren't poverty-stricken, but who were always shy of the right amount of cash. We kept out of jail, and had fun!"

You can't resist the desire to learn more of a notable who is as honest as all that, can you? He is poised, and pretty swell in the bargain.

I dropped in on him recently. His mode of living in Hollywood is probably not exactly what you anticipate, either. He approves of quality, but he hasn't gone in for typical star trimmings. Instead, he is located in a Beverly Hills hotel, an expensive but distinctly old-fashioned place where the atmosphere is quiet. In the heavily-foliaged gardens there are shingled California bungalows, and a single, unobtrusive manservant cares for him in his.

It was dusk and cool enough for a chipper flame on the hearth in his simple living-room. We relaxed in the easy wicker chairs and I noticed how different this was from the usual, elaborate establishments most stars choose.

Soon Bart had to dress for a dinner engagement, but at present he could be the straightforward, urbane host. We had a

whiskey and soda and there was no inquisitive interviewer and cautious player act. I think his frankness is pretty remarkable.

"I had no great passion to be an actor," he said. "I am one because I flopped at everything else. And, for awhile, I flopped at this!"

"I never experienced that surging urge for self-expression which drives so many people into this line. It must be marvelously exhilarating to plunge into a world that's strange; you see, I didn't. My father was an actor and 'back-stage' was familiar to me from childhood."

An only child of a devoted but struggling pair, and born in London, Bart carefully observed how unhappy the theatre can make you if you aren't lucky. His parents managed to send him to a good school. Vacations were spent wherever his father chanced to be trouping.

"Hardships for me were to be avoided by my becoming an accountant. So at school I studied bookkeeping and graduated in it. I found a job, in my mid-teens, as an apprentice with a London firm. After a year and a half, they didn't consider me sufficiently promising with my addition. They dispensed with my services!"

"Then it was a spell of the blues, trying to get a foothold wherever I could. It looked as though I was destined to be a successful failure. Finally, I went away from London to seek work in a smaller city. Sometimes it's the best move to just move. In Buxton, thanks to a friend, I found a position as assistant manager of a musical comedy company—of all things! I was nineteen and I wound up in the theatrical business as a last resort."

One evening they needed him to walk on during the second act, with a crowd of "supers." It gradually occurred to him that he might go further as an actor than forever arranging tiresome details of the performances. Two years of persistent applying for bits and he laboriously acquired a degree of stage technique. He returned to the metropolis.

When he went the rounds of the producers' offices, Cyril Maude was struck by

his youthful earnestness and hired him to go along to America with the touring cast of "Grumpy." Fate has consistently fooled Bart and this is an early sample. He was trouping, as he'd supposed he wouldn't.

But the following year, when he saw England's shores again, fate interfered more sternly. The War broke loose and Bart patriotically shelved his own ripening hopes. He went to France and did more than his share, suffering serious wounds. There were dark hours for this sensitive lad who'd been swept into a livelihood he hadn't felt inspired about, and who'd then been assigned to the trenches and their tragedies.

The reason for Bart's exceptional kindness is that he himself has gone through much. Naturally considerate, his sympathy is keen because he comprehends the despondencies which men and women frequently stumble into. Yet, outwardly, his nature is merry and his sunny disposition draws you to him.

"After the Armistice I had to have a job," he went on after a momentary interruption. (A bell-boy had brought a telegram from the Marshall tailor, a paean of joy on hearing that Bart had been voted one of America's ten best-dressed gentlemen. His reaction was gladness for his tailor and the prestige this would give him, rather than personal pride.)

"Acting appeared my one bet. I landed in the stock company at Hammersmith, and stayed there three years. Then I went to London once more." Yet before recognition in a big way he had to retrace his steps with another lengthy tour of America, on this occasion supporting Marie Lohr in "The Voice from the Minaret."

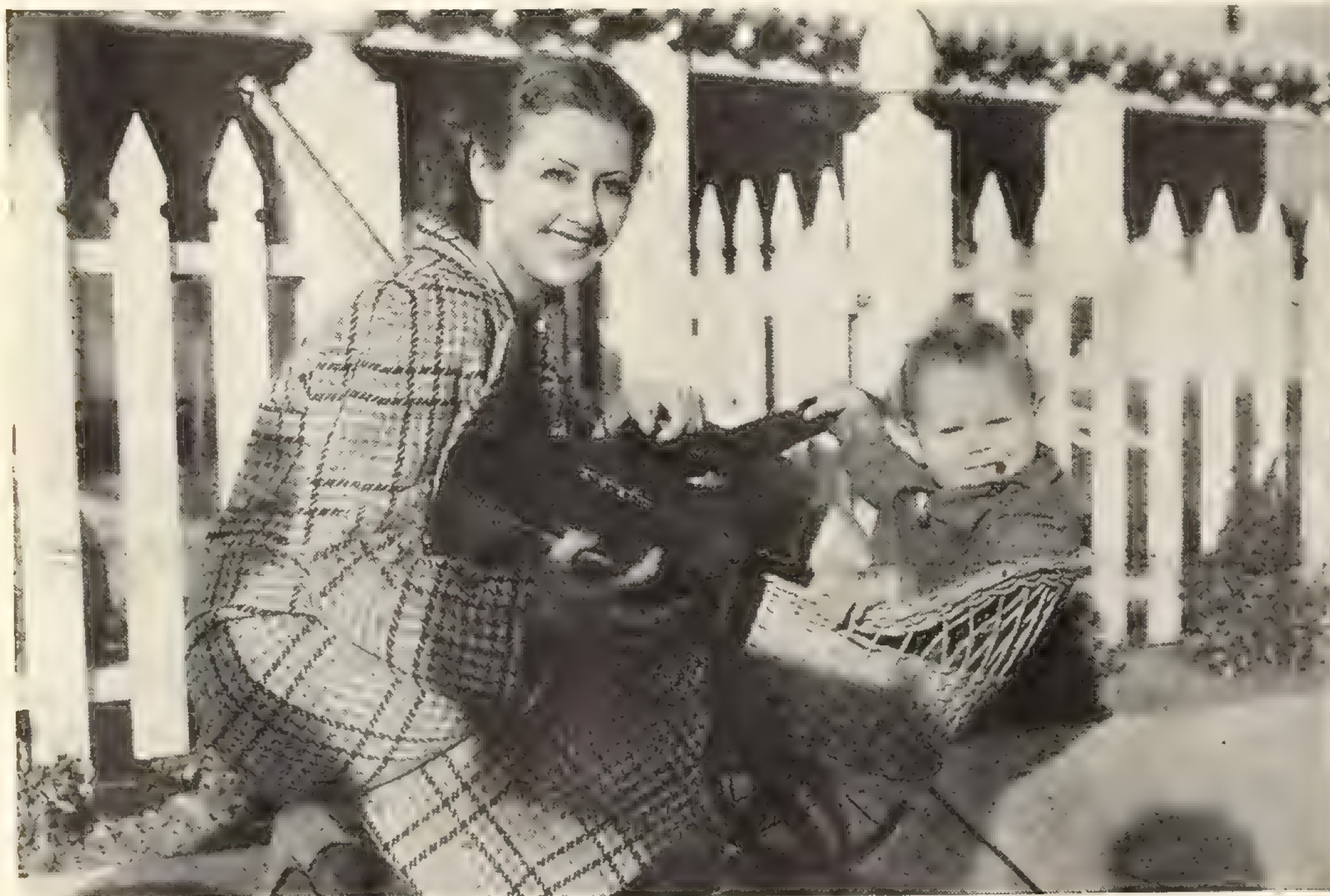
Time heals pains and bestows a winning maturity on the intelligent. To the diligent it also delivers prizes, if you are lucky. And Bart eventually was. By the fall of 1922 he was hailed in his native London as a skilled actor. A series of starring shows and he was alternating between England and Broadway.

Arduous effort on Bart's part smoothed him into a brilliant interpreter of parlor dramas. His suaveness was a delight to the studios when talkies necessitated new standards for pictures.

"It's funny for ambition to pop up after all this while," he asserted smilingly. The fire's magical darting had tantalized him into a confiding mood. "But it is in me—now! I'm tired of being perpetually 'poised.' It's striking me as a nuisance to have to be inevitably the polite member of a society triangle. I want to spit tobacco, on the screen. Be an actor beyond all doubt, and not a 'personality.' I want rôles I can get my teeth into, characters instead of carbon copies!"

Bart's tone was firm. But next he must make up his mind whether he'll fight for more varied, more rugged dramas. He'll have to battle not only Hollywood, but himself. The studios are rejoicing that he is precisely as he is, and are gladly paying him for staying put in the niche they have awarded him. And complacency has become a habit.

His potentialities haven't been fully tapped and the finesse he has down pat is no longer hard for him. The ball ultimately rolled in the right direction and the plums fell into his lap. So what to do? Will he be a rich, fairly one-tracked actor, or will he progress to the acting heights? To begin a struggle for the range that will mean growth as a real artist requires



First thing you know, Norman Scott Barnes, now fourteen months old, will be playing accompaniments when his mother, Joan Blondell, sings lullabies. This picture of Norman and Joan was taken at their Toluca Lake home.

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

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People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

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is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."



Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

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HERE'S TO *Irresistible* YOU!



Here's to Irresistible YOU . . . a toast and a challenge! There IS an Irresistible YOU whether you have discovered it or not. To be irresistible, is the art of being a woman. To help you to be irresistible, is the art of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

You'll discover your own allure through the thrilling emotional lift of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. It is lasting and as exciting as champagne, gay as cocktails for two. There is further allure in the tender texture of Irresistible Face Powder and in the provocative challenge of Irresistible Lip Lure, the new lipstick. Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.



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IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE, MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC

a new, combative attitude. To reap satisfaction from creating a gallery of individuals he'll have to maneuver into a difficult spot. Certainly his budding ambition must over-ride his serenity.

"My one rule to date has been shockingly unidealistic!" he exclaimed. "I've insisted upon a raise with each new contract. Oh, I've never attempted to hold anyone up. But, once I was under way, this vow to regularly improve my financial status seemed a good method for insuring my attention to details!"

Pet of the discerning critics and fans, team-mate of Garbo, Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and a dozen other of our most illustrious feminine stars, Bart's unassuming summary of his career is nothing short of extraordinary.

As he analyzed himself I could glimpse the ramifications of his current situation.

"I figured on coming and going between the screen and the stage, but look what's occurred to that nice notion!" He was alternating Broadway and films made conveniently in the East until Joseph von Sternberg sat out front one night in the New York theatre where he was playing. The capricious but clever director decreed that Bart was the one man suitable for the lead in Marlene Dietrich's "The Blonde Venus." So \$35,000 was expended by Paramount to secure him!

Gilbert Miller had counted on Marshall's "There's Always Juliet" running for four more weeks. But von Sternberg demonstrated the movies' power. Miller was paid for the remaining, prospective profits, the theatre rent that would have been due was taken care of, and the rest of the cast was reimbursed. The show closed Saturday evening and Bart was hurried West. That was his introduction to Hollywood.

Since he has been here he has bumped into the circumstance which confronts those other ace names who assume they'll return periodically to the footlights. The studios hate to relinquish a box-office magnet and hits in the theatre can't be depended upon in advance. Bart "owes" Gilbert Miller two plays and is continually wondering when he'll get away to do them. Incidentally, he still retains his British citizenship, but he believes his career will henceforth be all-American.

Now unless he makes a determined spurt this year to hold onto the theatre as a part of his life, his growing fondness for pictures will cut off that portion of his plans. He is anxious for the stimulation of audiences in New York, and yet already he is a bit appalled by the idea of a long run. Won't it be humdrum after the initial fun—after Hollywood?

Meanwhile, Bart is keeping more than busy, for he is under contract to two top film organizations. In his spare moments he most enjoys the company of persons who can converse entertainingly. His closest friends in the colony are Gloria Swanson, Constance Collier, Merle Oberon, David Niven, and the Frank Lawtons, (Evelyn Laye). He reads extensively and he likes both the solitude of the desert and dropping in for supper at the smart night clubs.

Daytimes you see him spinning about in a convertible Ford coupé. He'll never wail at the eventual dimming of glory, for he doesn't puff up at it now. Nor will he cry when there's a lessening of income. "When the day dawns that I shall have to get along with a slashed budget I'll find a way. I've done it before."

This is the momentous year for Herbert Marshall. Will he really strike out and tussle with fate, and with himself? In any event, you'll be in on whatever happens to Bart. Time will reveal the complete story. It always does!



Coty's "blushing shades" of face powder make gray more becoming.

WEAR a blush with your new gray costumes! If you're one of the many who think "I simply can't wear gray," and you look on the vogue for those ladylike shades with consternation, let us give you a clear, strong ray of hope. We're convinced that gray can be made becoming to anyone just by giving yourself the complexion to go with it! Coty have solved the problem with "blushing shades" of their grand new Air-Spun face powder. The process of "air-spinning" makes it possible literally to shoot warmth into powder. The two new "blushing shades" of Coty's Air-Spun powder are Soleil d'Or, (a sun-light shade for the olive-skinned), and Rachel Nacré, with a peachy flush for blondes and light-skinned brunettes. Select the one that suits you—and wear gray to your heart's content!

FLOWERS of Spain, like Spanish music and dancing, reflect the romantic glamor of that Southern clime. It's a marvel to us that Spanish perfumes with their gay, intoxicating fragrance, have taken so long to make themselves known in this country. But right now they're building a popularity that threatens to be widespread and lasting. You who like to be among the first to adopt a new vogue will be wise to consider a Spanish perfume such as "Umbrujo de Sevilla," "Maja," "Goyesca" or "Suspiro de Granada" made by the House of Myrurgia. Then when you're asked "What is that perfume you're wearing?" you can be proud to answer "It's Spanish!"

YOUR Easter wardrobe should start with an efficient and dependable foundation. Such is "Flex-Zip." It's a quick, slick little girdle with a lot of power to hold you

Femi-nifties

Beauty's Day at the Morn!



On in a "jiffy"—new "Flex-Zip" girdle secured with Talon fastener.



New hopes of clear skin are contained in Stillman's Actone.



For after-the-bath freshness—delicately scented Mavis talcum powder.

in shape. There's a twin-control model for the streamline figure and a super-control for the full silhouette. Whichever you choose will go on and off in a "jiffy," thanks to the Talon slide fastener used for side-closing. And it stays where it's put because it has concealed hooks and eyes at the vulnerable spots. There are two or three of these, depending upon how much control you need. "Flex-Zip" is made by Flexees and you'll find it at your favorite department store.

IF YOU'RE discouraged and downhearted because your skin breaks out in pimples or acne, you should know about Actone. It's made by the same concern that make Stillman's Freckle Cream, and from what we've heard, it's wonderfully effective in clearing up blemished complexions. Good thorough soap and water cleansing should precede the use of Stillman's Actone. Then pat the liquid over your face with a pad of absorbant cotton. If you use it twice a day regularly for the first week and three times a day the second, you should see definite results at the end of that time. However, it's wise to continue using it a few times a week to prevent recurrence of the blemishes.

YOU take your daily tub or shower, of course, but do you finish it off with a dusting of powder as Hollywood stars do? It takes so little time and effort to observe this beauty rite that we simply can't understand women who neglect it. Personally, we're addicted to Mavis talcum powder and we'd feel our bathroom sadly unfurnished without it. This may sound contradictory, but it's a fact that talcum after the bath keeps you cooler in Summer and also gives your body protection against cold on wintry days. Besides its deodorant qualities, Mavis talcum powder protects you against "girdle-chapping," reduces wear and tear on stockings. You can get a convenient small tin at five-and-ten-cent stores or larger sizes at drug and department stores.

QUAND is French for "When?" and it's Corday's name for a mysterious "woody" perfume that now comes in those cunning little black one-dram bottles.

The Headline Dodger

Continued from page 54

square meals a day. No cover charge either. Wouldn't that make a sweet story of mother love?"

He was playing that day the rôle of a Missouri mountaineer—the artless, diamond-in-the-rough kind of rôle in which you've been seeing him so often lately. The ensemble consisted of a scraggy moustache, a battered hat over hair that fell as it pleased, a faded blue shirt and patched blue overalls, a dilapidated jacket whose rabbitskin collar lay open to reveal a stringy muffler wound loosely about his throat. A hunting horn slung round his shoulder added the single note of dash. Here was a son of nature, whose horizons were bounded by the hills he lived among, who found his books—if any—in the running brooks, his music in the baying of hounds, his works of art in the dimpled darlings of calendar lithographs. Such a man, in a word, as Lionel Barrymore isn't.

To play himself requires no great skill from an actor. Still it would be interesting, once in a way, to get a glimpse of the eldest Barrymore in a part approaching his own civilized self—minus naïveté, minus sentimentality. It would be interesting to hear substituted for homely saws and graceless idiom the slightly sardonic witticisms of a subtle mind, polished by contact with others of its kind.

By birthright and temperament he belongs to the world of the arts. There's nothing obvious about him. His touch is light. He never belabors a point, but contents himself with a flick of trenchant humor, made all the more effective by his leisured delivery.

Working once on a picture with George Cukor, he'd submitted patiently to various publicity demands. If he grumbled now and then, that didn't prevent him from doing as he was asked, and for the most part he kept his thoughts to himself. Till the picture was finished. Then he approached his very good friend, Mr. Cukor.

"Doing anything Sunday, George?" he inquired.

"Not a thing," answered Mr. Cukor, and pricked up his ears for the expected invitation.

"Well," said Mr. Barrymore, hunching himself into his coat, "how'd you like to go out to San Fernando and have your picture taken with a fruity old bus-driver? Fine way of spending a Sunday afternoon. I know because I've tried it."

On another occasion he was playing a bearded gentleman. Through for the day, as he thought, he set about removing his beard, a good half hour's job. He'd just about finished, when the voice of authority sounded in his ear.

"Another take, please, Mr. Barrymore."

"But I've got my whiskers off," he protested.

"Sorry, but you'll have to put 'em back on again."

He regarded his tormentor for a moment. "You know," he remarked gently, "you're the kind of guy that rubbed your hands together when you were born and squeaked to the doctor: 'Run along, old-timer, we're going to do this my way.'"

The theatre bore him, but the theatre wasn't enough. Books and music and pictures—especially pictures—drew his lively intelligence as a boy, and have held it ever since. For three years he studied painting in Paris. "I'd have liked to earn my living as an artist," he once told a friend, "but I couldn't make any money." So he makes his money as an actor, and spends

all his leisure on the other pursuits he loves. He goes to concerts, not to get himself a name for culture, but to hear the music. His library was assembled by himself for reading, not by an interior decorator for color. And when he steals off to San Pedro to paint Fish Harbor, woe betide the publicity man who thinks it might be a bright idea to steal after him.

All this I knew in a general way, but I was still to discover for myself the passion for ideas, as opposed to facts, that smolders in Mr. Barrymore's ordinarily tolerant breast. Trying though I was not to behave like an interviewer, I was never-



South Seas patterns feature the smart beach outfit modeled here by Jane Hamilton. It's printed linen—and the hat must match.

theless lying in wait for my chance, practicing how to make purposeful questions sound like the airy babble of the moment. But my feeble efforts got me nowhere. From beneath his brows Mr. Barrymore gazed at me benevolently enough. "Very true," he agreed, or "I wouldn't know about that," and sank back into his own thoughts. And either there lurked in his eye a wicked gleam of amusement at my tricks, or else I imagined it.

Suddenly something happened. How, I don't know. All I remember is that I'd somehow worked what was now fast becoming a monologue around to the subject of painting, and that somehow the name of Sargent was introduced.

"Not much of a painter, was he?" I suggested, hoping desperately to keep the ball moving for another moment.

For the first time Mr. Barrymore turned and faced me. For the first time his eyes were opened wide and, what's more, they were blazing. He spoke quietly enough but, startled though I was, I recognized his quiet as ominous.

"What's the matter with Sargent?" he demanded.

"Oh," I said, thinking fast, "his colors are no good."

Mr. Barrymore gestured as one who would pray heaven for patience, and heaven must have heard the prayer.

"Whose colors do you prefer?" he inquired politely.

I named some of the moderns, and he nodded grimly, his eyes still clamped to my face. "Listen," he said. "Sargent's as good as any man who ever lived, and better than most. He could use color with the best of 'em, and he'd forgotten more about drawing than any of these charlatan pets of yours ever learned."

Aware that Mr. Barrymore had forgotten more about pictures than I'd ever learned, I recognized the folly of going to the mat with him. Yet I meant to persist, for the languid air had been so electrified, that I was perfectly willing to make a fool of myself to keep it that way.

"It's not that they don't know how to draw," I ventured, "but that they sacrifice correct drawing to heighten whatever effect they're after."

"Ready, Mr. Barrymore," called the assistant director.

Mr. Barrymore rose to his full lean height and looked down at me. "Bah!" he said. "What kind of argument is that?"

"Ready, Mr. Barrymore!" repeated the assistant director, touching his arm.

But Mr. Barrymore was clutching mine. "It's as though I said—" he pointed out fiercely: "I know how to bathe. I don't have to bathe any more. I'm a graduate washer."

"They're waiting for you, Mr. Barrymore," pleaded the assistant director.

"Eh? Oh, yes. Well—I've got to get out there and earn my living. Wait till I get back. I'll tell you another thing or two about your precious moderns."

He returned with the light of battle in his eye. "Now tell me," he invited without preamble. "You think this fellow Van Gogh's such a great guy. What did he ever paint that was better than Sargent?"

I mentioned a study of chrysanthemums whose wild color had taken my heart, "because it's so exciting," I told him.

"Exciting!" he snorted. "You could take a couple of eggs and break 'em over a canvas and get more exciting colors than Van Gogh's. Do they look like any chrysanthemums you ever saw?"

"That doesn't matter—"

"What *does* matter then? If you just want to go crazy with color, why bother to call it 'Chrysanthemums?' Why not just call it 'Crazy Color' by Van Gogh, and you'll still find fools to pay you thousands for it!"

He turned his eyes on me again, and it was curious to see how their mild blue had changed to a piercing gray. "Know what's wrong with your ideas?" he demanded. "You read too many critics. Critics! Asses!—that's what they are—murderers on paper. They're wrong so often that when they guess right once in a hundred years, that makes 'em gods. It's the fashion today to call Sargent a rotten painter, and exalt Van Gogh. Tomorrow they'll be dragging Van Gogh through the dirt, and screaming for someone else. If you want to know what painting's all about, don't read art critics. Reading art critics is like listening to three old ladies on a porch in Yonkers, cackling about Beethoven. They'll have an awful lot to say, but it's not worth listening to. 'What a pity the poor man was deaf!' he cackled in savage mimicry. "Oh, but my dear, they say he



**BUT
NO HAT
LOOKS
WELL
ON TOP
OF A
PIMPLY
FACE!**

OH, DAD—YOU'RE **SUCH** A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S—JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!



I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW

CERTAINLY

SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT—HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION



OH, DEAR—IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!

MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?



LATER LOOK, MUMS—MY FACE IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED UP ALREADY. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT AND GET THAT LITTLE HAT!

IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN



HI, THERE JERRY

GOSH, CLAIRE—IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU—AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE **HONEY** OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!



THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference,

ALL LAXATIVES ARE ALIKE!"

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had so many mistresses.' That's right—laugh! It's funny, isn't it? Only don't forget to laugh at the art critics, too, because they're twice as funny and do more harm."

There was more of the same—much more—a torrential, picturesque flow, interrupted only by necessary intervals on the set, toward which Mr. Barrymore was coaxed with difficulty, and whence he returned to plunge once more into eloquence that left me gasping and all but speechless with delight. He dished up more stimulating ideas in a minute than I could digest in a year. It seemed incredible that this passionate defender of a theory of art, his eyes darting flame, his body vibrant with feeling, could be the same man who had blinked up at me an hour earlier between half-closed lids and talked, if at all, in gently mocking monosyllables.

It was all right, apparently, to play the scoffer at most things, the chuckling onlooker at the absurdities of life. But art was another story! Art is long, and time is fleeting, and if life is often a joke, art is always sacred—worth defending, worth getting heated over. Not that Mr. Barrymore gave voice to any such copy-book maxims, but that I took the liberty of thus interpreting him.

It was six o'clock, and the cast was dismissed. "I haven't really finished, but I'm so damn hungry," said Mr. Barrymore plaintively. "Next time you come, I'll have some more arguments for you. I want to get you down on your knees, begging Sargent's pardon."

No, Mr. Barrymore wouldn't give me an interview. But I left him with gratitude in my heart for the most exhilarating afternoon I'd spent in months.

On Her Own

Continued from page 31

I used to in the old days, because now I want time with my children. The future is in the lap of the gods. I have no definite plans after this picture. I shall be quite calm about it and not try to rush anything."

She has arrived beautifully through her moments of confusion and despair, and will, one senses, profit by them. Anybody can benefit from gains, but the person who can turn losses to account really has accomplished something.

"I am sick of living in the past," Dolores said. "I can go on. But one is so tied to things, especially in this town. You go over and over the same old territory. Of course the real reason is because we tie ourselves to the things we love and want. If we go away, we always want to come back."

The director called her for a scene, at that moment. I watched her play it with Freddie Bartholomew, and thought what a tender, effective pair they made.

Dolores returned and we discussed the scene. Then she said, "Do you know, this is the first time in my life I have ever been on my own? The first time ever to be alone! First there was my mother, then Jack. I have a funny feeling now of waiting to see what happens. Anyway, I have never made a plan for myself that was lived up to. It always turned out that I went the other place or did the other thing."

"I would like to take a lovely trip, perhaps to Europe. Not to cities, but to be on the outskirts of some big place and merely know it was there. But it will probably turn out that we go to the country, to a ranch somewhere, when the picture is finished. The children are mad about farm life, they love animals. They have three dogs, one a mutt who patiently allows them to dress him up and wheel him in a doll carriage."

"No, I haven't any plans for the children. They must just grow and be healthy and play, because they can't always play, you know. I don't believe in a lot of child psychology. A good spanking seems to be an excellent counter-irritant, when they are naughty people. I think it is far better for them to get it at home than to have the world punish them later. A child learns more in his first five years than in any other ten years of his life, and it is a good thing to remember. You can't just have children and forget them. You are never free again—and you don't want it any other way. They are so interesting. Deeda is very temperamental, but not a problem, far from it. She loves to go out to luncheon with me. Sometimes I take her, to some quiet

place, and she is a perfectly elegant little lady, conversing in a very grown-up fashion and playing 'hostess.'"

Being back in pictures and rearing two children takes a lot of time, but Dolores does both jobs well and still has time to get around. She created quite a sensation at the Mayfair Ball in a white wig, with her white costume. The effect was dazzling. She has a store of what you might call "reserved" vivacity. Her social excursions are few and far between, however. She prefers small intimate groups, and old friendships. She is not a faddist or an extremist in anything, and is frankly more interested in old things than new. Her hobby is the study of costume, and the history that has affected the costuming of each period.

She was wearing a beautiful dark green satin creation, looped and draped and gathered into a great bustle in the back, one of several beautiful costumes she wears in the picture. She had to be careful not to crush the bustle, when she sat down, and that began a discussion of bustles, how and why.

"They began because a great Victorian queen was going to have a baby," Dolores told me. "She had to conduct her affairs of state and be seen in public, which wasn't being done when one was *enciente* in those days. So she called in her coutouriers and had a conference. They were to create a new fashion which would conceal with modesty her delicate condition, and also be becoming. They devised the tight bodice, with the full skirt below, draped in a huge bustle at the rear, which influenced the fashions of many countries."

"Just before the World War, skirts were long and necks high. Then in 1914, the Germans had no sooner started for Paris than skirt ruffles started for the knee. During the American Civil War skirts were long, but necks were very low, and the whole costume tightly fitted, revealing the figure extensively. Then came a period of peace, and with it trains, and bustles. It is a psychological effect. The feeling of abandon which possesses everyone in war time is reflected in the styles of the time. You can see it approaching now, with Europe at a crisis. Skirts are getting shorter and there seems to be a definite possibility of the ultra-daring Chinese split skirts coming into popularity."

Any woman who has as many interests as Dolores has, can definitely "go on." She stood in a reflected glory for several years, but she emerges as very much of a person in her own right.

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"They Aren't Like That At All!"

Continued from page 21

night. Of course from that good plush-covered aisle seat you know Bob as a gay and irresponsible young ne'er-do-well either in tails or a crash towel who starts shrieking for cocktails or champagne in the first reel and quite smugly guzzles his way to the final fade-out. His leading ladies very often renounce love or life or something in big dramatic moments with glycerine tears and overhead-lighting, but no matter the situation Bob just looks extremely pleased with himself and nips on and on, with never a serious thought beneath that mop of boyish curls. Poor Bob, this constant nipping should have brought on cirrhosis of the liver long before now. When you see Bob on the screen you either say, "There's that cute Bob Montgomery. Gee, it would be great to know such a gay, nitwitty person" or you say, "Migawd, there's that smug so-and-so. There ought to be a law," depending of course upon your age, your type, and the mood you're in that day. Now if you happen to be one of the sneerers you'll be a bit taken back to know that whatever you say about Mr. Montgomery he doubles and re-doubles himself with no take-out bids. Just the other day he told an interviewer, "If I were to write a book about my experiences in a Hollywood studio these past few years I'd call it, 'Montgomery Enters, Stinking' and the cover design would be a cocktail shaker. I can imagine audiences saying when I come on the screen, 'There's that smart aleck again with his sappy smile.' But what can I do? That's the only kind of a part I am ever given to do, and I have to do it." The one part he has had since he became a star that he is able to work up any enthusiasm over was the "bit" he had in "Night Flight" where for a single scene he played a very serious and weary young aviator who stepped from a plane.

Without drawing a diagram I am sure you get the idea that Mr. Montgomery is not the gay cut-up you thought him, but instead a very serious and rather disillusioned young man. He wears glasses when he reads, he is the fond father of two children, he wants to play "The Light That Failed," he is extremely interested in agriculture—owns a farm in the East—and he never chucks old ladies under the chins. Bob really takes his reading very hard and once he has started an interesting book he does not want to put it down until he has finished it. So he has a "reading room" on the third story of his Beverly Hills home and here he is not bothered by doorbells, or phone calls, or friends or family, and woe unto him who dares to break into the Montgomery silences. He has a house phone in the room, but his wife and servants have strict orders not to bother him even at meal time unless he calls down to have a tray sent up. Well, Bob, who really has a keen adult sense of humor, tells the following anecdote on himself. It seems that he was in the midst of "Europa" one afternoon when the phone rang and it was his colored butler, Robert. "Pardon me, Mr. Montgomery," said Robert, "but I thought—" "I'm reading," said Bob and hung up the receiver. A few minutes later and the phone rang again and this time it was the cook. "Please, Mr. Montgomery—" she began. "I'm reading," said Bob, making a mental note to lecture all the servants. Suddenly the door swung open and there was Robert almost white with fear. "Mr. Montgomery," he said, "the house is on fire." "Well, why didn't you phone me?" yelled Bob gathering up his books. "You

were reading," said Robert quite hopelessly.

Warner Baxter always manages to seem dignified and aloof on the screen even when he is playing the *Cisco Kid* or "King of Burlesque," and I just bet you think him one of the most reserved men in Hollywood. "The strong, silent type." Well, he's strong, all right, for he can play more sets of tennis any day than his pals Ronnie Colman and William Powell, though I wouldn't go so far as to call him silent—on the contrary, put him with a group of congenial spirits and he is the life of the party, especially if the spirits are men, for Warner is essentially a man's man. First, he'll probably win all their money from them in a snappy poker game kidding away and bluffing for dear life; then he'll dive into the kitchen and in no time at all cook up a mess of chile con carne that melts in the mouth; then he'll grab a guitar and play Spanish songs like mad for hours at a time; and inasmuch as he lives on the top of a hill in Bel Air the neighbors can't object. "Reserved"—my eye. You should have seen him at the famous Lombard "Venice" party—he was the first on the roller coaster, and the last to leave the whirling social mixer, and with Dietrich on his chest, Cary Grant on his head, and Claudette Colbert, Billy Haines, and Randy Scott on his stomach he was just about as aloof as a hot dog with mustard. For bigger and better laughs I recommend Mr. Warner Baxter, and don't let the cinema fool you.

As we approach Nelson Eddy I would like to tell you of the classic remark made by Carole Lombard at the track one day when Great Lover, a beautiful horse but a little wary about getting his feet wet, became a week-end horse—(a "week-end horse" is a horse that starts on Friday but doesn't come in until Monday—Mr. Bing Crosby's joke, not mine). Well, anyway, Miss Lombard took one scornful look at Great Lover who was cantering along prettily six furlongs behind the others and remarked, "Great Lover—phooey." Now I don't want to disillusion you girls, but as far as love is concerned Mr. Eddy is still unawakened. In "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" Nelson Eddy probably seemed to you just awfully romantic, and you very likely swooned in the aisles, (I did), when he sang *Sweet Mystery of Life* and *The Indian Love Call*, and you'd probably have given ten years of your life to have been in Jeanette MacDonald's shoes. But off the screen Nelson Eddy's "head line," alas, rules his "heart line," and you don't have to be a fortune-teller to know that. On New Year's Eve, the one time in all the year you owe it to yourself to be noisy and riotous and do mad, irresponsible things, what do you think Mr. Eddy did? Mr. Eddy worked hard doing recordings all evening long. Now I ask you! From time to time Mr. Eddy's studio has tried its best to get Mr. Eddy "that way" about Hollywood screen stars for publicity's sake if nothing else, and at first he was a good sport about it and trotted around to the best places with some of the glamor girls; but it didn't last for long, for it seems that Mr. Eddy, and quite rightly too, was far more interested in his voice than in Miss Movie Star's petty gossip. As you know, Nelson Eddy worked awfully hard to establish himself as a singer; when he was a kid in his teens he was often working on three jobs at a time, supporting himself and his mother,

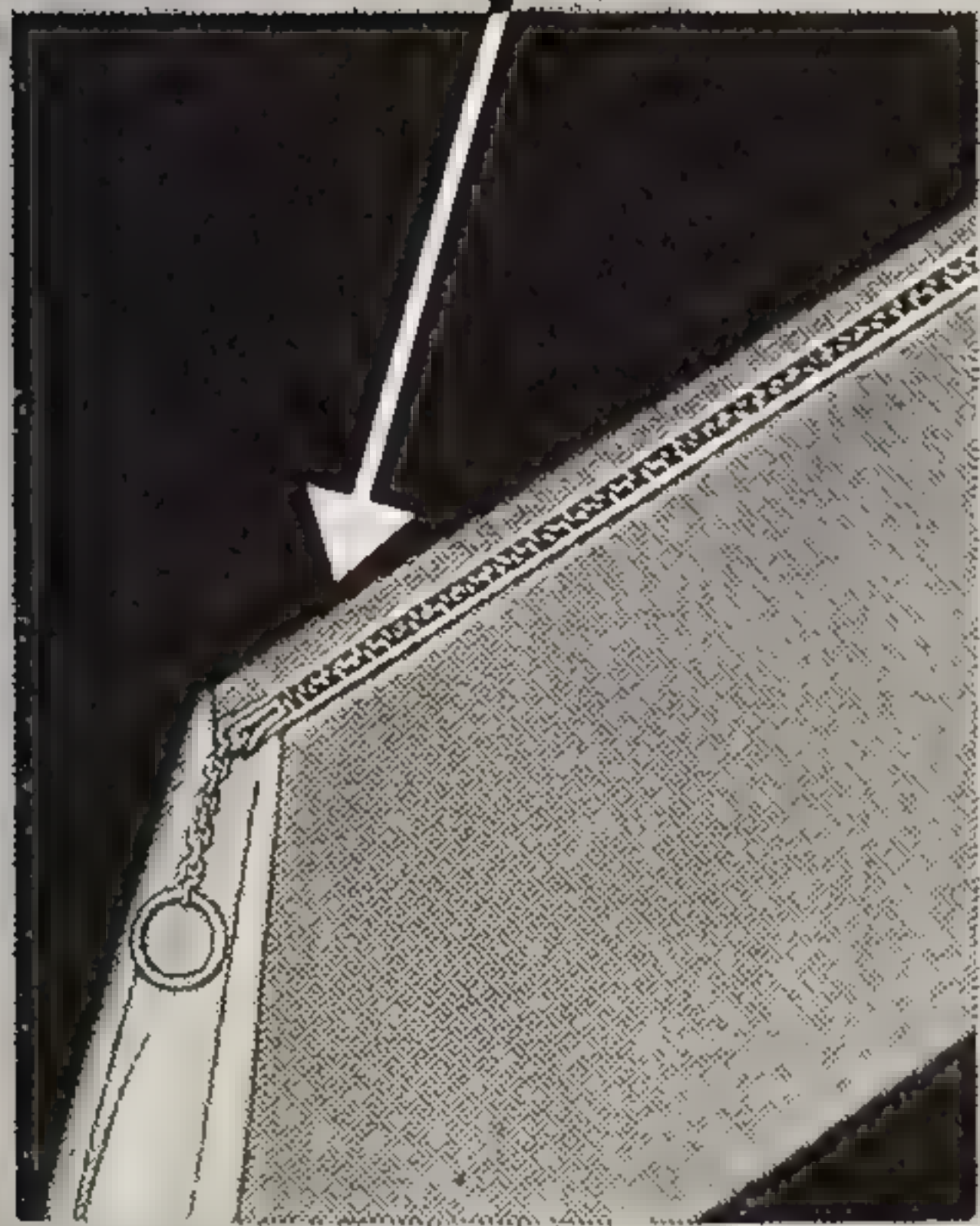
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and training and building for the future. He had no time to play during his play-time years, and now he has the time but not the urge. He is a very serious young man and takes his career very hard. And, oh yes, no need to be jealous of Jeanette MacDonald. Screen kisses aren't real.

One of the sweetest men off the screen is Basil Rathbone. But, mercy, how you hate him on the screen. When he played poor little Freddie Bartholomew's step-father in "David Copperfield" it was all we could do to keep from rushing up there on the screen and scratching his eyes out. The nasty man. Probably hates children, and sneers at his wife. Mr. Rathbone told me that he didn't get one single kind or complimentary fan letter after "David Copperfield" but hundreds from people offering to kick him out of town. But in real life Basil Rathbone is one of the gentlest, kindest people you'll ever be fortunate enough to meet—and he loves children. He just can't resist a kid who looks hungry or pathetic. He lives in the Los Velez section of Hollywood and it is a common sight in that neighborhood to see Mr. Rathbone with his car full of scrawny kids driving up to the Planetarium. After a lecture on the stars he brings them back for a swim in his pool, (originally built by Jack Dempsey and with hot and cold running water), and as much food as they can pack away in their little stomachs. Mr. Rathbone doesn't want to play any more step-fathers if he can help it. But he makes such a grand villain, (remember him in "Captain Blood"), that I am rather afraid that he is typed forever as a Hollywood "menace."

Now Marlene Dietrich may seem awfully regal and cold in her pictures, and of course it's a terrific responsibility having to be the Number One Glamor Girl of the screen. What with Colbert gone comedienne and Crawford hoydenish Marlene is just about the only honest to goodness Glamor Girl we've got left. But judging from "Desire" we don't have to worry about her slipping any time soon. After gazing moon-eyed over her on the screen you probably think that Marlene is all right to look at—but heavens, what a chill she'd bring to a party. She'd just sit in the corner and pose, and everybody would feel constrained and wouldn't have any fun. But ah—you're wrong again! Marlene is more fun on a party than Cab Calloway's orchestra playing *The Music Goes Round and Round*, and that's about the most fun there is on a party. If it's a costume party Marlene will enter into the spirit of the thing and dress up like mad; if there are crazy things to do like walking through a whirling barrel, or bobbing for apples, or climbing over fences, or just acting idiotic Marlene is the first to do everything, even though it means bruises and scratches all over her glamorous body. If, alas, the party begins to die on its feet as even Hollywood parties sometimes do, it is usually Miss Dietrich who comes to the rescue by singing naughty songs in German and French.

Of course we've always heard that Marlene likes to cook, though the studio has always frowned on that kind of publicity as not being exactly glamorous. But according to Claudette Colbert Marlene is one of the best cooks who ever whipped up an egg. It seems that Claudette and Marlene were at the New York Mayfair together with a couple of rich young men about town, and as is so often in a crowded Mayfair the late supper served was none too tasty. "This food is awful," said one of the rich young men about town, "let's go up to my apartment and I'll have the cook fix us up something good to eat." They arrived at the swanky pent-house, but no cook. So Marlene simply tied an apron around her little five hun-

dred dollar Travis Banton number and in no time at all served a delicious supper—(breakfast to us of the working classes)—of scrambled eggs, mixed grill, toast and coffee—and what do you think, before the rich young man about town knew what she was up to she had washed the dishes, tidied up, and had every little gadget back in place!

To you Claudette Colbert is perhaps the carefree belle of the celluloid, but in real life she is one of the most magnificent warriors you've ever run up against. And Leslie Howard, our most "intellectual" stage and screen star, is a bit of a small boy with a dash of *Peter Pan*, believe it or not. Ann Harding, who always seems so gallant and noble and decidedly spirituelle on the screen, is far more of the "earth earthy" than you'd ever suspect. Ann drinks beer. Yes, she loves beer, and so do I, if you care. She admits that she had more fun making "The Lady Consents" than any picture she has ever made because of those divine beer-drinking scenes; as a matter of fact there was a lot of talk on the set that Ann purposely went up in her lines several times just so there would have to be re-takes of the scene—and more cans of beer. And another of those very definite stellar contradictions is Gertrude Michael. Gertrude usually plays a hard character, most likely a jewel thief or a gangster's moll, but off the screen she is just an old softie and can't bear to see anyone suffering or neglected. It was Gertrude who sent a little script girl to the hospital not long ago and paid all her expenses, and with my own eyes fairly popping out I saw her go into the restaurant across the street from Paramount for a quick lunch one day when she was working only to discover that the proprietress was suffering from serious eye-strain. Without a bite of lunch she jumped in her car, drove furiously to Bullocks-Wilshire, bought a bottle of her favorite eye lotion, and dashed back to the restaurant with it. And of course by then she was due on the set and didn't get any lunch. Gertrude is a Talladega, Alabama, girl, and before she came to Hollywood she used to substitute for the local minister when he went on vacation.

Well, I could go on like this forever, but after all, perhaps I'm boring you. Also, if I wanted to I could get awfully nasty and tell you about some of the goodies of the screen who are just naturally plain ordinary baddies—and I can think up better words than baddies. Remind me to tell you about them when Hollywood and I have gotten our divorce.



Mona Barrie's chic hat in this picture is green and white stitched piqué lined with soft white felt.

Inside the Stars' Home

Continued from page 15

naise and sprinkle paprika on top. It's almost too pretty to eat!

"I'm fond of tomato aspic made in a mold so that it has a hollow center, and Willa fills this center with finely chopped celery root—you know those big celery roots that haven't much top?

"I never diet, but I don't exactly go against the fates! If I have salad, I eat rye-crisp or Melba toast with it, instead of hot biscuit. But oh, if you do go in for hot biscuit, try serving them buttered instead of plain sometime. They're delicious!

"Willa makes her biscuit dough thinner than usual, puts a dab of butter on top, sticks another thin biscuit on that, and bakes them. They come out of the oven ready to pop into your mouth."

We wandered back to the patio, where Madge sat in the polka-dotted hammock, the sun on her hair, and I lounged in a white-and-green canvas chair, each of us attended by a dog. Madge's was Prudence, the Scottie she acquired in Scotland, and mine was Toughie, who behaved too well for his name.

"Dorothy Tree is another of my actress friends," said Madge, "I 'go in for' people who do something important—one of my friends from school days is an interne in a hospital, one is a girl who is in the National Youth movement. I have almost a fan's attitude toward people who are trying to do something for the world.

"Speaking of Dorothy, I was with her on the stage and we've been friends ever since. She's an American, but she enjoys English dishes. My mother is English, so we often have things like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, lamb and mint sauce, steak and kidney pie. Most people know how to make these, but English Squab Pie isn't so common. Dorothy likes that."

ENGLISH SQUAB PIE

Roast 6 squabs and cut in halves, heat 4 teaspoons butter in a frying pan; add 6 thin slices of beefsteak, 3 by 4 inches in size, and 4 chopped shallots; fry the steaks a nice brown and place in a glass baking dish with the squabs; add 1 can mushrooms, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 3 hard-boiled eggs cut in halves. Add to the pan in which you fried the meat 4 tablespoons sifted flour, mix smooth, stir in 2½ cups boiling water, stir smooth and cook 5 minutes, season with salt and pepper and pour over meat. Cover with pie pastry and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

"For dessert today we're having ice-cream flower pots. You buy tiny flower pots, line them with waxed paper, fill with ice cream and top with sweet grated chocolate to look like earth, then you put a green toothpick in for the stem, two mint leaves for foliage, and a candied cherry for the flower.

"But my favorite dessert is something we can't often get in California, because for some reason we seldom have gooseberries here. We had it in London, and no doubt SCREENLAND's Eastern readers can make it. I'm no cook, but this is how it's made, I feel sure:

GOOSEBERRY FOOL

"It tastes like puree of gooseberries. You take the biggest berries you can find, boil them until they're soft, put through a sieve to strain out the skins and as many of the seeds as possible, add powdered sugar and let it stand in

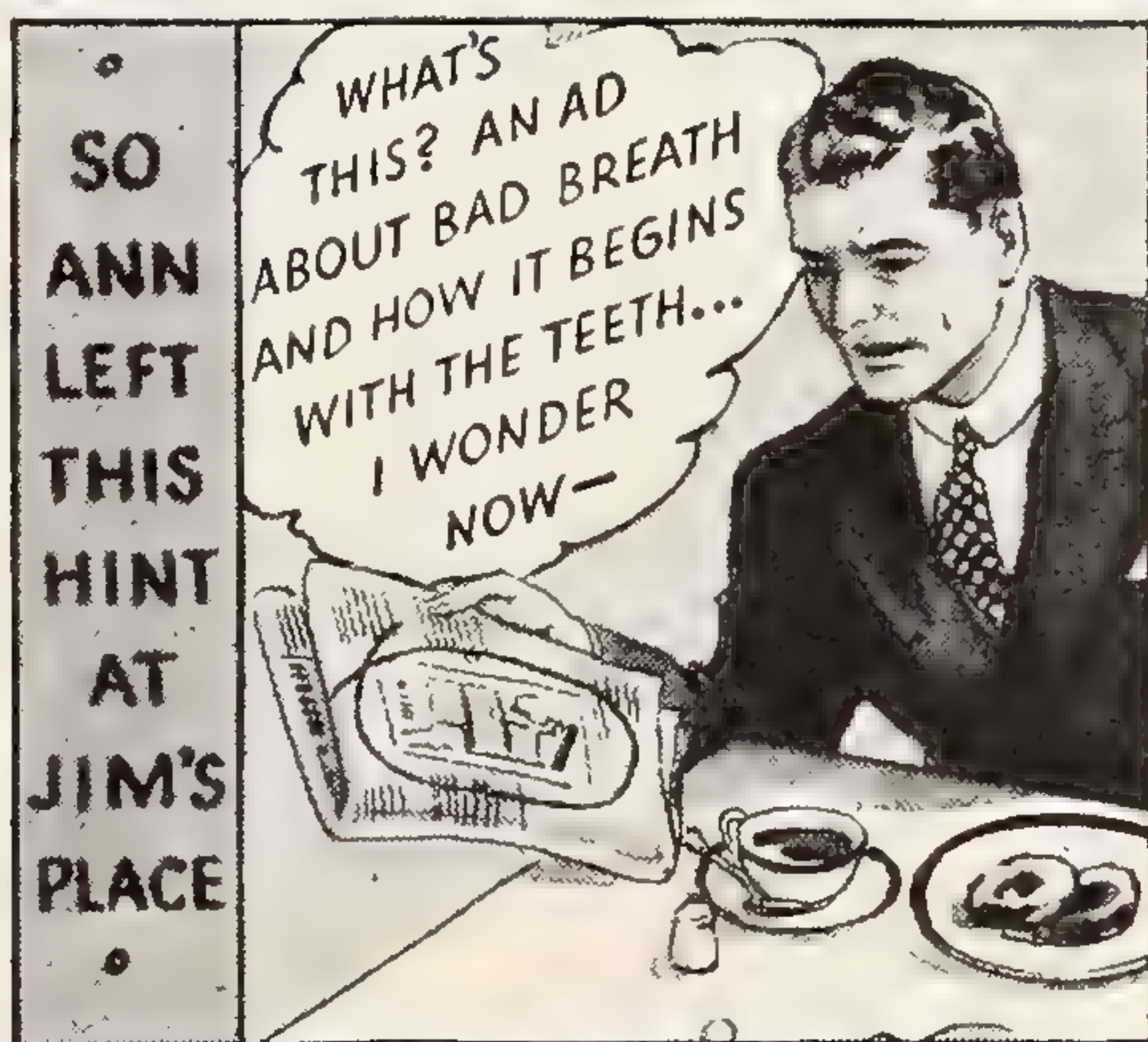


COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!



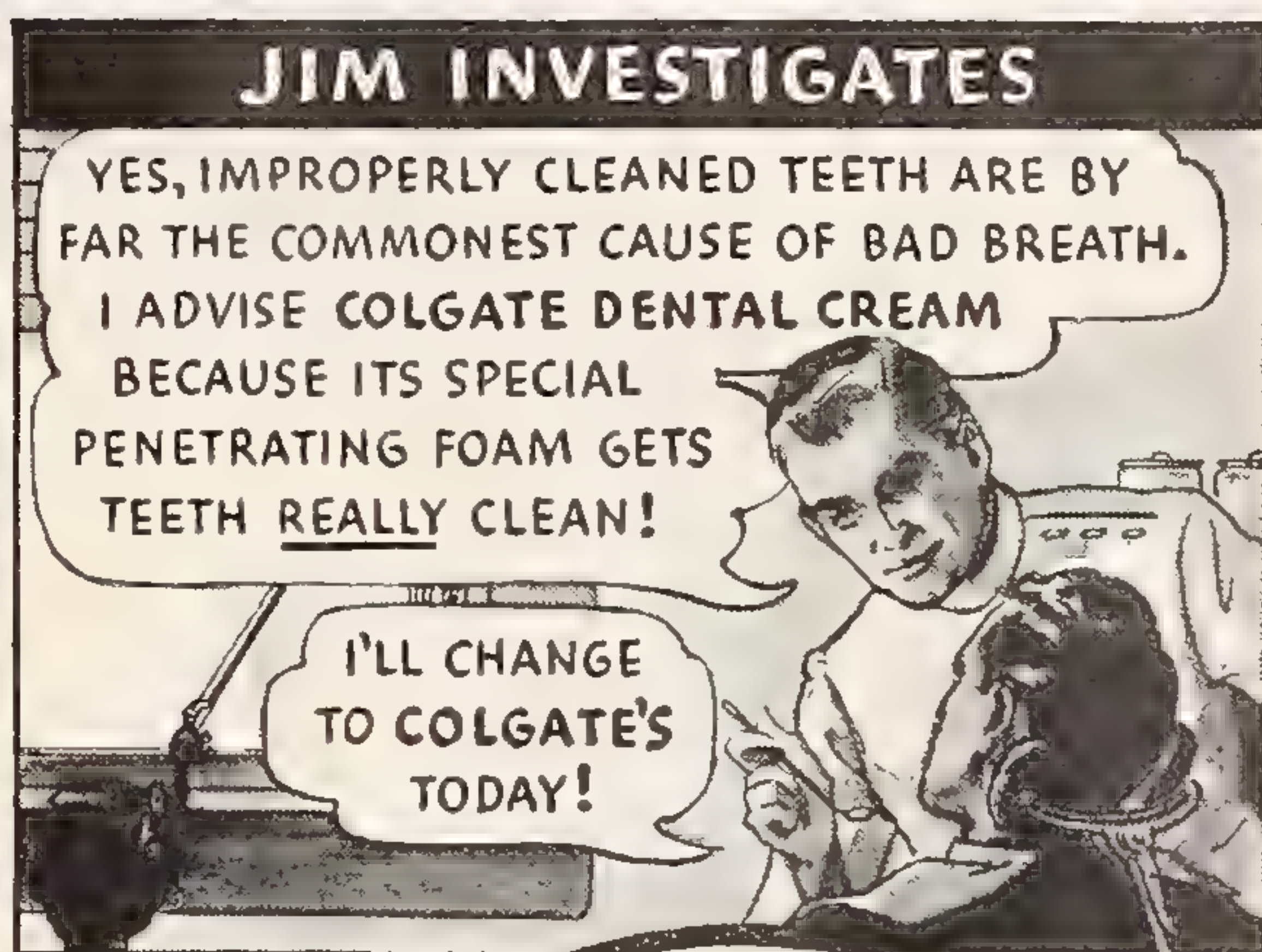
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!

SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!



SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE

WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—



JIM INVESTIGATES

YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!

I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!



TEN DAYS LATER

HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!

I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

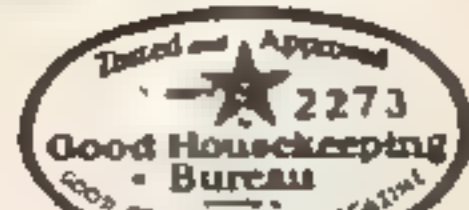
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twice as much,
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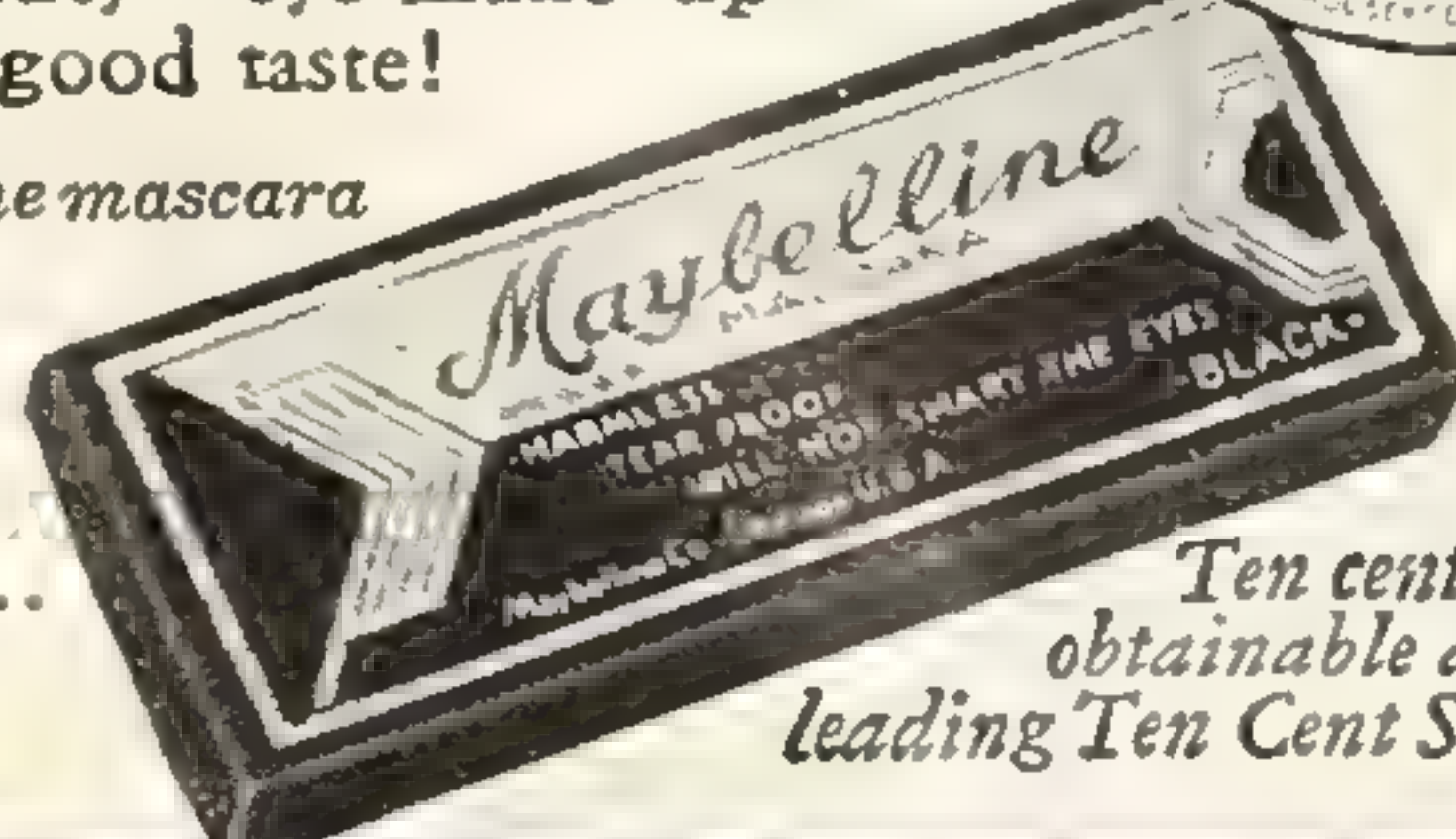
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*done in
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EYE SHADOW... EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM... EYEBROW BRUSH

the ice box until it's very cold. Then you serve with cream, whipped or not as you like. Simply marvelous.

"You can make black currant fool the same way. I adore black currant because it's so tart, but this fruit is also rare out here."

Leading off the patio from the pool is the game-room, which has two dressing-rooms with showers for those who use the pool. In the game-room is a billiard table, used more by Madge's brother Tom than by the young star. Card tables are folded against the walls.

"We seldom play bridge at this house," said Madge, as we viewed the room. "Bridge is so apt to be taken seriously and end in arguments, so we play 'knock rummy.' It's like the regular rummy, only that if, when the game is hardly begun you see that you have a low score, you knock; then you all play once more and lay down your cards. If your score is really low, they pay you. But

you're often caught, which makes it fun.

"We play Carlo, too. It's something like roulette and we have an outfit that can be set up on a card table.

"Over there is where we show our pictures—we have a projection machine we operate ourselves and we take our own home movies. Of course we can't show sound films.

"We have four of the films I made as a child star and when we want to have some fun we show them. The clothes are a scream, naturally, but what slays us is the acting! It seems incredible that in such a short time the technique has changed so much, but actually you can see me biting my lips to portray emotion, throwing up my hands in surprise, and so on.

"I don't like big parties where you hardly know who's at the house. We usually have a small group so that we can talk and enjoy each other. Sometimes we have a conversational evening, which is the most fun to me, if my guests are in other professions."

Horton's Home Is A Bachelor's Paradise

Continued from page 29

calmly move into it and life flows serenely on.

We began our inspection tour by visiting the rose garden. This boasts only the rarest varieties, and a formal garden, with its prize double pink camellias loaded with blossoms. Then we walked through Horton Way, a shaded lane running the entire length of the ten acres, and this brought us to the dog kennels. Surrounded by blooming oleanders and tall acacia trees, being in Eddie's dog-house would be a treat, not a hardship!

Forty-five by thirty feet, it has a complete apartment on the second floor for Paul, the man who cares for the animals. Downstairs is a bathroom, also a kitchenette, where the dogs' food is prepared, and there are roomy pens for each pet. A shepherd dog, two sheep-dogs, a wirehaired terrier, and two collies comprise the group, the favorite being the ten-year-old police dog, Pal, who has been Eddie's best friend since he was a frisky pup.

The swimming-pool, surrounded by tall eucalyptus trees, has a balcony connecting with the dressing-rooms on the second floor of the play-house, the lower floor being a picture theatre. With a characteristic grin Eddie said, "It'll take several pictures to pay for this, so if you hear of a studio wanting a temperamental butler or a fussy clerk, just send me word!"

The silver birch forest, swaying in the warm noon breeze, along one side of the tennis court, includes four trees which were Christmas gifts from Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson, Fredric and Florence March.

Eddie has every kind of a fruit tree and a variety of berries, and he says the minute they begin bearing, the family is in the throes of canning and preserving, for the country spirit prevails throughout the housekeeping arrangements. He proudly showed me the jam closet, with its rows and rows of tempting jars; how he ever keeps his waistline is a wonder to me.

With this movie bachelor's devotion to a home, his spontaneous humor that never fails, and his loveliness, there should be a happy romance, so I said, "All this is so wonderfully beautiful but there ought to be a wife to share it."

He asked, with his famous crooked smile, "What girl would marry me and live in the country? Too, most girls would probably object to the family arrangements

out here; there are a lot of Hortons around, you know. So," he added, with a convincing finality, "it looks like single bliss for Eddie!"

The new house is most imposing. He admits he built the living-room, forty-five by thirty-six feet, with a fifteen-foot ceiling, as a setting for two splendid antique mantels, placed on either side of the huge room. After all, a home means fundamentally a fireplace. Also, a haven, a retreat from the fret of the world outside, and Eddie's home signifies all this. In the basement is the playroom, with its dance floor and a quaint bar, decorated with Spode figures of Dickens' characters which he brought from London.

From the entrance hall, which he confided had attained its present lofty estate after passing through the metamorphoses of garage, living-room, and dining-room, are two stairways: one leading to his mother's rooms, the other to his own suite. His stairway is very broad and romantically pauses for a balcony half-way up, offering a sweeping view toward the west.

At the head of the stairway is his library, a restful room with rows and rows of books, for he collects fine editions. His bedroom has a cheery fireplace. Adjoining it is the bathroom, dressing-room and many closets, all lined with cedar. Across the front of this entire wing is his living-room, with a picturesque corner fireplace and French doors opening onto a wide balcony.

Every piece of furniture is a rare and authentic gem. We wondered what stories of drama and romance they could tell could they but talk. There's a rosewood secretary, centuries old, with funny hidden drawers, and Eddie believes there's a secret tucked away somewhere and he is going to search for it. There's a cunningly contrived make-up table that once belonged to a lady at Queen Elizabeth's court, and many other exquisite pieces all revealing the real connoisseur.

It's just as well that Eddie Horton is kept busy at the studios, otherwise he'd be forced to build a series of mansions to hold his treasures. As he free-lances, he dashes from studio to studio. Recently, he brought mirth to "The Singing Kid," and "Hearts Divided," at Warners; he has two films to make at 20th Century-Fox, to follow "Your Uncle Dudley;" Universal is preparing "There's No Place Like Home,"

and there are offers from London, for his humor has won the British public completely.

With noisy honking, Luise Rainer and Jean Negulesco arrived to join us for luncheon, so we all went back to the guest house and visited with Mrs. Horton, a happy, gracious lady, as full of enthusiasms as her son. She finally left us to make an apple pie for our luncheon.

It was a mad, merry meal. Jean fussed because there was no caviar but Eddie blandly insisted he wasn't squandering on extravagances as he was saving up to buy a new tree; Luise sang the song especially composed for her rôle of *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld," putting a tantalizing, devilish quality into each note; and when the apple pie was served, smothered in rich cream—oh, yes, Horton has three cows and the cunningest three-week old calf imaginable—we all forgot the diet rules.



Glamor's salute to the Navy!
Irene Hervey wears a snappy two-piece suit of white duck slacks, set off with navy blue trimmings.

Eddie knows how to cook, and he can wash dishes and do everything else about the house—if he has to; but he told us, with his contagious chuckle, that he usually manages to be somewhere else when these things had to be done.

He isn't hard to please and he hasn't any cranky little habits. He is very amiable and the only thing he insists upon is peace; discord upsets him terribly. He says he likes parties and likes to dance, but being a farmer he doesn't "get to town" often for social diversions. He doesn't even see his country neighbors, Al and Ruby Keeler Jolson, W. C. Fields, Charlie Ruggles, Warren William and others, very often.

I wonder if you know that Edward Everett Horton made a sensation on Broadway, during his early stage days, in a glamorous portrayal of *Paul*, hero of Glyn's "Three Weeks?"

With such an auspicious start, it doesn't seem possible that this very attractive actor could side-step romance forever!



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"Romeo" Great Lover? Not to Leslie Howard!

Continued from page 22



JULIET'S holiday! Norma Shearer, on a busman's day off, visits the "Romeo and Juliet" set, and poses while ROMEO Leslie Howard snaps her picture with his own speed camera. Leslie is a confirmed camera fiend.

probably because he himself was in love at the time. Then he apparently became disillusioned, at any rate about love. I feel he might have gone through these experiences and finally evolved 'Hamlet.' There's no other way, to my mind, of explaining *Romeo*. Luckily, audiences are on the side of both characters, feeling with and for them, though I'm quite sure Shakespeare's interest was wholly in *Juliet*. It is for this reason, I am convinced, that every actress is said to want to play *Juliet*, just as it has come to be accepted that every actor wants to play *Hamlet*. But when it was proposed that I play *Romeo* I felt grave misgivings."

At last he left himself open, giving opportunity to thrust a question as to why finally he agreed to play the part.

"What made me want to play it more than anything else," he disclosed, "is that last speech over the dead, or supposedly dead, *Juliet*. It is beautiful."

Mark well, then, when you see the picture, that speech which marches with "death's pale flag" flung back by "beauty's ensign" of crimson lips, for in it you will find the sense of beauty instinctive in Leslie Howard.

Here, above all else in his talk, was something truly revealing. It flashed out as a portrait of the man, eclipsing the actor, bringing to light reality as make-believe faded into the shadows.

"I became interested, too, in the later philosophical mood of *Romeo*," said the mental Howard. "He began to think about things, rather than just feel about love. Instead of being all heart, he became part brain. A great change took place in him. Because of earlier affairs of the heart he might have appeared in the light of a philanderer, but now he was so hard hit by *Juliet* that he saw this love of his drawing him to his doom. Almost overnight he developed from a boy into a man, growing in stature to a nobility of understanding which towered above his former self. He broadened into a character. It was this phase of him which interested me and made me decide to play him, for it foreshadowed in its deep melancholy and prophetic vision

Shakespeare's greatest character, *Hamlet*."

"You saw him as a stepping-stone to *Hamlet*?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Howard, "though not in a personal, selfish sense. It wasn't because I intended to play *Hamlet* on the stage. But in *Romeo* I saw something more than the lover, an infant *Hamlet*."

There had been a printed report that, after his forthcoming production of "Hamlet" on the New York stage, Leslie Howard would give up acting for writing and producing. But he shook his head, with:

"I don't see how that possibly can be true. Aside from everything else, I still have two more pictures to make in fulfilling my Warner Brothers contract. I am also interested in a London film company which is to make a picture about 'The Young Pretender,' Charles Stuart. I may even play the part—that's the only way to get any fun out of the thing. I have been acting since the war. Coming out of it I turned to the stage as something I then thought would be temporary. I've always been interested in special things, particularly writing. I've done some small writing for magazines and also for the stage. I'm doing one of my old plays, 'Murray Hill,' on the air soon. Then, after playing in 'Hamlet,' I am going to produce and act in 'Richard II' on either the New York or the London stage. I wanted to do it first, but realized it would be safer to do 'Hamlet,' for you have to be very bad to fail in that play."

His honesty was ingratiating. He made no pretense to being the great tragedian. On the contrary:

"If I'd even talked of playing *Hamlet* five years ago I would have been laughed out of town. At first in England I was considered only as a comedian. For that matter, my greatest success, 'Berkeley Square,' was denied me in the beginning on the ground I was a comedian. I had to go over the head of a manager to get that play for myself."

I wondered if he had started as a comedian. There was another amused shake of the head of this generation's one and

only blond *Romeo*, as Howard continued:

"On tour in England, for four pounds a week, I played the lead in 'Peg o' My Heart.' With Laurette Taylor? Lord, no, nothing so wonderful and grand as that! But, you see," he chuckled, "starting in an American play, I was destined to be an American star. The funny thing is I never played a small part. I'm afraid," and he twisted a whimsical smile, "I never had proper training."

"Which do you prefer, stage or screen?"

"As an actor," was his outspoken reply, "I haven't the slightest interest in the screen. It is not an actor's medium. You enjoy its fruits later, the reward comes afterward, and there's something fundamentally wrong about that. In pictures we work in the dark, with no way of knowing what the result will be. But on the stage there is nobody between the actor and his audience. Of course, we are all performing animals—that's why silent pictures were so good. But in pictures the actor is helpless because he does not control his work, whereas on the stage he does. There is a man who does control it in pictures, who does marvelous work, and that's the director. He tells the actors what to do. In the best theatres, where they get the best actors, those actors don't have to be told."

There was no suggestion of prejudice, just fair statement of fact. His clear argument and straight thinking went on:

"When we talk of success on the screen we measure it entirely by financial returns. This is a ridiculous way of regarding any medium. It assumes a hundred per cent audience for whatever is offered. Now I don't think there is a hundred per cent audience for anything that happens to be out of the ordinary. Many pictures I've done couldn't possibly appeal to everybody, any more than I as an actor could appeal to everybody. Clark Gable is a possible exception, one who may be able to please and satisfy all classes of people. If I have had any success as a romantic actor it has been an accident, for all the plays I have chosen myself have had an intellectual interest."

When asked if he believed women shared this intellectual interest, Mr. Howard proved his powers of observation, not to mention a lurking sense of humor, by blandly replying:

"Women in America have sort of schooled themselves into an interest in the intellectual. But I believe the average woman's interest is romantic. I can only judge, of course, by film experience. 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' has been my most successful picture, though in a sense 'Of Human Bondage' is my favorite. Now, playing *Romeo* for the screen is the most difficult way of doing it, but it gives you the best approach to a modern audience you may wish to reach in a stage performance of another Shakespearean part. New York, I must say, has been marvelous to me, so much so in its acceptance of what I have tried to do that it has not been duplicated, even in London. In both cities, however, you know your audience. But in pictures it is impossible to know it at all. Its relation to you, friendly or otherwise, can be learned only through the box-office. This is significant, though remote. All the actor can do is to hope for the best. At present I'm trusting to Shakespeare. And, *Hamlet* on the stage, or *Romeo* on the screen, it's all in the day's work."

Whereat, wrapping the scarlet cloak of *Romeo* about his incredibly slender figure, Leslie Howard picked up his job and went back to—romance!

"Mercutio" Barrymore On—Not In—Love!

Continued from page 23

from what a confirmed optimist might call my recent pleasure trip to New York."

"It is your third Shakespearian part, but your first in pictures?"

"Right. As you doubtless remember, I started in 'Richard the Third.' In that play I didn't have to think much about love. What wore me down was a suit of armor manufactured by the Fuller Construction Company. I clanked around in it like a boiler shop on the loose. Siegfried used to put me into it with a steam riveting machine, then blast me out of it. One night when he dropped a one-ton section of it on my foot I blasted him. Perhaps I should explain that Siegfried was my dresser. He came to me after serving in similar capacity for a German actor named Keintz, who had played *Richard* in Berlin with a horse. Siegfried never tired of telling me about the time when that horse, which knew its business if not its Shakespeare, essayed an interpolation of its own which moved Keintz to say, as one artist to another, 'My dear fellow, don't you know it is forbidden to extemporize?' On the occasion of losing my temper with Siegfried, I later apologized, whereupon he assured me, 'Oh, Mr. Barrymore, I didn't mind a bit! I felt I was back with Mr. Keintz.' Siegfried's affection touched me, but neither then nor afterward in 'Hamlet' was there anything like great love in my professional life."

"*Mercutio*," I remarked, "is a cynic about love."

"True," granted Mr. Barrymore. "Yet he must have been adored by women. There is no indication in the play of just how many

women loved him. But his whole attitude toward love is a little whimsical, to say the least."

"Do you feel," I risked, "you are ideally cast?"

"Well," running me through with a piercing glance, "I admit that I myself may be a bit of a character part. But one reason I've always wanted to play *Mercutio* is that he is one of the most delightful people in the world—which doesn't necessarily mean *he* is a bit of a character part. Far from it, he is so vital, human, and lovable that Shakespeare simply had to kill him when he did—damn him! Or perhaps he died too early to encounter such an emotion as love. This may explain his whimsical view of it."

As to whether women like this view, Mr. Barrymore was quick to say:

"I think there's one thing they find in it—charm. Women don't, I'm sure, like a dull lover. Naturally, there are certain situations in which whimsy is a little out of place. But, everything equal, it gives zest to the everlasting game of love, keeps it light and lively, rather than letting it settle down heavily and dully into something as solidly domestic as Grand Rapids furniture. To keep romance alive there is nothing like imagination, which, after all, may be just another word for charm. Its effect upon women is magical."

What he said brought to mind the best description of John Barrymore I have ever heard. In Rockville Center, Long Island, where Mr. Barrymore lived during his matrimonial pioneering days, there was an ancient driver of an old Ford who "made"

all the trains. One morning as he was driving a New York visitor to the station he jerked a proud thumb towards a youngish chap who was changing a tire on a car at the roadside. "That," he grandly informed his passenger, "is John Barrymore, the great magician."

Today there is magic in his *Mercutio*. The rabbit he pulls out of the hat is charm.

"*Mercutio*," pursued Mr. Barrymore, "is wise in knowing the value of imagination where women are concerned. He is cynical about love only as most men-about-town are till they hit what they consider to be absolutely the real thing. Of course, what a man thinks is real may very well not be. But it seems to me that every active man—and *Mercutio* is an excellent swordsman—is pretty nearly always on the lookout for it, and if he really finds it he stops looking. At least he does if he knows his luck."

"But how does he know the real thing?"

"I'm terribly sorry I can't answer that question," regretted Mr. Barrymore. "I've never met that man."

Reminded that *Mercutio* warns, "If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark," he admitted:

"That seems to be a reasonably correct observation, though there are times when it may be a little astigmatic. Men are more likely than women to fall blindly into love. I think they are a little less intelligent about it. Women possibly see facts more clearly, whereas the majority of men are incurable romanticists. Shakespeare knew what he was about when he put *Juliet* on

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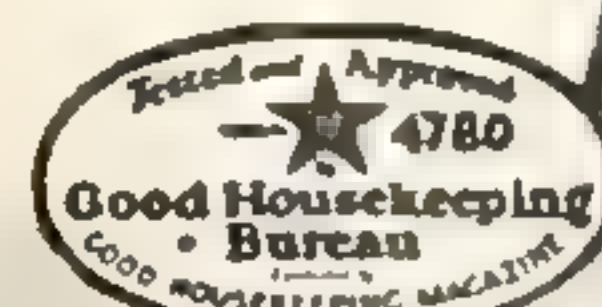
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a balcony and *Romeo* on the ground. Their relative position is symbolic. A man puts a woman on a pedestal and looks up to her. This isn't implying she looks down on him—but there you are, or rather they are! If he's in love with her, and he's bound to be if he lives long enough, he sees her as a rare being. He also sees her, at least before marriage, always at her best, daintily dressed and neatly shod. After marriage, of course, he may see her covered with cold cream and wearing mules, but there's nothing he can do about it. Before paying the preacher, he may fondly imagine her as an ethereal creature who keeps body and soul together by nibbling humming-bird wings, only to discover that she eats corn on the cob. Not that she isn't quite within her rights, sensible woman! It's all a matter of his having been a silly romanticist. He has clothed her in purely fanciful array. The more intelligent a man, the more elaborate is the wardrobe in which he dresses up the object upon which his eye happens to light. If the thing doesn't work out right, no sensible man should blame the object, but charge the damage up against the wardrobe mistress. I should like to go further into this fascinating matter and disclose the reverse of the medal—that is, the feminine side of it—but I am still far, far too young to be an authority!"

My unfeeling mirth was frowned down by the incipient philosopher. Checking it, not without choking, I inquired whether Mr. Barrymore considered love to be quite the same today as it was in Shakespeare's time.

"Shakespeare," he patiently informed me, "apparently knew everything about love, and in the case of *Mercutio* he delineated the character of a lusty and rather cynical person. But this doesn't mean that love has changed with the times. Today *Romeo* and *Juliet* can be found on every block and *Mercutio* just around the corner. Yet, in spite of boyish efforts to the contrary, I have never been able to view love geographically. It would seem natural when a man goes courting, if I may lapse into that quaint term, that he choose a girl close at

hand. But he has even been known to live in Manhattan and love a girl in Brooklyn, and that cuts down his sleep till all that's left of it is a depleting alarm clock.

"There are those who say love is a chemical attraction, and for my part I must say I have given its scientific aspect deep study. But the human element persists. In this respect I have reached the conclusion that it is the woman, not the man, who is of first importance. She calls the tune and he does the dancing. Not infrequently he breaks down completely. I have even seen a poor little chorus girl make a big millionaire cry into his champagne. Sometimes the penalty is downright hardship. A child-blained friend of mine, during a hard winter up in Maine, used to flounder through snowdrifts in order to get to the home of his beloved, who all the time was as warm as toast. Another man may rule an office full of men with an iron hand, yet when the day is done be like putty in the hands of a woman who knows she has him dead to rights. He no sooner starts to spread himself in a café than she tells him to pull down his vest, and he does it with hydraulic pressure. And have you ever danced with a girl who, by the mere flicker of an eyelash, made you feel you were distantly related to Powers' Elephants? Well, I have. But you take it and you like it. Nothing so changes a man as love. The moment he 'gets' it he loses what little sense he ever had. Suddenly he finds himself with a Kaffee Hag mind—everything extracted from the bean. If he went to a brain specialist that eminent practitioner would prescribe a vacuum cleaner."

In all this there was nothing ironic, just a play of lively humor. Still, it suggested the cynical *Mercutio*, and when I asked Mr. Barrymore if he thought a woman liked a cynical lover, he had a ready reply, and answered:

"I shouldn't be surprised, as it must be such fun for her getting him over it. I also imagine it would keep him slim. Meanwhile, it puts him on his mettle. And there you have *Mercutio!*"

Or—who knows—John Barrymore?

Fredric March's Day Off

Continued from page 26

together—as Freddie downed his orange juice, cereal snowed under with cream and sugar, his favorite soft cookies, and two cups of coffee.

A breath-taking view of the lush hills that have made Beverly famous, lay before their eyes. Dotted about on various peaks are the estates of Harold Lloyd, Constance Bennett, King Vidor, Clarence Brown and Alice Joyce, Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge, Samuel Goldwyn, and the once happy John Barrymore home.

The Marches built their house, a charming French Provincial type, on two acres that sweep down the hillside. Half a dozen feet below the terrace is the swimming pool. Just below this is the children's play-pen, with its slides, swings, and a newly transplanted tree with low branches so they can learn to climb trees, which Freddie insists is necessary for a happy childhood. From here the gardens flow down to the road far below. Nothing could be more picturesque than this setting, and nothing can ever obstruct their view.

The children now joined their parents, having breakfasted earlier in the nursery. Penny, christened Penelope, is nearly four and has a sparkling personality that promises to carry her far. Tony, named Anthony, for his father's favorite rôle in "The Royal Family," is an adorable,

chubby, blond baby of almost two years, and he still watches his balance as he toddles all over the terrace.

As Penny ran to greet her father, Freddie asked with mock seriousness, "What does Daddy do at the studio?" and Penny promptly piped up with, "Make money to buy me some bacon!"

"They are both such perfect gems," grinned Freddie, happily. "I can't begin to tell you how they have broadened and enriched our lives."

"We didn't adopt them without a great deal of thought. We played with the idea for five years until we were certain this was what we wanted to do. So many of our friends told us of their happy experiences and now, in this short time, both babies have become completely and wholly our own, they couldn't possibly be dearer."

At this moment, discovering that the sun was just right, Freddie exclaimed, "Let's take pictures of the children." Florence responded with equal enthusiasm, explaining to me, "He is keeping a weekly record of the babies with his movie camera," and Freddie interposed, in high glee, "I was forced to it for the first word Penny managed to say was 'camera!'"

Of course, he had to take Penny's newest acrobatic stunt—she has several which she learned at the play-school she attends, but

this was the prize one with her hanging by her knees from a pole. It was truly amazing how fearlessly she swung and dangled in mid-air, then topped off her act by going head foremost down the steep slide.

Folding up the camera, Freddie observed with pardonable pride, "She's a courageous, independent little monkey in everything. Since she was two, she has dressed herself all but tying her shoe laces, and she runs her own victrola, even to changing the needles. We think that is pretty smart. We make a game of everything so that straightening up her room every night before she goes to bed, and putting her clothes away as she takes them off, are just play to her, instead of a fretful duty.

"Fear and 'frightened' are two words never spoken before the children. Of course, we teach them a certain amount of caution to guard against falls and accidents. We discourage crying, too, when they take a tumble or hurt themselves. We believe wailing and crying, and seeking sympathy in such cases, are usually the reaction of the adult attitude and not normally their own. Above all else, I want the children to be healthy and happy, so a right viewpoint is absolutely necessary. They must learn to meet the problems of life with fortitude and with a grin. They must never, *never* whine or complain. It is surprising how readily they learn to laugh off their small troubles; even hurts from skinned knees seem to vanish more quickly if ignored."

Freddie's secretary now arrived and he went to his study, a cheerful room of masculine comfort, opening off from his bedroom on the second floor. The entire north side is in casement windows overlooking the view of the hills. Letters and business details were disposed of rapidly—perhaps this efficiency is the result of those early years young March spent as a bank clerk, before he stepped out as an actor. He attends to all his business matters himself and told me he diversifies his investments, buying conservative bonds and well planned annuities.

"I've never gone in for real estate speculation, either," he said. "I have no holdings except this home, our Laguna Beach property, and a ten-acre ranch in Hidden Valley I recently purchased. We plan to build a regular farm house on the ranch, have a cow or two, chickens and a garden. We want the children to know the joy of farm-life, to get the thrill of gathering eggs and to learn where potatoes come from. Too, I believe being around growing things will help them naturally to understand the creative part of life."

The precious day was slipping by, so they didn't waste much time on the light luncheon; and afterwards, Freddie, Florence, and Penny helped the gardener transplant some rare tulip bulbs that had just arrived from Holland.

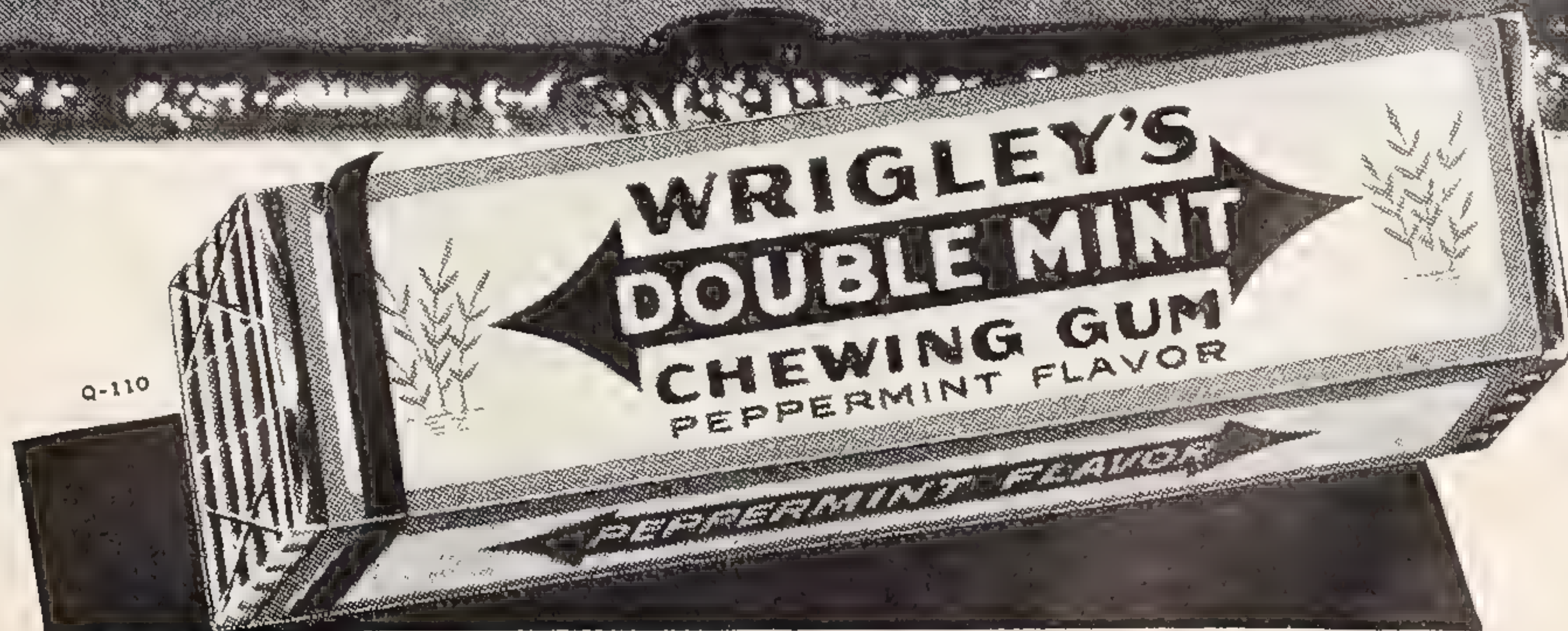
"Before I had a garden of my own," Freddie confessed, "flowers were just flowers to me, and if they had bright colors that was all I cared about. But now, I pour over catalogues and find the description of prize-winning dahlias and a new pink camellia, the most fascinating reading! I'm learning too, all about snails and slugs, and the garden's other enemies. I find that every living thing has its particular obstacles. Funny, how life repeats itself in all its phases."


As the glow of the setting sun swept across the hills, we enjoyed a glass of sherry in the long living room, while Freddie turned on the victrola, which holds first place in his affections when he wants music. He especially delights in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and he has all the records of Richard Tauber, the German light opera singer.

Now, came the precious half hour in the nursery before the babies went to sleep. Neither Freddie or Florence ever miss this

Grandma Says

TODAY WHEN LITTLE GIRLS GROW UP THEY
CAN STAY YOUNG LONGER BECAUSE THEY CAN GO TO THEIR
Beauty Shop WEEKLY... AND, TO HELP FACIAL MUSCLES
KEEP YOUNG THEY CAN ENJOY **Double Mint** GUM DAILY.





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if it can possibly be avoided. Tired out with meeting life's new problems, Tony dropped off to sleep immediately, but Penny wanted a little dance with her father, so around and around they whirled. Then, she said her prayers, and was tucked into bed as we quietly tiptoed from the room.

Dinner at the Marches is very merry. Tonight, Freddie's effervescent spirits were running on high; he was bubbling with the sheer joy of life and his happiness was irresistible and very contagious.

He described, with amusing details, the European trip he and Florence treated themselves to last autumn, and how royally they were greeted in London by the Hollywood players over there; how he enjoyed meeting the many film celebrities who gather there from every land.

He confided that he intends adopting two more children, as they want a family of four. "We may wait a couple of years," he said, "and let Penny and Tony help decide whether the next shall be a sister or a brother. This will give them a bit of responsibility that will add zest to the family."

Ginger Rogers' Good Deed

Continued from page 27

galloping twitches! Who wouldn't? Ginger sensed her sad state at once—and being a young trouser herself, for all her eminence, reached out her heart and her hand.

"Now, Miss Hilliard," said Director Mark Sandrich, who had been standing by snapping at property men, "we'll make a test."

Miss Hilliard snatched at a stage-hand for support—paled beneath her night-club tan. Girl-Scout Rogers stepped up and gave the two-finger salute.

"All right, Harriet," she said. "Come on—I'll make it with you." And darned if she didn't. What is more, she held the novice's hand all through the filming of "Follow The Fleet"—advised her at rehearsals, cued her on off-stage dialogue, and gave her numerous tips on technique.

Now if this isn't unique, it will do until something unique arrives. Here was a world-famous young star aiding and abetting a new threat who was blonde—although you'll meet her in a dark wig in her first film—beauteous, and a sweet singer, and who showed all the symptoms of being a natural actress, to the grease-paint born.

Under such circumstances, can't you picture a star snooting the scared neophyte from here to Addis Ababa—putting ground glass in her commissary soup, making her studio life an inconceivable, screaming agony?

True, Harriet neither shook her feet nor agitated her torso, yet there was no guarantee that she wouldn't sneak down the block and study hoofing after hours. But Ginger, the star, steadied and taught the palsied beginner. Behind this good deed, of course, is the fact that Ginger is the same nice kid she was as an obscure youngster, and I am far from a softy when it comes to appraising movie actors. Long experience with the breed has prepared me to spot a phony even before I can detect the odor of ham. I last confronted Rogers for this journal early in the fall of '34, before "The Gay Divorcée" had shot her into the cinema stratosphere; and when I saw her a few weeks ago I found no change whatever in her simple spirit. She is just as frank, gay, and swankless as she was in the old days—just as eager to please. The helping hand she held out to Harriet was a natural gesture for her.

At a huge cocktail-fight and canape-grab

Then the actor momentarily supplanted the family man as he told how he had decided, oh, very definitely, not to make any more costume pictures following "The Affairs of Cellini," fearing the public would tire of them. Then, with a laugh, he confessed, "Along came 'Les Miserables,' with its terrific drama, and I couldn't resist playing it. God! how I loved that picture!"

There have been several others, and now, following "Zero Hour," he is slated to portray the rôle of *Earl of Bothwell*, in Katharine Hepburn's big production, "Mary of Scotland."

With the simple dessert of sliced pineapple and coffee, came the momentous question as to how this glorious day should wind up.

"Shall we," he asked, "play contract or backgammon? Or shall we go down to the dark room in the basement and develop the films we took this morning of the children?"

Perhaps Florence caught the subtle entreaty in Freddie's voice, for she gaily settled the question, saying, "Let's develop the films!"

tossed in Ginger's honor during her recent eastern visit, I mentioned these matters to Mrs. Lela, her colorful and charming Ma. Now Mrs. Lela, as fond and ferocious a theatrical mother as ever ran a stage-door Johnny up the alley, is also able to talk about her offspring as though she were the girl down the block.

"That's one thing I like about Ginger," said Mrs. Rogers, snapping daintily at an anchovy. "She feels that she is still trying to get somewhere—that she isn't anything marvelous yet. I think she's a real trouper at heart."

And so do I—net.

I pause to remark that Ginger's mater is one of Hollywood's interesting women. In addition to riding herd on her daughter's affairs, she coaches a posse of pretty girls on the RKO Radio lot, and tells me that one or two show dangerous signs of getting very good indeed, notably a blonde named Lucille Ball. The tip is out to keep an eye on this cutie.

But to return to Ginger and Harriet—is it any wonder that the latter would now give her mentor anything from a bobbie pin to her best tiara if the need arose?

To cap this amiable episode, Harriet's labors in "Follow The Fleet" so delighted the Hollywood nabobs that they forced a five-year RKO contract upon her, much as she loathes leaving the ever-loving Mr. Nelson 3,000 miles astern. I here predict that she clicks, and that Mr. Nelson will have to pack and transport his aggregation of tootlers to the west coast if he wants to play house with Harriet. It may comfort him to know that people also dance to lively swing stuff in California.

It appears, at this time, that Harriet Hilliard is on her way to a sound celluloid career. Hattie, do you remember Eagle Scout Rogers in your nightly prayers?

During her recent New York stay, Ginger, like all the movie people, spent the entire time on her red motorcycle. When these people sleep I'll never know, except perhaps during a waltz. Here the kid was, limp from the horrid labors of "Follow The Fleet" and faced with the prospect of returning at once to make "I Won't Dance," acting like a pent-up school girl in town on a fudge-and-matinée bender! It just didn't make sense, but there it was.

In a bit over two weeks she saw sixteen

shows and did the night club circuit until all hours. In the midst of all this frantic hubbub she was hauled off to Washington as the capital's official guest at the President's birthday parties there.

This was the high spot of Ginger's entire jaunt. Many's the time her kiddies will hear the tale of how Mumsy went way, way off to Washington and visited the White House, where the President lives! I'll be bound!

What went on during the star's visit to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue has never been given out as news, but such things have a way of seeping out, however small and discreet the company.

When Ginger, Mamma, and party were ushered into the Oval Room that evening, the President was already at the microphone, set to broadcast his birthday greetings. The party was presented. Over the air-waves was coming a fox-trot from San Francisco, into which His Excellency would be cut when the moment arrived. Just then some unsung hero whispered that it might be nice if Ginger did a little dance, just to sort of pass the time, like. The President overheard, and nodded smilingly.

So it was that Ginger, hampered by an evening gown and slightly baffled by the music, did a bit of a tap routine on a floor the size of a soda cracker.

"It wasn't very good," Ginger told me later. "But the President seemed to like it, for he smiled and nodded time to the music all the time I was dancing."

Salome danced before Herod, too, but Ginger didn't want anybody's old head on a silver charger. She got something much nicer, and the President is no Herod, but a lovely man. When the broadcast was over, the President wrote something across the top of his manuscript, and it was handed to her. On the script, filled with change and corrections in his own writing, the Chief Executive had penned "To Ginger Rogers, on the occasion itself. Franklin D. Roosevelt."

"His secretary told me it was the first time he had ever given away one of his radio scripts," Ginger said to me. "All the rest are on file."

"Now you've got it," I asked, "what are you going to do with it?"

"Frame it," she said, "AND insure it!"

Ginger looked right pretty and smart while she was with us in New York, but I must say that I fretted about her weight. The girl seems to be dancing herself to a wisp—in fact, it now takes two of her to cast a shadow. If I'd been her boss on this trip, I'd have shot the child into the country to sleep, play in the snow, and drink gallons of milk from, not contented, but positively jolly, cows. But Broadway got her, as it gets 'em all.

Most of us don't begin to realize what she and Astaire go through when they grind out one of their big musicals. They rehearse from 150 to 200 hours before the camera even turns. Every one of their dances, lasting from four to seven minutes, must be a perfect "take." There is no cutting and splicing—every routine must be right from first step to last. Thus an Astaire-Rogers dance may be shot 20 times before it is perfection—Ginger's frock may flow wrongly, or wrap around one of Fred's legs, or one may step on the other's toe. And the toil goes on!

To top all, Mrs. Lela tells me that Director Sandrich has found that Fred and Ginger are most apt to deliver the perfect "take" when they seem to be on the point of dropping over dead from exhaustion. What a ghastly thought!

Ginger's sufferings for her Art seem limitless, to the layman. For instance, I find that she must break in and wear two new pairs of shoes in each number. It is all right for the man to wear a pair of comfortable



What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

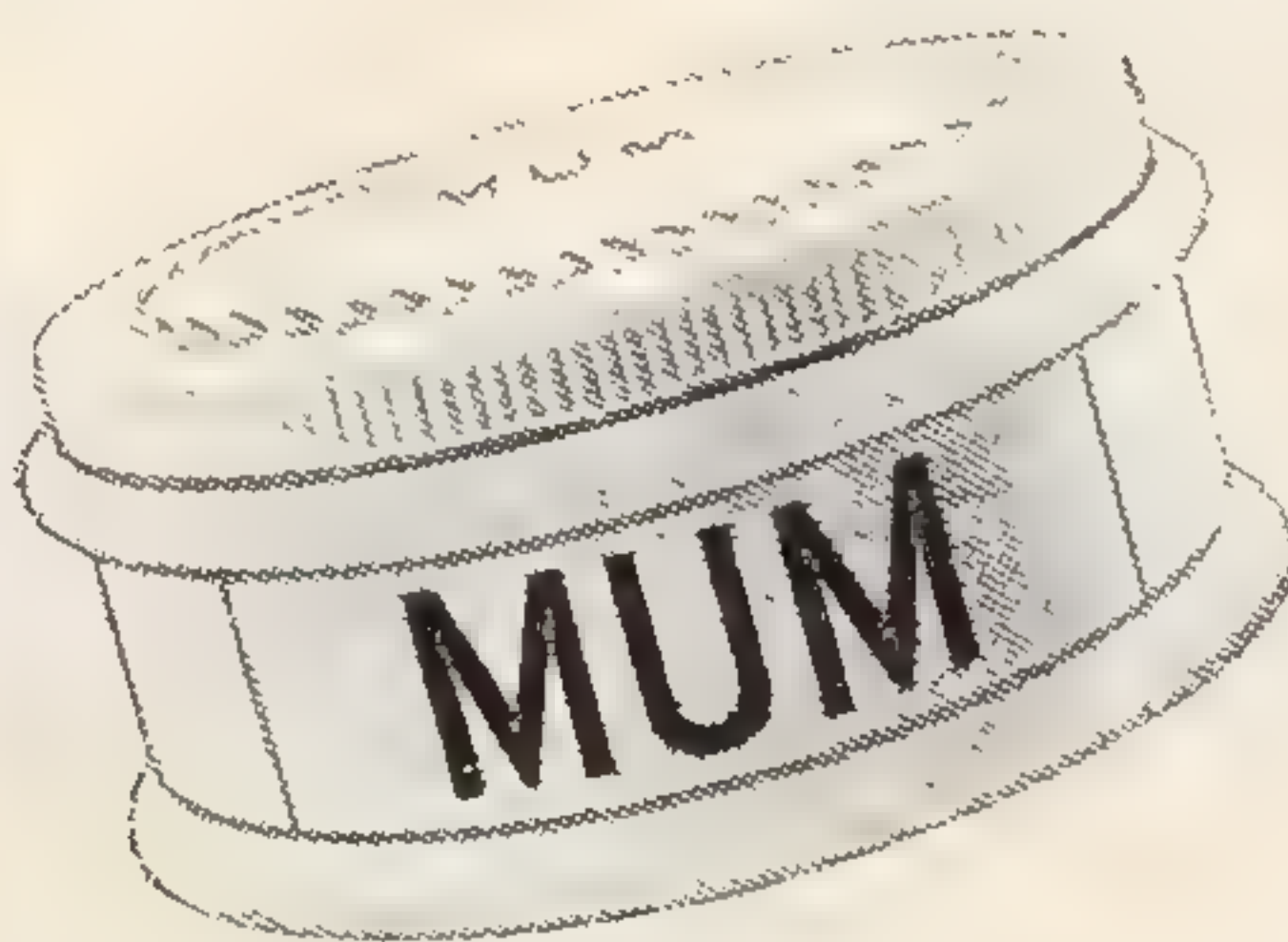
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Posed by professional models

kicks when he works, but the lady must wear beautiful and stylish shoes to match her costumes—and the thought of Ginger enduring the pangs of painful puppies as she smiles and whirls in Freddy's arms is almost more than I can bear.

One more Horror Note and I'll let you up. The gown Ginger wears in the final number of "Follow The Fleet"—*Let's Face The Music and Dance*—weighed 25 pounds, and she wore and danced in the contraption for 12 straight hours the day the number was filmed. Have a good shudder on me. Want to go in the movies?

Small wonder the gal looks a little drawn

and fine-spun compared with her luscious roundness of a year or two ago. But she's tough stuff, and she likes her work. And Ginger is one of those rare Hollywood birds whose hearts and souls do not seem to change from year to year. Some spirits are so simple and so honest that all the fame and flattery in the world can't sour them. If this babe had a bushel of diamonds, she'd still stop on the set to soothe a quaking extra girl. What's nicer than that in this crackpot world?

I could give you no better report on our Ginger Rogers as of early 1936. Still regular—still the same sweet kid.

Stars on Parade

Continued from page 64

me?" he asked. A purely academic question—because Doug, Jr., went right on. "Other actors have gone abroad without being called an 'Anglomaniac' and an 'ingrate walking out on his own country after receiving rewards and profits in his native land.'

"But let me say that in a way these 'knocks,' though they hurt, were a bit flattering, because if more important people than I could do such a thing and go unnoticed, certainly my selection to be the target of criticism was imparting an importance to me.

"Of course I could have howled in self-defense, and with absolute truth, that I was at times as homesick as any wayfarer far from his homeland. And believe me, there were times when I was sorely tempted to come back. Why, I was stoney broke for much of the time, and receiving fat and flattering offers from Hollywood. Certainly it would have been easier to chuck my ideas and come back to the immediate security, to say nothing of the comfort of a more abundant life. But I had my idea, and I was going to see it through.

"Look," he pleaded with intense earnestness, "the only business I know is motion pictures. I've been in it fifteen years. During that span I was up and down, way down, several times. I've always been interested in production. This interest grew and grew, until finally I was becoming a nuisance in Hollywood, with my unasked-for advice on production matters sounding plenty of the discordant note in a place where things are so well organized.

"When I saw in England that the picture business was on the 'up-beat,' that there things were now a good deal like I imagine the situation was in Hollywood when Chaplin and my father and others of that time first came to the fore there, I decided that here was my chance, and I proceeded to work out my plan for the company that now, thank heaven, has been organized by myself and my associates.

"We are really an 'American' company, though I don't want to speak of picture production as nationalistic. I think pictures should be as free from nationalism as any of the arts, music and literature and drama."

There you have the first statement—so he said himself—that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made in explanation of his move from Hollywood to London. He admits he is a "romanticist" and no "realist": "I need a brake on me, and I have one in my partner in the company," he says.

It seems when Doug is to act in one of the pictures he becomes an actor solely, is subject to studio calls, and such discipline of the set. But in the selection of stories, treatment, and so forth, he has a voice even for his own starring pictures.

He doesn't think he'll ever direct—"I'm no good at details," he explains.

So you see all the talk about it being "romance" that kept Douglas in London was true. But it was the romance of being a producer-actor, realizing the dream of ambition, even more than that much more widely publicized romance with Gertrude Lawrence. Or so at least we must imply from young Doug's volubility about his picture company and his reticence in discussing affairs of the heart. When he landed, Junior told reporters he had nothing to tell about any reported romances or marriages. "Does that still go?" we asked. "It does," he replied.

So far as this corner knows, he's never said "boo" on the screen, and certainly off-screen he's one of the mildest, most affable, and intelligent men you could meet in a house-to-house canvass of the whole film colony. Yet to the film trade in general, and the public in particular, Boris Karloff is the number one actor of "horror" parts.

Karloff had his first real view of New York recently during a pause between the plane from Los Angeles and the ship to London, where the screen's most famous exponent of make-up and bizarre characterization is to star in a picture.

He looks like a college professor, or a banker, or a business man—like a man whom you know in your home town as one of its leading and most respected citizens. Karloff is tall, very dark, in this respect favoring the Russian strain he inherits



Close-up of a pretty girl! Raquel Torres in a becoming little hat.

from his mother's side of the family. He talks very readily about pictures and acting and the stage as a topic of great personal interest, but becomes less responsive when discussing himself. Mention Lon Chaney and he will launch off into a vivacious recital. It amounts to such hero-worship as you hear from the most ardent fan about the object of his particular affection and admiration.

If Boris Karloff ever makes a personal appearance in your town, and tells about how he builds up the characters he enacts on the screen, we advise you to go if you're interested in the more fascinating details of behind-the-scenes character creation. You'll be amazed how the very make-up which is used to create a character to fit the story affects and influences the way the character is to be acted. How the mere appearance of the character, decided upon after laborious work with make-up and still-camera tests, sends the actor off to practice a walk, a manner of speech, a mannerism of gesture that will conform to the looks of this creature, and at the same time give credence to the story and point its dramatic effect.

"I got interested in make-up," Karloff told us, "years ago when I was playing stock in North Dakota. I played with a company for fifty-three weeks, with a change of bill twice a week. That's a total of one hundred and six plays. I had to resort to make-up to assist in giving variety to my performances."

According to the way he tells it, Karloff got the more important parts because he was a good "study"—could memorize lines quickly. This was necessary when two plays a week were put on. This is typical; he also claims it was the "greatest luck" that he got a chance to star in films after having been in Hollywood doing small parts for ten years. After that length of time, of course, the studios begin to look upon a player as definitely limited to the small parts. "It's luck," he repeated. "You have nothing more to do with it than you do with the size of your foot." Well, maybe.

It's also luck, he says, that he is signed up for all the pictures he can do for the next two years. Karloff has more to make for Universal, the company that gave him his chance in "Frankenstein" and has offered him in a series of typical pictures, as well as some to make for Warners.

"The formula for this type of pictures," he reminded us, "can be written on the back of an envelope. The character is the victim of some odd circumstance, one who through no fault of his own becomes a menace and must be destroyed."

We asked what kind of reaction there was to his spooky characterizations as revealed in his fan mail. "That's an interesting thing," he said. "Practically everybody grasps precisely what the fundamental idea is. I receive a great amount of mail from youngsters, and with unerring accuracy they put their finger directly upon the crux of the character. They tell me they feel sorry for the character, know it is not his fault, and as to them getting nightmares after seeing the pictures, that is not so. The thrills are the same that come from action pictures and the usual mystery story."

Karloff is one of eight brothers. Most of them followed the parental wish for the sons to enter the consular service—in which two of them have achieved great distinction. "By the time I came along," he said, "the brains had given out, I guess. I was packed off to Oxford to read and prepare for the exams for the Consular, but I spent my time going to the theatres instead."

He set out for Canada on his own. And it was not until many years later that he again saw England. He and his wife, a



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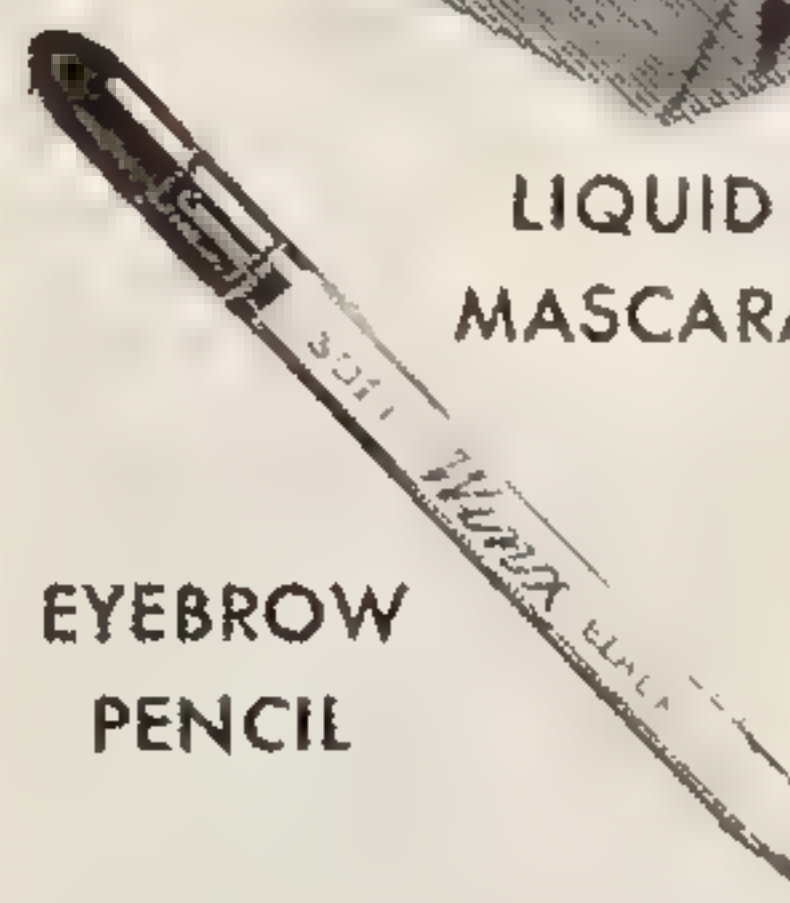
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As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Every trace of hair eliminated. Sold everywhere.

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California native, live very modestly. Gardening is their mutual pastime. "We grew many of the vegetables served at our table this year," he said with considerable pride. "We are trying to order our living so that when the pictures are all through with me, we shan't suffer an immediate change in our lives due to the economic situation. We'll be able to go on living as we are now for several years, at least, even if income from my studio earnings stops."

You see Karloff has lived, and he's been smart enough to learn.

He's Hollywood's outstanding "personality lad," and the ladies, young and older, clamor for tickets when he makes a personal appearance, which is something Gene Raymond does so successfully that his bosses at RKO are planning to build him a stage show to tour the company's leading theatres between his chores before the cameras.

Gene came to this town for a bit of a breather between personal appearances in the Mid-West and East after completion of his latest, and perhaps his best picture in a long time—"Love on a Bet."

After so many parts of the familiar pattern of the young play-boy larking around and falling in love with just the type of girl his wealthy parents disapprove of, you get to thinking of Gene as just that type of chap. His name figures so prominently, also, in the gossip columns as escort for all of the unattached lovelies of Hollywood, that the impression is heightened by what you read in the papers.

But, secretly, the chap with the very blond hair and the ways that are so winning of the damsels' affection, yearns to play dashing romantic rôles, in costume. "Scaramouche" is one he has begged studios to get for him—without success.

There's a mighty interesting story in this young Gene Raymond. For four years, from his first picture you might say, he has commanded a big personal following. And yet he has had the benefit of relatively few really "big pictures" to build and buttress his personal fortunes as a screen personality.

"Ladies of the Big House" was perhaps his first important picture. After that there came "Red Dust," in which he had a secondary rôle; then "Sadie McKee" and "Flying Down to Rio." Of course there were, too, such good but not outstanding pictures as "Ann Carver's Profession" and "I Am Suzanne." Of the lot, perhaps the strongest from the standpoint of Raymond's own part and the elaborateness of the film was "Zoo in Budapest."

But that only goes to show that the occasional big ones are not so important as a succession of less spectacular films when it comes to building up a following that lasts. And that most reliable of all guides to popularity, the box office itself, attests to his personal popularity when Gene Raymond makes an appearance "in the flesh."

He seems to thrive on the arduous job involved in these personal appearances. Of course it's a thriving business, from the standpoint of the bankroll to collect the headline pay-check when theatres do a sell-out business. But I mean, Gene Raymond enjoys the personal appearance tours for their own sake.

"I'd like to spend several months every year touring the theatres," he said. "I'd even like to play one-night stands. It's hard work, of course, but you get around to appear before many different kinds of audience, and it's stimulating, to say the least."

Glamor Secrets of Perfume

Continued from page 65

there are more atomizers to come, masquerading as animal statuettes. For instance, your lucky elephant, your favorite dog, might hide your secret of fragrance rare at the same time it's proving an ornament to your dressing-table.

One important thing to remember when you use an atomizer is to be sure you clean it thoroughly before you put in fresh perfume. This is best done with alcohol, which should remove all traces of the former fragrance and also take off any brownish stains that might have been left. Get your atomizer about a third full of alcohol and swish it around so every corner is reached. Pour this out, and rinse with alcohol. Spray alcohol through the tube a few times.

A change of perfume is good for the soul! If you use the same fragrance too long and too steadily, you actually become de-sensitized to it so you can't tell how much you're wearing. You may have on far too much, or too little, but you can't trust your own nose to tell you the truth about it.

Even more important is the grand feeling of emotional "lift" a new perfume can give you, provided you've chosen it because you like it and feel that it's attuned to you. You'll even look prettier because the pleasure an interesting new scent gives you will be reflected in your face—like surprise or an anticipated adventure!

Did you know that perfume was first used in religious ceremonies? In ancient

Arabia, aromatic gums and woods were burned like incense, and as the fragrant fumes were wafted toward the heavens, the spirits of the worshippers rose with them in rapture. Early Egyptians used perfume in liquid and ointment forms for ceremonial rites as well as for personal adornment. That was thousands of years ago, so there is nothing new or startling in the knowledge that perfume has powers to affect the emotions of you who wear it as well as those around you.

Don't go on wearing a perfume after it has become monotonous to you. Give it a rest, and use something else for a while. The wisest method, and one Hollywood stars use, is to have several perfumes on hand so you can vary your fragrance with your moods and costumes.

Incidentally, when you replenish your perfume "wardrobe" this Spring, give a thought to violet. The soft, fresh fragrance of this modest little flower is very much in the ascendancy. I shouldn't be surprised if it's due for as much of a vogue as gardenia has been enjoying these past few months! Like the colors of the flowers themselves and the violet shades in the Spring fashion picture, there's a variety of violet perfumes ranging from very light and sweet to a deep, haunting scent that even you devotees to the Oriental fragrances should find in character. There are violet bath soaps and dusting powders, too, and light toilet waters for those who like a diluted perfume that can be applied generously.

Beauty Prize

Continued from page 25

dismal room at his Simplex, a sigh escaped him—of which he was unaware, but of which the observant Joe took due note.

There was no more business that day. But hardly had he adjusted his moister and cutter next morning when the first wire arrived. It was addressed to "Quirk, 376 North 23rd Street." He read the message as the tape slipped through the moister:

"TERRIBLY SORRY IMPOSSIBLE LEAVE JUST NOW STOP HOPE FATHER PULLS THROUGH LOVE

HARRY"

"Her brother," thought Steve, then pulled up short against another idea. Could Harry be her husband? "Husband nothing," he decided comfortably, "she's too much of a kid to be married," and remained wholly unconscious of the direction in which his thoughts were leading him. All he knew was that a girl with raindrops in her hair had walked into the office, borrowed his fountain pen, raised her brown eyes to his and—

"So Harry's leaving her in the lurch," mused Steve. "The hell with Harry!" He stuck the wire into an envelope, and gave it to Joe.

"Make it snappy," he said. Joe muttered something unintelligible, as he glanced through the window and pulled on his jacket. It was raining harder than it had the day before. The moment he'd gone, it occurred to Steve that he might have phoned the message. A hunt through the directory revealed no Quirks. Probably mill folk, too poor to own a phone. He recalled that the foot of Twenty-third Street ran down to the river and was bordered by shacks, and that ill-clad children clattered over its wooden paving on roller skates.

"What kind of a joint is it?" he inquired of Joe, as the latter entered, shaking the rain from his shoulders like a dog.

"What kind of a joint is what?" returned his startled assistant.

"Where those Quirks live—where the old man's sick."

A prolonged whistle was Joe's only reply. He picked up the wires which had accumulated for the cotton mill during his absence, and took his departure.

They were about to close up at two minutes past six when the girl made her second appearance. This time her hair was covered by a small, damp, green hat. She was out of breath and obviously upset. "Am I too late to send a telegram? I work at the Five-and-Ten and I couldn't get off any sooner. They only let me go now because my father's sick."

Steve was already proffering the fountain pen. "How's your old man?" he heard himself asking, somewhat to his own incredulity.

"Better thank you," she smiled, and bent her energies to composition.

"FATHER MUCH BETTER DON'T WORRY LOVE FROM US ALL"

She handed the wire to Steve. "Night letter," she said. He took the pen and filled in her name and address.

"Forgot it again," she reproached herself. "But you've got a good memory, I must say. Why you even know the address!" Her eyes, he noted, were a shade lighter than her hair, and her round chin

As smooth as the Swoop of a Gull



the Linit Beauty Bath provides *Instant Results*

☞ The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—a *perfect skin*.

☞ The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

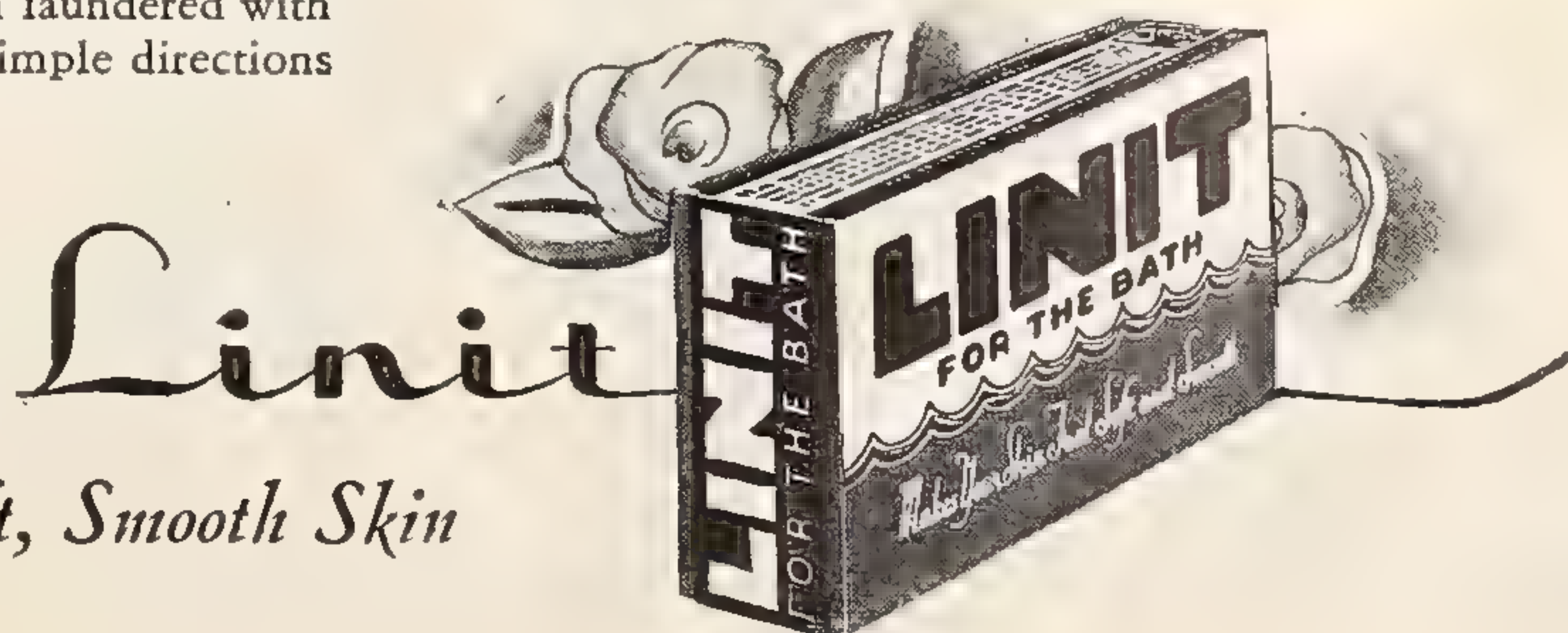
☞ One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

☞ To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

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BLACKHEADS! LARGE PORES! OILY SKIN!

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was dimpled. She wasn't as nervous as she'd been the day before. "How much?" He counted the words. "Only nine. That's a night message. Half a buck with the tax."

"Charge plenty for your telegrams, don't you?" she teased, rummaging in her bag.

"Sure," he grinned. "I'm a regular Shylock." He followed her to the door and slid hastily round in front of her to open it. "So long." He watched her till she disappeared round the corner. That night he went to the movies, but while his eyes were fastened to the screen, his mind wandered.

A week went by before he saw her again. The moment she came in, he knew what had happened. It was two in the afternoon—no hour for a girl from the Five-and-Ten to be at large. Besides, the tip of her woebegone little nose shone like wax with much weeping.

Her wire was to Harry Quirk:

"FATHER DIED AT NOON
FUNERAL THURSDAY STOP
PLEASE COME AT ONCE
RUTH"

Steve looked down at her hands, trembling on the yellow blank. "I'm so sorry," he whispered.

She smiled, and the smile was more pathetic than any tears. "Father's been sick a long time," she confided from between quivering lips. "It's better for him this way."

He stood out of sight at the door, and for the second time his eyes followed her down the street. Grieving though she was, she tripped away swiftly, daintily as before, her coat swaying with the delicate motion of her hips—and vanished round the corner as though a breeze had blown her away.

She didn't come again, though Steve watched the door, hoping against foolish hope. The office was a more desolate hole than ever, with Joe chewing his fingernails in the corner, the Simplex clicking out arid messages for the cotton mill and the weather so cheerless that they had to keep the lights burning almost all day.

But at Christmas time Harry sent Christmas wire No. 15. For one wild moment Steve considered the possibility of delivering it himself, but almost before the fantastic notion took shape, he abandoned it. Joe was grumpy, the extra messenger boy they had taken on was no earthly use, the bell on the Simplex kept ringing all day long, and he had to stick to the office while all the rest of the world made merry.

Ruth appeared on New Year's Eve. The office was open till eight. She sent Harry New Year's wire No. 3.

"Happy New Year," ventured Steve as she paid him.

She gave him a friendly smile. "The same to you."

He gulped, gathered his courage together and asked: "Doing anything tonight?"

"Staying home with mother. She's so lonely since father died."

"Well—I certainly hope you have better luck next year."

"Thanks," she said. "Happy New Year," and was gone. Steve spent the rest of the evening, recalling her words, her gestures, the look in her brown eyes. "Nice girl," he thought. "Stays home with her mother. Why didn't I date her up for some other night! Well, anyway—" he comforted himself, "she talked to me about her family just as if we were old friends."

It took him two weeks to decide on the next step, for he was a diffident youth. "You're not the aggressive type," Joe had once assured him—and besides, Ruth Quirk was such a pretty girl. Why should she

bother with him? Eventually, however, he found himself at the Five-and-Ten.

It was Saturday night. The telegraph office closed at six, but the Five-and-Ten was open till eight. There were two Five-and-Tens in Bend River, one downtown right next to the bank, the other at the corner of Fifteenth Street. Because it was nearest the office, Steve tried the Fifteenth Street store first. He moved from counter to counter, buying soap and chewing gum that he didn't want, sliding his eyes this way and that till with a little shock he discovered Ruth in the hardware and electric department.

He started in feigned surprise—a wasted effort, since she wasn't looking at him—and strolled toward the counter.

"Good evening, Miss Quirk."

"Oh—hello. What are you doing here!"

"Buying out the shop." He'd rehearsed this speech in advance. "Got a couple of 40-watt bulbs to spare?"



Betty Compson makes a comeback in "Laughing Irish Eyes," in which we see her above with Warren Hymer.

As she found the bulbs and tested them, he searched his mind in a panic for conversation.

"Blow out, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is."

"Like working here?"

She shrugged. "You have to work somewhere."

The package was ready. What next? Another customer came up—and still another. Steve dawdled about, fingering nails and screws. "When this one goes," he ordered himself fiercely, "say it. 'What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk? What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk? What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk?' What's so hard about that, you sap?"

Ruth turned back to him.

"What are you doing tonight, Miss Quirk?" he asked.

"Same as every other night—staying home."

"Care to take in a movie?"

"Love to." And Steve marveled at the ease with which a pretty girl could be dated up.

He hung around till closing time, then took her home—"just to grab a sandwich and tell my mother where I'm going." Steve waited outside the house. It was snowing and the wind, blowing up from the river, swirled the flakes about him. The house was small and shabby, as he'd imagined it, with some empty flower-pots standing forlorn on the sagging porch.

Ruth didn't keep him waiting long. She walked beside him like a trusting child, her coat swinging, her dainty feet swal-

lowed in overshoes, her collar buttoned up about her throat. They took the car at the corner. Steve told her his name, and couldn't resist the temptation of telling her too that he'd been at college for two years. "But I thought it was time I quit and earned my own money," he added gruffly, a little ashamed of showing off.

There were three movie houses in Bend River. They went to the showiest, at the corner of Main and Fourth. It was Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina," and they both enjoyed it. That is—Steve didn't really get much of a kick out of Garbo and thought the picture should have had a happy ending. Ruth, on the other hand, was mad about Garbo but thought she was throwing herself away on Fredric March. "He has a silly haircut," she said, "and besides, he's getting fat."

They stopped at the corner drugstore on the way home. Ruth ordered a hot chocolate and Steve a banana split. He swallowed a cherry and dug his spoon into the sticky cream. "Know what?" he said suddenly. "I think you're lots better-looking than Garbo."

She flashed him a glance, half deprecating, half demure. "You crazy!" she said softly.

His spirits rose unaccountably. "How about playing the slot machine?" he asked. After feeding the monster six nickels, Ruth won a pocket comb, and so the evening ended on an auspicious note.

He saw her the next Saturday and the next and the next. He was head over heels in love, and made no effort to conceal the fact from himself. He could find no flaw in her. As for Ruth, she was sweet and friendly; and when, on that last Saturday night, he kissed her upturned mouth, he could feel the responsive pressure of her lips. Steve went home in a daze, and began figuring furniture costs on the back of a yellow telegraph blank.

A few days later he was startled to see her name on the tape that glided from the moister:

"MISS RUTH QUIRK
376 NORTH 23 STREET
BEND RIVER OHIO

CONGRATULATIONS WE TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING YOU THAT YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN OUR CONTEST QUOTE BEAUTY IN THE FIVE AND TEN UNQUOTE STOP CHECK FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MAIL STOP FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD AND TEST GUARANTEED STOP OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL CALL ON YOU AT 2 P. M. THURSDAY KINDLY GIVE HIM DETAILED INTERVIEW IMPERATIVE FOR PUBLICITY PURPOSES

SILVERSHEET MAGAZINE"

Steve sat staring at the message for perhaps three minutes, while the sweat broke out on his forehead. This was awful. This was worse than a left to the jaw. What was it all about anyway? A practical joke? Some instinct told him it wasn't. What about his plans, the furniture? he thought wildly, feeling in some curious fashion that he'd been betrayed. Why hadn't she dropped him a hint of what was going on?

Slowly his mind began to function again. "You're a nice one," he jeered, "worrying about yourself instead of being glad for her." Joe was out, so he picked up the phone and called the Woolworth number which he knew by heart. His blood pounded as he waited for her voice on the wire.

"Sixteenth Street Western Union calling," he said. "We have a message for you."

**"Dentyne's a Double Attraction
— Keeps Mouth Healthy —
Tastes Delicious"**



DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, *chewy* consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, *natural* way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth—and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in *every* way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



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DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

**HEAH YO'IS! THAT NEW
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
FOLKS IS RAVIN' ABOUT!**



IT DOES EVERYTHING BETTER

- 1 GETS TEETH TWICE BRIGHTER... *Adds charm to any smile!*
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Don't overlook Nan Gray, above, if you're checking-up on the current crop of alluring screen newcomers.

Faintly through the phone he could hear the bustle of trade at the Five-and-Ten.

"Don't be funny, Steve," said Ruth.

With her voice so close, the chill at his heart melted a little. "Didn't I tell you you are better than Garbo?"

"Steve!" she protested. "Did you call me to the phone for that?"

Then he read her the wire. He hadn't got very far when he heard a sharp little cry. "What did you say?" he asked her.

"Go on, Steve, go on!" she cried frantically, and when he had finished, hung up without a word. He had no choice but to return to his machine, endlessly spitting wires for the cotton mill.

She came in a little after four, hatless again, raindrops glittering in her hair again, as they had the first time he'd ever seen her.

"Congratulations."

If there was any lack of sincerity in his tone, she didn't notice it. "Thanks, Steve, thanks." She was breathless. "I ran every step from the store. I've got to send a wire."

"You could have phoned it."

"Oh—I didn't know just how to word it. I thought you could help me. You know more about things like that."

He pulled out his fountain pen. "Whaddaya mean, things like that?" he pretended to grumble. "When was the last time I won a beauty prize?" It was a rather forlorn joke. From his corner Joe grinned at the two heads bent above their labors—which produced, after much knitting of brows and a little argument, the following businesslike results:

"SILVERSHEET
5900 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
DELIGHTED WITH GOOD
NEWS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE TO-
MORROW STOP AWAIT FUR-
THER INSTRUCTIONS REGARD-
ING TRIP

RUTH QUIRK"

Ruth regarded her signature and frowned. "That's no kind of a name for Hollywood."

Steve threw her a startled glance. She was probably right, though such an idea would never have occurred to him. Movie stars *did* have fancier names, come to think of it. "Takes a girl," he thought with a flash of bitterness, which gave way to a moment of panic. Did this mean that Ruth was *really* leaving him?—to be a *movie* star?

"How's about tonight?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, I'll have to stay home tonight. The whole town'll be popping in to hear about it."

"Tomorrow then?"

"I'll call you," she promised absently, "when the interview's over."

She didn't call him, and he was too proud and too sore at heart to call her. Late that afternoon a man came in, who was obviously no denizen of Bend River.

"Can I send a wire from this dump?"

The interview-fellow! Steve eyed him glumly. Damn sissy with his polished fingernails! "Whaddaya think we do?—sell pigs?"

"Hm," murmured the stranger, "wise guy!" and pushed over two scrawled blanks for Steve to decipher.

"SILVERSHEET
5900 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER
INTERVIEWED AT FIVE AND
TEN SAYS SHE WILL BUY

MOTHER NEW ROCKER HERSELF SHEER HOSE STOP HAS NEW NAME VIOLA CARNI WHICH SHE WANTS USED IN ALL PUBLICITY STOP DOESN'T SMOKE DOESN'T DRINK HAS NO BOY FRIEND CRAZY ABOUT PICTURES HOPES TO MEET GARY COOPER NEVER SAW A FIGTREE STOP SHE IS SYLVIA SIDNEY TYPE HER FAVORITE ACTRESS GARBO STOP STORY ON WAY

ROLLY"

The man tipped his hat in polite irony, leaving Steve to brood over the words HAS NO BOY FRIEND as he sent the message off. It wasn't strictly a lie, of course, but it wasn't strictly the truth either. They were taking her from him, he thought, sudden pain twisting his heart—stealthily somehow, behind his back—and there wasn't a thing in the world he could do about it.

Then his saner self took the upper hand. He wasn't being fair. Instead of being glad that she'd had such a stroke of luck, he sat there muttering. That night he bought some flowers and had them sent to Ruth's house with a card. It made him feel very much the gentleman and rather magnanimous, to boot, though he had at the same time a sneaking suspicion that flowers didn't go very well with the shabby little house in Twenty-third Street.

He didn't hear from her next day nor the next nor the next. But he got plenty of telegrams for her. *Silversheet* was bombarding her with advice and instructions that sounded like orders:

"MISS RUTH QUIRK
376 NORTH 23 STREET
BEND RIVER, OHIO
HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND WE
HOLD EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO
YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS STOP
ANY CONTRACTS OFFERED
YOU MUST BE REFERRED TO
US

SILVERSHEET"

"MISS RUTH QUIRK
376 NORTH 23 STREET
BEND RIVER, OHIO
VIOLA CARNI UNSATISFACTORY AS PROFESSIONAL NAME
WILL USE VIOLA PALMER IN
ALL FUTURE PUBLICITY STOP
MAKING PROGRESS WITH
STUDIO RE CONTRACT

SILVERSHEET"

"MISS RUTH QUIRK
376 NORTH 23 STREET
BEND RIVER, OHIO
HAVE ASSIGNED ROWLAND
LYMAN FIRSTCLASS WRITER
TO DO YOUR LIFE STORY TO
RUN SERIALLY IN OUR MAGAZINE
STOP KINDLY GIVE HIM
COMPLETE COOPERATION

SILVERSHEET"

Steve discovered that his nerves had begun jumping every time he caught sight of Ruth's name on the strip of tape gliding from the moister. He went to Woolworth's but she was no longer there. When he asked the new girl at the hardware counter for Miss Quirk, her eyes opened wide and she told him in awestruck whispers that Miss Quirk was getting ready to go to Hollywood. He couldn't keep his feet from straying that night to the house in Twenty-third Street. The windows were lighted. He forced himself up the rickety steps to the door, stood there for a moment or two with his heart thumping, then turned and went home.

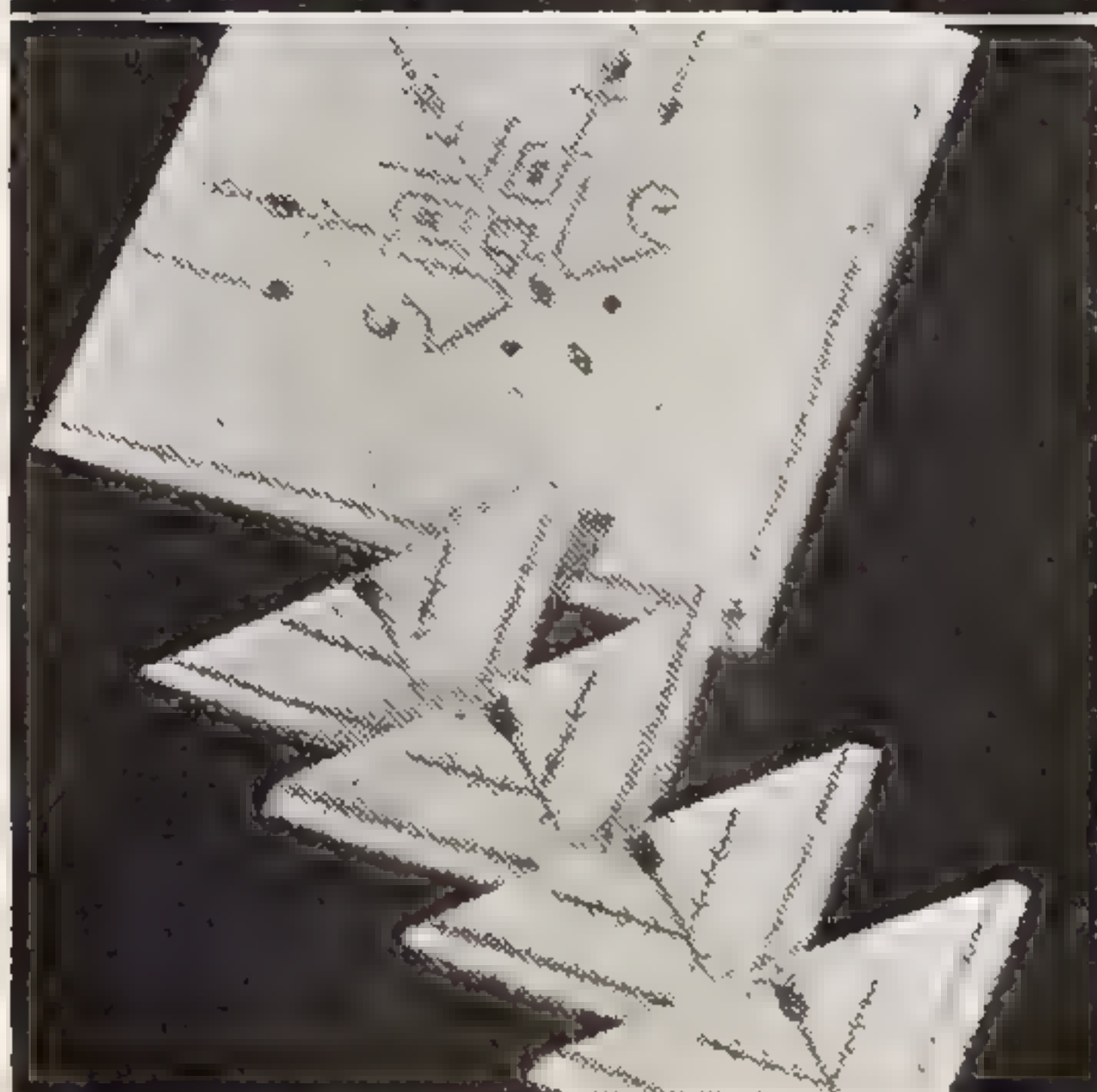
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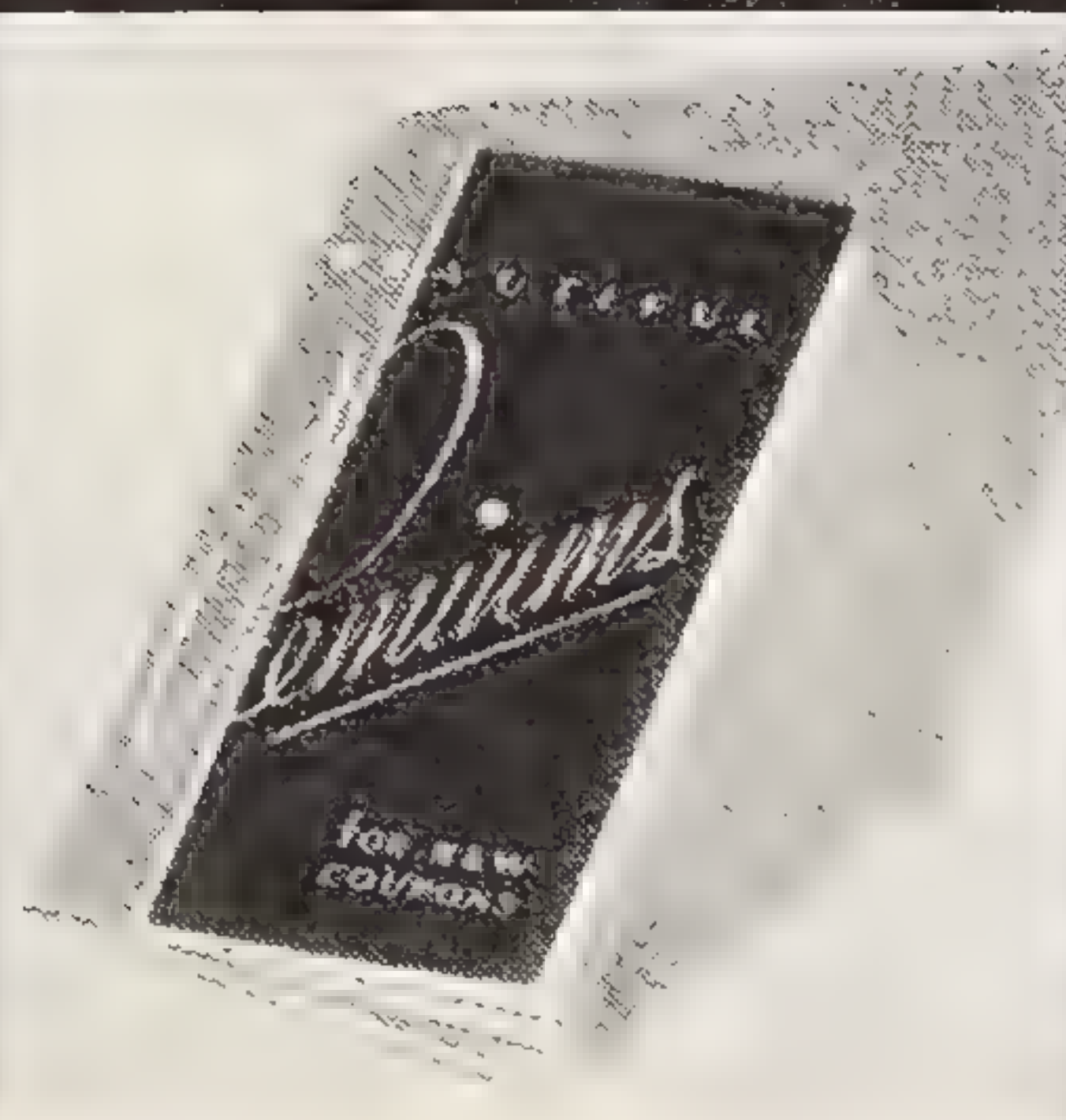
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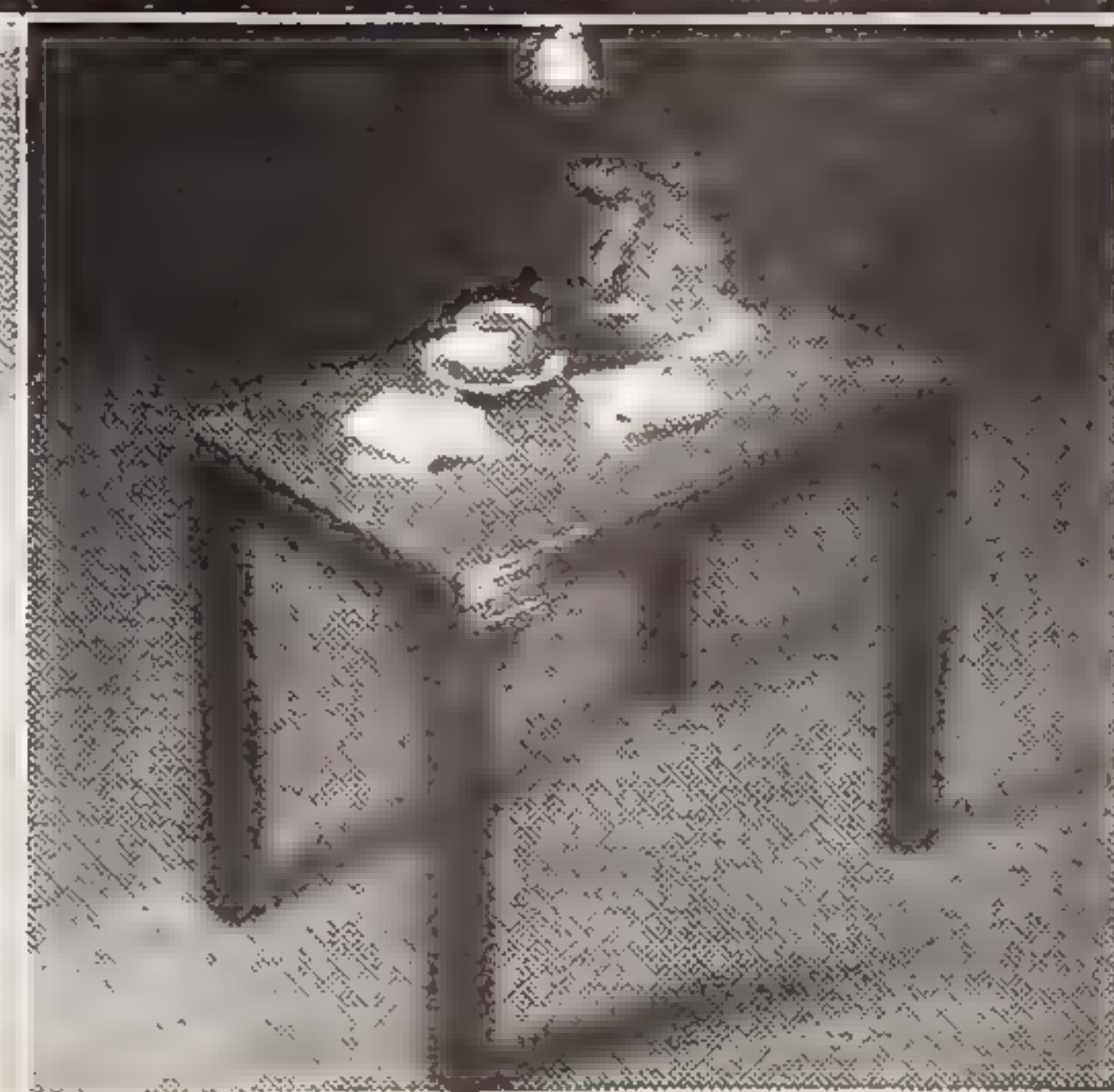
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IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and *not let a second day pass* without coming to nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

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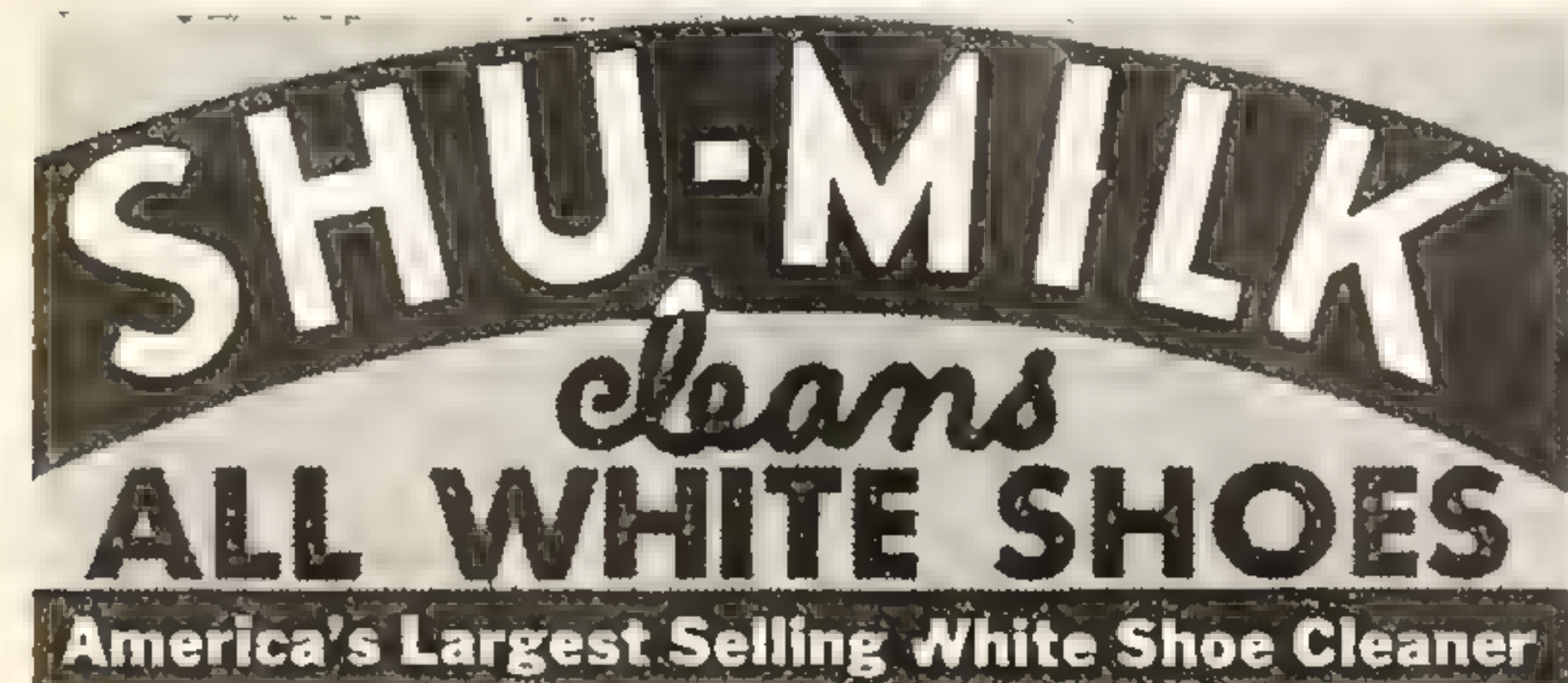
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They "Give" As Well As "Get"

Continued from page 33

picture—would be exhibited at a sanitarium for tubercular patients.

One might gather from the foregoing it is only when people are in actual distress that the stars remember and come to their aid. That, however, as Mushy Callahan would say, "is a misapprehension."

About six years ago W. C. Fields was making two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett. In one of them he was supposed to be riding a motorcycle and a truck was to back into him. Something went wrong. The truck backed into him, all right, but it kept on backing, knocked him off the motorcycle and ran over him, breaking a vertebrae in the back of his neck. Johnny Sinclair, a stunt man, saw what was happening, dove under the truck and pulled Fields out before the front wheels passed over him. Bill wanted to do something for him but Johnny dismissed it with "It's all part of the game." He wouldn't accept a dime.

Six years is a long time to remember but recently, while working on "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," Bill learned Johnny had given up stunt work and was trying to make a living writing dialogue and gags. He insisted Johnny be put on his picture and Johnny did such a good job that when the picture was finished he was placed under contract.

Who'd ever have suspected gruff, bluff old Bill Fields of a sentimental streak? And by the same token, who would ever dream that smart-cracking Mae West, who not only gets her men but gets the best of them, would be concerned with anything or anyone not in a position to "do me some good?"

Well, Mae has with her constantly, two bodyguards furnished by the District Attorney's office. Not long ago she learned one of them, Jack Southard, has a little girl. On the child's birthday Mae gave her a doll-house, completely furnished and large enough for the tot to move around in.

Another who plays hard-boiled dames on the screen but who is just the opposite in real life is Gertrude Michael, whose courtesies and generosity not only to intimate acquaintances but to others as well, really deserve a story all to themselves—provided Gert would talk about it, which she won't.

In contrast to Gertrude, Irene Dunne has always been regarded as "the perfect lady"—both on and off screen. People who know her go into raves when her name is mentioned. And with just cause. Only a few weeks ago Irene heard a girl named Virginia Reid, (her stand-in, I believe), sing. Irene was so impressed with the girl's voice that she is paying for her training and schooling for an operatic career—a career the girl could never have managed unaided. There are not many stars, noted for their own voices, who would further the career of another girl who might some day prove stiff competition.

Nor does Sylvia Sydney's wistful smile belie her character. She rarely makes a trip to New York that she doesn't send presents to all her friends on the lot. She doesn't wait to bring them when she returns, she *sends* them.

I don't recall that Bing Crosby ever made a record of an old song that starts out, "I am just a sentimental sap that's all"—but he should have, because he is! When Eddie Lang, who had accompanied him on the radio from the time he first went on

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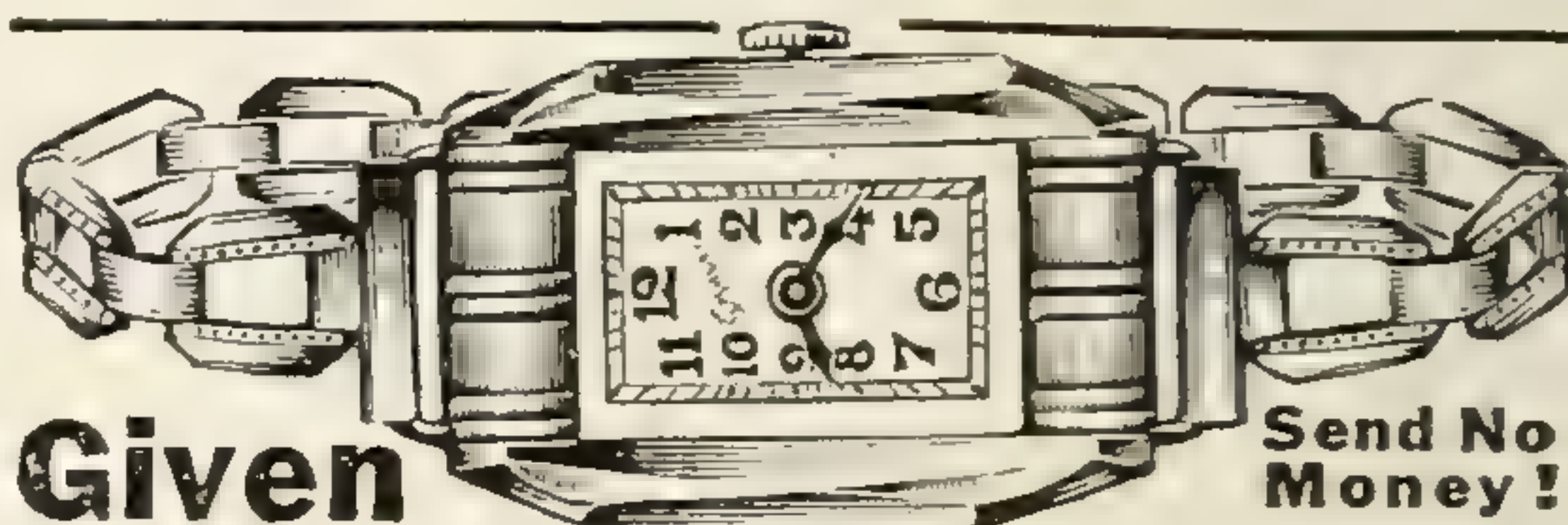
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the air, died suddenly, only God and Bing know how much he did for Eddie's widow. Among other things, he and Dixie brought her out to Hollywood and paid all her expenses in addition to having her visit them for six months.

People frequently ask me why Marion Davies gets so much publicity. It is because you can't know her without loving her. And you love her, not only for herself but for what she does for others. She won't stand for having her acts of kindness publicized, so writers, in their enthusiasm, publicize Marion—but gladly. The nicest thing about her charities is that few of them ever reach the newspapers—except her foundation home for crippled children. That is so vast an undertaking she cannot support it by herself so once a year she gives a charity ball to raise funds. Otherwise, I'm sure, the public never would have known about that.

A few years ago when she was working on the M-G-M lot there was an office boy, whom Marion didn't know beyond seeing him as she went in and out. One day she realized she hadn't seen him in several weeks and asked what had become of him. She was told the boy had developed a cataract and was going blind—that he was, consequently, unable to work any more. Marion found out his address, sent specialists in droves to see him, and when they couldn't do anything for him she brought out the best specialist in New York to operate on him. The boy's sight was saved. The only thing she asked in return was that he say nothing about who paid the bills. When he was cured his gratitude was so great he couldn't keep it to himself.

"A diamond in the rough" fittingly describes James Cagney. Jimmy is the easiest push-over in the business for any sort of touch. Despite the demands made on him by friends, he is constantly going out of his way to do things for people. Last winter when we were in New York together we met a friend of his vaudeville days who had fallen on evil times. Jimmy tried in vain to persuade the fellow to accept a loan. He wouldn't and Jimmy was stewing around in an effort to find some way of helping him. He finally went to a tailor, paid the tailor a sizeable sum and had the tailor 'phone his friend to come in and be measured for a complete new wardrobe. The chap is probably still wondering who his benefactor was.

Don't gather the impression from these incidents I have cited that "little acts of kindness" are as far as the stars go in remembering. It's only that the more pretentious their gestures, the more loath they are to speak of them and the harder it is to find out. It is only because of my close friendship with Joe Morrison that I can tell you of the following.

He and his manager have been together nine years now. In the beginning they were partners in a vaudeville act. When Joe got his Paramount contract he insisted upon his partner coming west with him as his manager. Nor is that all. As Joe's salary increased he took out a trust fund for himself and, at the same time, started one for his manager that will insure him of a comfortable income the rest of his life.

Dick Powell, who is disliked only by people who *don't* know him, has done some of the nicest things of any person in Hollywood. But no one ever hears of that side of Dick. One of the most generous gestures I've ever heard of anyone making in a town where it is a case of "dog eat dog," Dick made. When Phil Regan wasn't getting the breaks Dick thought his voice merited, Dick went into the front office and spent half a day there begging various officials to give Phil the lead in a pretentious picture that had been intended for Dick. And people talk of professional jealousy!



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Chester Morris has been criticized more than once for being so wrapped up in his immediate family that no one else matters to him. I happen to know better.

Once, just as he was leaving on an extended location trip, his stand-in, (Eddie McKenna), broke his arm. The train was about ready to leave when Chester learned of the mishap. But no sooner had he arrived at his destination than he called his wife over long distance and told her to see that Eddie had the best of care in the way of hospital attention and doctors. And he footed the bills. Close as Chester and I are, I had to learn of this from Eddie.

Perhaps I'm wrong, but I've always believed George Washington knew whereof he spoke when he said, "A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of friendship."

It seems to me a picture inscribed "Lest You Forget" is not the surest way in the world of etching oneself into a friend's memory. The happy smiles many people in this world are wearing as a benediction to the kindness of stars indicates there is a surer, better way and that many stars have found it.

"Always Be In Love"

Continued from page 55

breeding, ability, and a merry way with everyone. The Betas, one of the best national fraternities, had captured him for their chapter; the baseball varsity couldn't win without him, and the glee club wouldn't dream of a concert without his voice to garner huzzahs. His major was science, and he planned to go on to Johns Hopkins for the post-graduate medical course which would make him a surgeon.

All these details didn't come directly from John. But he did confess to me that he lost no time wooing the loveliest girl on the campus.

He was handed his B. A. degree on a Tuesday and the wedding was on Thursday evening in her home, with their parents beaming proudly. Their mothers had been school-chums. Friday he had to be off soldiering. All man, he had patriotically enlisted in the War.

"Women who try to fool themselves into figuring a career or a job of any sort can recompense for the lack of love are silly. They may argue for sophisticated independence. Yet if they'll search deeply into their feelings they'll realize what sacrifices they're making. Their friends' kind expression don't hide the pitiful fact that here are lives which are truly tragic."

Marcelite Boles is utterly feminine. She had a college education and is smart, but she's never failed to be John's exquisite ideal. She has stayed attractive and fun, running their home superlatively and giving him two beautiful little daughters. Hospitable and tactful, she's ready for a lark whenever he is.

In John's estimation you are happiest when you live as it was intended you should. He handles all the family's business and being the provider delights him.

"Following the wonderful instincts with which we are all endowed is the antidote for discontent, frustration. The more normal you are, the more you'll discover in love. If our experiences with love have been sad, it's not the fault of the world. It's because we've gone off on perverse tangents. Or we've not turned down shoddy substitutes for the ecstasies we can obtain by waiting for genuine emotional response."

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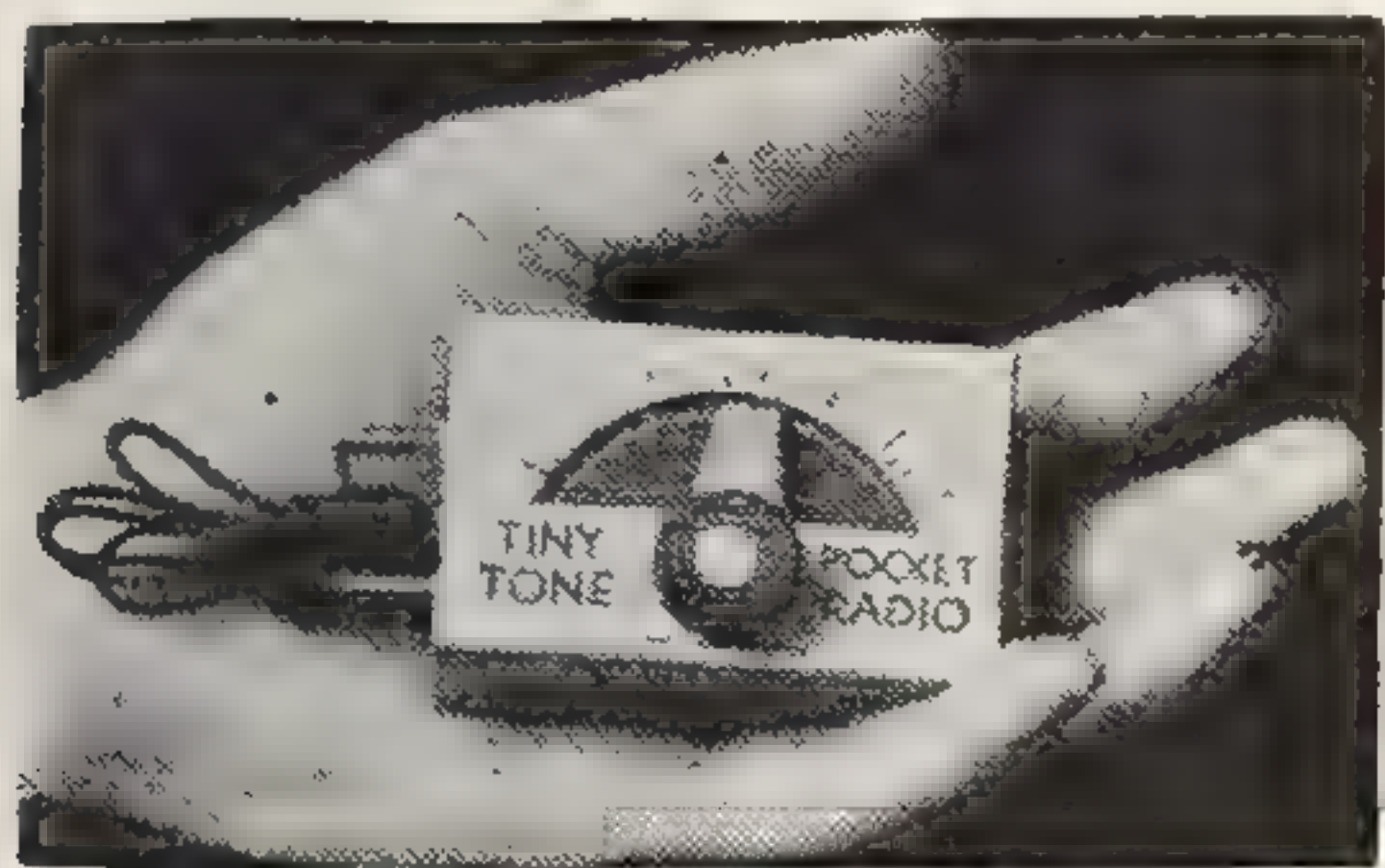
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do with romance, John contends. If you've been blaming the place where you're located, or those with whom you're thrown, you are putting yourself on the wrong track. (In the army a voice teacher so enthused John that after his two years in khaki he determined to be a singer. He borrowed the money to get him and his loyal bride to New York for intensive lessons, and taught French in a high school to help meet expenses. Finally he secured his break on Broadway, but while he was working towards it he bumped up against the salary problem. He refused to be depressed by his surroundings or his trials during that period).

I asked him to be even more specific. So he was. John divulged "the trick of being romantic," as he calls it.

"If anyone's missing out on this exciting sensation, he or she doesn't have to. Maybe you've been discouraged by the trite 'rules' bandied about. Of course, everyone is aware of the advantage looks are. But you can't swap features. And obviously you could be captivatingly reckless if you had the cash to squander. Undoubtedly the latest in clothes assists in making fine birds.

"Your question is: how may an average person be triumphantly romantic? My answer is this, and perhaps it'll surprise you: Throw overboard all the worrying and futile stabs that have only bewildered you. Begin at the logical spot—in your head!

"I'm firmly convinced that romance is largely mental. So my suggestions are going to differ from the usual advice you read. Physical allure and cultivated charm are to be sought; yes—but secondarily. I think the ordinary hints on love are ineffectual because a basic step is generally skipped.

"Don't waste your efforts attempting to repattern yourself until you've carefully and solemnly gone into session with yourself. If you aren't romantic, it's due solely to your not having thought as you should!

"You must comprehend that your subconscious mind absolutely determines your fate. That the notions you regularly harbor form that all-powerful subconscious mind. Delve into this elementary truth: everyone has infinite possibilities within, for romance as well as for anything else you desire.

"Those who are notably victorious at love have more than a physical appeal. They have a definite viewpoint and expectations. You must adopt the same attitude, reaffirming your belief in yourself until no conflicting idea has a chance to intrude.

"This isn't to be confused with conceit. To be romantic you must unreservedly accept the theory that a splendid love is the most marvelous thing you can have, and you must be certain that you have a capacity for enjoying an affection that will be as great as any you've ever heard about.

"Then, automatically, you'll start changing. There'll be no envying others, no more hoping that particular people will be attracted to you. For you'll have stumbled upon this: like is a magnet to like, and you invariably rate what you merit! You can't be interesting until you value your own potentialities enough to develop them fully."

That cheerful, strong mouth of John's curved into a smile which was all persuasion.

"I trust I'm not becoming entangled in my philosophy! But when you stop to consider the most zestful persons, isn't it their behavior and their manner of taking leaps instead of hobbling that really distinguishes them? Their secret is that they are perpetual adventurers, eternal idealists. The commonplace never dawns on them.

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"It strikes me that basic precepts mustn't be overlooked, however. Women must never forget that men want to idolize, be intrigued. If a girl isn't acting as though she's on a pedestal, she ought to climb on one immediately. She should abhor anything that smacks of cheapness. Man must bear in mind that women always want to be conquered. He'll cease to be the glamorous, dominant male the minute he lets his superiority be stolen."

"There's a lot of current discussion on clothes and their contribution. My observations lead me to the conclusion that women must bedeck themselves to be entrancing; a man doesn't have to bother. A stirring tone in his voice, a husky physique, and a gallant air are far more valuable to him."

In parting John added, "Romance is the finest of the fine arts; it has a thousand raptures. And all the subtleties will be increasingly easy to master when you have resolved to respect your own capability. You'll be playing those big scenes yourself!"

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Stormy Sidney

Continued from page 51

casual evening in the theatre to you and me, was a knife in the heart to Sylvia Sidney—and also the handwriting on the wall, and it looked very much to her like the hand was writing "Finis." Now was the time—if ever. Sylvia extricated herself from her Paramount contract, moved out of Dressing-Room 1, and signed a new contract with Walter Wanger productions for better or for worse. (And just to show you how far Sylvia had slipped and how superstitious players are, no one will move into Dressing-Room 1 now.)

Sylvia was due for an "up" and she got it with the new contract. In "Mary Burns, Fugitive" she was given a chance to act the likes of which she hadn't had since "Ladies of the Big House" and "City Streets," and again she won her way into the hearts of the movie fans. "Mary Burns, Fugitive" did sensational business. It was quickly followed by "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" in which picture Sylvia Sidney, little city gal from New York and Brooklyn, gave an amazingly perfect portrayal of a mountain girl. And it must be said to her credit, and to the credit of Henry Fonda, Beulah Bondi, and Fred Stone, that they played their parts so well that audiences failed to laugh and snicker at this creaky old melodrama, though it's the smart thing to do now.

So today at twenty-five—Sylvia will be twenty-six in August—she is right there on the crest of a great big UP and she's got her fingers crossed and I'm knocking on wood for her and maybe there won't be any more "downs." She is co-starring with Spencer Tracy in "Mob Rule" at Metro now and then she returns to Wanger to do Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." It all looks very pretty.

And what with a new contract and good pictures coming up our little Sylvia has taken a new lease on life, and declares that she is happier now than she has ever been in her life; but Sylvia is a creature of "moods" so I wouldn't count too strongly on that as tomorrow she might decide she isn't so happy after all. After one of the shortest marriages recorded in Hollywood—Sylvia was married to Bennett Cerf, New York publisher, in Phoenix, Arizona, last November—Sylvia joined her husband in New York in January and called the whole thing off. When you see that a marriage is not going to work out as you hoped it



Lorraine Bridges sang at a banquet, a film scout heard, and now Lorraine is under contract for pictures.

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would, so Sylvia says, the best thing to do is to cut it off clean. This is the only comment she has to make about her separation and coming divorce. And rather a wise comment, don't you think? When you make a mistake, (everyone does at some time or another), call it a mistake and don't go around trying to disguise it as something else. Sylvia is very sensible and un-Hollywoodish about her marriage failure. She doesn't dramatize it, she isn't tragic about it, and she certainly isn't sensational about it. Her entire attitude is one of sanity.

While she was in New York arranging her separation recently she also did something else for the first time in her life. She bobbed her hair. A very chic bob that looks smart peeping out from under a hat, but when she takes the hat off you definitely miss that bun of soft curls. "I don't like it particularly," Sylvia told me, "but I feel so much cleaner and neater." Sylvia, alas, is growing up. If I ever catch her trying to give a Dietrich arch to her eyebrows I shall slap her hands. But fortunately no matter what Sylvia does to herself she can never change that cute little heart-shaped face and those strange repressed jade eyes that help her play whimsical children or sad, sorrowing young girls better than any dramatic actress on the screen. When Sylvia has an "emotional scene" it isn't embarrassing to us the audience, and that, my lambie-pies, is the acid test.

After refusing to "go Hollywood" all these five years she has been here, (Sylvia still calls New York "home" and refuses to "mix" with Hollywood society), she has at last broken down and entered into the spirit of things enough to have her apartment in the Colonial House re-decorated and fight with the decorator. But that's about all. She still refuses to go to Hollywood parties, or to give Hollywood parties; she will not smile and show her teeth when she is feeling unsocial; and, money or no money, she is just as ambitious to become a great actress today as she was when a child of fifteen she made her debut as *Prunella* in "Prunella" on the New York stage, sponsored by the Theatre Guild. When you meet Sylvia for the first time you immediately say to yourself, "She is much smaller off the screen than she is on and much sexier on than off." She will meet you very cordially, without a sign of Hollywood glamor, in wrinkled slacks and with her hair mussed, and you'll say to yourself, "What a sweet child she is." And then she will completely throw you off by lighting

a cigarette in a foot-long cigarette holder that would even have amazed Pola Negri.

The things she hates most are broadcasting—the very thought of speaking into a mike to an "unseen audience" makes her sick for weeks—and any kind of commercial tie-ups. Two of Hollywood's chief indoor sports that she positively refuses to co-operate with. She's a restless soul, always planning to go some place, and at this moment it's "Paris in the spring." Sylvia is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who doesn't want to be popular with the movie crowd. She likes a few people and she is loyal to them to a fault, and it is her contention that to be the sort of person whose intimate circle is large, and whose smiles are tossed in every direction requires too much energy, (it certainly does), and is too great a sacrifice of career and self. If turning a smile on and off like a water faucet is the thing to do in Hollywood, and people will tell you it's the only way to get ahead in this business, then Sylvia will have none of it. She'd rather be a rebel. But she isn't a particularly good rebel for she conforms to the law of the tribe much more than she thinks she does.

To the outsider she is always quiet and poised and dignified, with that same impenetrable calm that Myrna Loy has. So it was with great delight that I found that famous calm completely shattered the other day I lunched with her. It seems that she



You're face to face with "Dracula's Daughter," when you look at this close-up of lovely Gloria Holden.

has been rude in a big way, and she hadn't intended being rude, and her conscience was hurting like everything. She had answered the phone herself that morning and a voice she did not recognize asked for Miss Sidney. "This is Miss Sidney," said Sylvia. "This is Joan Crawford," said the Voice. "All right," said Sylvia, "this is Garbo, so what." "I would like to have you come to a cocktail party I am giving for Leopold Stokowski next Sunday," the Voice continued, but Sylvia was in one of her moods and didn't feel like playing so she interrupted with, "Sorry, but I'm walking by the sea on Sunday," and hung up. A gag, she muttered, and returned to her knitting. And then she happened to read in the paper that Joan Crawford really was giving a party on Sunday in honor of the famous conductor.

"How was I to know?" Sylvia moaned to me, "I have never heard Joan's voice over the phone before. I thought she'd be the last person in Hollywood to invite me to a party. And almost every day some smarty calls up and says this is Miss Garbo, or Miss Dietrich, or Miss Hepburn, and I thought it was just somebody trying to be cute again. Oh, this is horrible. Joan will



Frances Farmer, charming newcomer, poses with her pet dogs. That's Maggie left, Bozo's right.

probably think I'm the rudest person in the world."

Well, I enjoyed her misery for a while and then I assured her that a lot of other movie stars thought it a gag too. When Joan called James Stewart and said, "This is Joan Crawford," Mr. Stewart responded with "Howya, Toots." After all, it is unusual to have Joan Crawford call you up. I didn't tell Sylvia, but I'll tell you—I thought it was a gag, too, and suspected one of my best friends.

Sylvia is one of those people I can't get to first base with on an interview. She is very friendly and has a decided sense of humor and if she thinks she can detect a similar sense of humor in you the interview will very likely be a romp. I made the grave mistake of saying something witty, (oh, you probably won't think it's funny), to Sylvia a year or so ago and ever since she has accepted me as a kindred soul with a sense of humor. It seems that I had to get a story on Sylvia for a fan magazine, (you're going to hear that "witty" thing I said whether you want to or not), and I made the appointment through Paramount and she invited me to her apartment at the Colonial House to lunch. She served brook trout and I am mad about brook trout and ate hers and mine both. The interview was published and even I had to admit that it was sappy. A month or so later I bumped into Sylvia at the Vendome and she pertly reminded me of all the trout I had eaten and suggested that in return for the trout I pay for her luncheon. "Miss Sidney," I said with mock hauteur, "for your trout I gave you tripe, and I'm no longer indebted to you." Whether you think it's funny or not Sylvia did, and it established me in her mind as a wit. The trout and the tripe and my paying for lunch have become one of those Hollywood routines. Sylvia always pays, I may add, and never fails to comment as she picks up the check, "I don't like your stories on me and I don't see why I should have to pay this."

If you are an aspiring fan writer, (there must be something else you can do), take a tip from your Aunt Maggie and when you're interviewing Sylvia Sidney, or any movie star, look as serious as a tombstone and as gloomy as an over-drawn account, and along about the entrée Sylvia will tell you out of awe or sheer boredom or something why she separated from Bennett Cerf and who the heart-throb is now. My failure in life is due to the fact that I always giggled with the *aperitif*.

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